

DR. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

**FEATHERS
&
STONES**

FEATHERS & STONES

" My Study Windows "

BY

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There is a bondage worse, far worse to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof and floor, and wall
Pent in a tyrant's solitary thrall;
'tis his who walks about in the open air.
One of nation who, henceforth, must wear
Their fetters in their souls. For who could be,
Who, even the best, in such condition free
From self-reproach, reproach which he must share
With human nature? Never 'be it ours -
To see the sun how brightly it will shine, .
And know that noble feelings, marily powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine;
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers,
Fade, and participate in man's decline.

(WORDSWORTH)

*Dedicated
to
the memory
of
the Sufferings and Sacrifices
of
the Hundreds
that laid down their lives
the Thousands
that surrendered their freedom
and the Millions
that languished in their homes
to
emancipate their
MOTHERLAND*

PREFACE

This is a book which the author (amongst whose infirmities modesty is not one) may claim to be a book of humour, wit and wisdom. None of these is the original product of the author's 'genius' for it only embodies what has been heard or read by him. If any one looks to this publication for originality of ideas, a rich imagination or a bright intellectual display, he is sure to be disappointed. Let no reader give a good name to the author and hang him for not living (or writing) up to the reader's expectation. Nor may he legitimately expect in these pages an insight into any serious political discussions amongst the inmates of the Ahmednagar Fort on current problems—the fate of "Quit India", the course of the movement outside, the reaction of public opinion in India, England, America, Russia and China upon the Working Committee, the decisions from time to time of this "august body" ostentatiously called the "High Command," on the political and economic trends of thought and policy outside or their attitude to Gandhi's pronouncements, propositions and proposals on pure politics, Pakistan and the Constructive Programme. The simple reason for this warning is that mostly no such discussions took place formally and if on one or two occasions they did take place, their description here would lack propriety and perspective.

An interesting story is told of a wounded soldier, aboard a hospital ship who was asked whether he had any personal belongings to be carried ashore. The boy, it seems, shook his head. "You don't mean that a soldier who saw as much action as you did, has no souvenirs?" exclaimed the officer. "Captain," said the soldier, "I don't have any because all I want of this war is just a faint recollection." The question with me was whether I should carry any souvenirs of our long stay (of 32 months) in the Ahmednagar Fort (unknown for over 18½ months and known for the rest of the period). I do not feel like that soldier of the hospital ship. As I have returned hale and healthy, I would like to carry some pleasant souvenirs. What else could a long detention in an enclosure within an enclosure, provide than what nature could—(living and dead, avine and mineral)—in other words, some Feathers and Stones—a reference to which will occur in these pages. Hence the name of this publication.

It has been well said that "if life may be compared to a large city, a man's writings may be regarded as the windows in his garret from which he views the city. In reading a man's writings then, we but wish to look at life from his garret window and obtain a view of life as the writer sees it. The stars, the clouds and mountain peaks lining the horizon and the alleyways and housetops in the city are all the same but the garret view of the city is individualistic and peculiarly one's own. In reviewing a Nation's literature, we are therefore but trying to get a glimpse of life as the best minds of that nation

see it and as they express it through their own peculiar medium.”—(Lin Yutang, “My Country and My People.”). But in these pages the reader will note the outer world as the writer saw it, for the writer never saw with his eyes other than a series of 24 rooms, a lawn 100 by 40 yards and eleven of his colleagues, 12 common prisoners and two officers who were virtually prisoners for all the 32 months.

Chinese scholars, we are told, always bequeathe so many collections of “Note books” called *shupi* or *pichi* consisting of unclassified paragraphs in which opinions on the authorship of literary works and corrections of errors in historical records are mixed up with accounts of Siamese Twins, fox spirits and sketches of a red-bearded hero or a centipede-eating recluse. I have not attempted in these pages of my note book any such thing. This book does not describe any sensational events, quarrels with jail officials, spells of hunger strike, wild attempts at escape from the Fortress where the soldiers are always on guard with fixed bayonets and drawn swords. The pages are rather “My Study Windows”—a name which I have given to this publication embodying my thoughts, a few of the cuttings,—culled, clipped and collected from the books studied and the journals and newspapers read, the stories narrated and the anecdotes picked up in conversations. During these years, I have also heard hundreds of proverbs and trite sayings, aphorisms and epigrams, episodes, fables and folk-tales and I felt, it would be a pity if some specimens of these inter-provincial culture should not be made available to the public. It is really a thousand pities that in spite of the growing contact and communication between province and province, and Provinces and States, there should be so little of intercourse of indigenous culture and this is one of the reasons for noting down during our sojourn all such new experiences of mine. But in addition to these, I had a hobby which I indulged in these months—not perhaps all through, but from time to time. That hobby consisted in picking up feathers and picking out stones from the grounds of the Fortress. Let it not be thought that in this unknown Fortress which was our abode during a period of 32 months, we were given the task of bearing heavy (loads of) stones or gathering light feathers. Some of us personally did both but the stones were by no means heavy nor the feathers light. It was really the lighter stones that rose to the surface of our grounds and the heavier feathers that gravitated to the surface of the earth that we gathered. The stones were bits of onyx, pebble, carbuncle, or amber and perhaps ruby and diamond. The feathers were of the minah, the eagle, the sparrow, and the swallow.

This book may, therefore, be called “My Study Windows;” a title I borrow from James Russel Lowell, the famous American writer.

Masulipatam,
9th August, 1945.

B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA.

INTRODUCTORY

MAHARATTA—MOGHUL HISTORY

It is a natural desire amongst people suddenly thrown into strange surroundings to know all about their new bearings,—the past history of the place, its climatic conditions, the character of its people, its natural and artificial resources, and its present position in relation to the rest of the country. In this view then, the place of abode whose hospitable weather it was given to us to live under or even to enjoy for 32 months, is one abounding in interest in its historical tradition, as in its geographical detail, in its socio-economic conditions as well as its politico-strategic relationship.

The city of Ahmednagar has enjoyed a reputation in history for centuries since the year 240 B. C. when the earliest reference to Paithan or Pratisthan on the left bank of the Godavari, in the Nizam's territory about 2 miles east of Ahmednagar frontier and 50 miles North-East of Ahmednagar. A reference is made in the 14th edict of Ashoka,—the great Mauryan Emperor, to the Petenikas who, the *Gazetteer* opines, are the people of Paithan. Two inscriptions in the caves of Pilatkhora in Khandesh almost as old as the Edicts (240 B.C.) record gifts of two pillars built in the caves by two men of Paithan. To this day, Paithan in the Bombay Presidency has preserved its name for silks, and the finest kind of turbans,—Paithani implying a rich silk robe. Paithan too had formed the capital of the Andhra Empire ruled by the Andhrabhrityas who ruled from about 90 B.C. to about 300 A.D. and the inscriptions of one of whose famous kings, —Sri Pulamayi, the Shathakarni or Andhrabhritya king, are at Nasik and Karla in Poona. With their capital at Paithan, they always appear to have held the Ahmednagar district.

Ahmednagar District,—the city is popularly called Nagar—lying between 18°-20' and 19°-59' north latitude and 73°-40' and 75°-43' East longitude with an area of 6,666 square miles, had in 1881 a population of 7,51,228. It is bounded on the North and North-West by Nasik District, on the West by Thana and Poona Districts, on the South by Poona and Sholapur and on the North-East and South-East by the Nizam's Dominions from which it is separated on the North-East by the Godavari nearly upto Paithan.

"The climate of the District is on the whole considered to be extremely genial, though the rainfall which was highest (31 inches) in 1869 had an average on a total of 22 years of 21 inches." The maximum temperature shoots up to 116° in March and 114° in April and May, while a minimum of 42° was reached in February (1877-1882). During our three Summers it did not go beyond 112° C.

Within a short distance (22 miles south of Nagar), numerous veins of quarts and chalcedony cover the ground with agates, coloured quartz crystals and some crystals of chalcedony calcareous spar en-

closed in quartz. Coarse agates and cornelean-like stones are found near the city of Nagar, a point of interest referred to in the body of this book, stones which formed the source of supply to Paithan, of the onyx variety.

The District was well-known for its crafts of which some 29 classes have been described comprising Blanket weavers, Quarrymen, Masons and Stone-dressers, wandering Blacksmiths, Tailors, Brush-makers, Brass-makers, Potters, Leatherworkers, Weavers of 3 groups including Salis, Lac-bracelet makers, basket-makers, Blacksmiths, Lime-burners, Shoemakers, Indigo-dyers, Casters, Farriers, Paradesi Halvayis or Confectioners of other provinces, Tanners, Goldsmiths, Coppersmiths, Carpenters, Oilpressers, Earth-diggers, Musicians, Priests, Servants, Barbers, Washermen, Shepherds, Cowmen, Cow-keepers, Butchers, Fishers, Caravanmen and a number of Depressed classes. It is of interest to note that amongst the weavers,—the Salis, amongst the Dhangars (or Cowmen) and amongst the Bhois (or Fishers) there are thousands of Telangees or Telugus (Andhras) who for aught we know might have been there since the age of Andhra-bhrityas or might only be emigrants of not more than 2 or 3 hundred years' standing.

The Mussalmans form 5.27 per cent of the population of the District and comprise 35 divisions seventeen of which marry together and the main body of the regular Mussalmans eighteen in number form distinct communities marrying only amongst themselves. The 13 classes who form part of the main or regular Mussalmans are the Perfumers, Fireworks makers, Water-carriers, Brokers, Tailors, Grain rollers, Tin-smiths, Messengers, Farriers, Tassel Twisters, Dyers, Arrow-makers, Paper-makers. The eighteen irregular and distinct communities are Fruiterers, Mutton butchers, Cooks, Bohras, Beef butchers, Bricklayers, Anti-Mahdis, Barbers, Dust sifters, Poulterers, Bangle-sellers, Memons or general merchants, Momeins or Handloom Weavers, Cotton cleaners, Armourers, Carpenters, Stonemasons and Betel leaf sellers.

The later day history of Ahmednagar was closely linked with that of the Bhamini Kingdom which had shifted its capital from Gulbarga to Nagar, and of Bedar, Bijapur and Golconda, and in the sixteenth century we find so many permutations and combinations in the alliances made amongst these Kingdoms to which should be added the Kingdom of Vijayanagar whose kind Rama Raja and his brother Venkatadri figure prominently in the annals of the period. From the rule of the Nizam Shahis (1490-1636) and then from that of the Moghuls (1636-1759), we pass on to the restoration of Maharatta ascendancy from 1759 to 1817 and of the British from 1817 onwards. Really Maharatta rule did not suffer a long break as Sahu who was taken to Delhi at the age of 6 years, by Aurangzeb after his father

Sambhaji's execution in 1690 and brought up with care, was set free before Aurangzeb's death (21st February, 1707 at the age of 89 in Ahmednagar) and was presented with Shivaji's sword, Bhawani, and also the sword of the Bijapur General, Afzulkhan and was given the District of Nevasa as a marriage gift. In 1720, after tedious negotiations (following the massacre of the Moghul troops in 1716) through the able management of Balaji Viswanath, the Peshwa, the Maharattas obtained the grants of the *Chauth* and *Sardeshmukhi* of the 6 provinces of the Deccan, including Ahmednagar. The death in 1748 of the Nizam to whom Ahmednagar was subject and the disturbances that followed, gave the Peshwa an opportunity to attack the successor, Salabat Jang and ultimately the Nizam's troops were nearly routed and in 1752 an armistice was agreed to by Salabat Jang, and the Maharattas obtained possession of Gangthadi in Ahmednagar, besides Nasik and Khandesh. In 1759 the Fort of Ahmednagar fell to the Peshwa. We need not go into its subsequent history except to say that after his defeat at the battle of Kirkee (5th November, 1817) the Peshwa fled (17th November) to Lingdev and after a second defeat at Ashti in Sholapur on the 20th of March, 1818, Bajirao surrendered on the 3rd of June 1818. Meanwhile, Holkar had surrendered in January, 1818 possessions south of the Satpudas including Shevgaon. Finally Ahmednagar fell into the hands of the English in 1821. From 1817 onwards, now for a century and a quarter, the British have been exercising sway, having obtained possession of this part of the country from the Maharattas. And on August 9th, 1942, we found our way to the inside of the Fort here and from the inside, these lines are being written. The Fort is surrounded by a strong bastioned stone wall, nearly circular and a mile and 80 yards round. The Fort was originally built by Hussain Nizam Shah (1553-1565) but was of mud, later it was rebuilt of stone and is considered peculiarly well planned and well built, being much praised for the skill shown in its construction. "Its great strength was shown in its brilliant and successful defence by queen Chand Bibi, daughter of Hoossain Nizam Shah when a great Mughal army under Murad and Mirajakhan besieged it in vain from November 1595 until peace was concluded in February 1596. In July 1600, there was another siege in which the queen was murdered. (See Meadow's Taylor's Account of the Siege). In 1797 the Fort changed hands when it was given to Scindia. On 12th August, 1803, it was surrendered to General Wellesley—later the Duke of Wellington. The Fort with a palace of Scindia is described as a place of great splendour having several dozen large handsome pier glasses, two electrifying machines, an organ, a pianoforte, lustres, chandeliers, globes and many other luxuries—the richest stuffs of India, silks, satins, velvets, furs, shawls, plate, and cash. The fort was given to Peshwa in 1803 and was handed over to the British in 1817 finally.

PREVIOUS HISTORY

A jail diary is always a novelty to the diarist. One should think however, that the charms of novelty would have worn off with the first bout of one's imprisonment. But when there is a series of these, interest grows with each new experience for it is not beset with the same dull monotony as might be expected. My first sentence was simple and straight under Section 108, the Security Section as it was called in those days (1930). Salt was the offending factor, picketing was the offence. A year's term was the result. Division 'A' after a month made life smooth and unchanged. Bodily ailments and ill-health take a hind place in a description which is meant to be largely impersonal in spite of the use of the 1st person pronoun singular. The second in 1932 was only a call to each of the old prisoners to be 'as you were.' There was however no concoction in my case. It was equally straight and simple with the first, but this time under the Criminal Law Amendment Act. A breach of Section 144, provided the necessary ground for a long sentence and a heavy fine. A sentence of two years' R. I. with a fine of Rs. 1,100 was amusing when it was pronounced and 'C' class completed the joke. That was a new experience,—the dress and the diet which made me a patient in six days and a clown at that, with the cap on. But the comedy soon became a tragedy. Writhing with pain, bed-ridden, unable to sit or stand—a perpetual sense of impending dissolution was only averted by a change of classification. Back to Vellore, to the spacious halls, to the genial superintendent and his astute assistant, back to studies—serious and light, and two years seemed but a jiffy while Rs. 1,100 collected after filling four lorries with home contents including those containing prepared food—prepared but unconsumed as yet, and the sealing of a Bank safe located in the home, led to an aggregate, penalty, along with a subsequent fine of Rs. 500, of over Rs. 2,000, when repaid. Six weeks after release, the third bout came in on October 30th 1933, by voluntary courting as' in all the 3 cases. Picketing at a foreign cloth-shop gave me 6 months' rest and took away Rs. 500 (vide supra). But this time a prompt classification and a direct passage to Vellore without the interim halt at that hell on earth,—the Rajamundry Central Jail, made life not merely uneventful but pleasant. The same old halls and the same officers doubtless—but they were stern and stiff this time and reserved and even bitter. That only indicated Government's instruction to be sure. Lo and behold! on return from Jail, there was the withdrawal of C. D.—even individual—hinted at on April 6th (1934) by Gandhiji in private communications and carried out at Patna in May that year.

Nearly a decade passed before I sighted once again my second home in Vellore. The second Great World War broke out on 3rd

FEATHERS & STONES

September, 1939 and in October, 1940 began the Civil Disobedience campaign after over a year from the outbreak of the war. But I was not to go immediately. That was the definite order of the Generalissimo. The Travancore affair detained me and Gandhi wrote four letters warning me against violation of his instructions. Government, however, would not be bound by Gandhi's orders to me and on the 19th March, 1941, I was taken back to my dear old Vellore Central Jail, this time as a detenu. No trial, no classification, no fine, no term of sentence. It was all fair play except for the 3rd class travel which albeit was made as comfortable as possible. I found myself at Vellore in a strange company—Communists all—who carved out a commune behind the walls of the old Women's ward and appointed their Commissars. Only we, Satyagrahis, had to remain there by 'sufferance' as they thought. They swore, it seems before I joined them that I dared not enter their *sanctum sanctorum*. But I did. Nothing was so repelling, nothing so irritating, nothing so provoking, as this new "company". Intolerable conduct, unspeakable abuse of Gandhi and unmentionable acts on their own part—would be no exaggeration. One fine morning the Governor of Madras announced in the Press that he didn't want some of us in the jail and so on November 1st 1941, we (six of us) were got rid of. A whole chapter of Indian history intervened between the release and the re-arrest. Withdrawal of C. D., Cripps' episode, Declaration of mass C. D. in Bombay (7, 8 August 1942) found me and the rest of the members of the Working Committee in a special train at Bori Bunder (V.T.) on the morning of the 9th August which drove straight to Ahmednagar—a destination which we could broadly guess when we left behind Gandhi and Mahadev with Sarojini and Mira Ben and about 30 other Bombay friends at Poona.

"Do Go — My Boy!"

Now begins the real diary at Ahmednagar Fort. We alighted at the station and were conducted in a bus having a low roof which made the Maulana and the rest of us bend their heads little too low, and almost to the point of doubling of our bodies. On the way, however, events happened which are worth recounting. As the train left the Victoria Terminus there was bustle. Gandhi was in the next compartment. Could we go to him? Yes, after a while. In the meantime, we had 'nashta' in the buffet car, the fare was abundant and even generous. Pears were part of it—not the country hybrid, but the real pear. There we discovered that we were nearly thirty in number. The Bombay friends were all roped in to. We dispersed presently. And when Meherally was chatting in our compartment, a tall Englishman dressed in serge and wearing a felt hat, who was promenading the station platform up and down all the while from 6 to 8 a.m., with an air of satisfaction—obviously at a pre-concerted

programme being almost fully carried out, peered in and asked 'any Bombay friend—here?' He found Meherally and asked him to go to his compartment. The latter made an excuse and politely asked him to wait a while and even said 'you can afford to be a little liberal in these matters'. The officer—whose mien was from the outset threatening, said, 'Liberal? You have been all together at 'Nashta', you will again have an hour at lunch'. "You please speak politely," said Meherally. "If you are polite to us, you will get from us double the politeness. If you give me that, I shall go in two minutes' time." After a short while, the officer said, "*do go, my boy*". This enraged Meherally—not a short man by any means who rose to the top of his height, which however, fell far short of the opponent's neck; and raising his face, he rejoined saying 'you call me a boy! You know who I am?' 'You don't know who I am' said the officer. 'You know who I am?' 'I am the Mayor of Bombay.' "You don't know who I am" said the officer. "I shall make you sit". After a short wordy warfare, when Meherally was measuring his height with the officer's for the third time, himself alternately sitting and standing, the latter gently laid his right hand on the left shoulder of the former and firmly pressed him down. A possible scuffle was threatening. After a further exchange of hot words, in which Meherally repeated his resentment at being called a boy while he was the Mayor of Bombay, the officer cooled down, gathered his wits and said "I only said '*my boy*' good-naturedly". That was the word he used. But Meherally continued his protest. There were four of us in the compartment. The fifth was Meherally or was he the sixth? The officer barred the narrow passage. A scuffle appeared inevitable. With difficulty after accosting Meherally several times, I succeeded in getting his attention and suggested to him that he might accept the officer's explanation that he had only spoken good-naturedly in addressing him with that endearment. Shortly after, the scene ended much to my relief. But its sequel was yet to follow. My intervention did not please some of my colleagues and I bore their remarks quietly. A little later when I passed by the next compartment in the corridor train in which the officer and his assistants were seated, I happened to catch the former's eye and I suggested that he should say a word to satisfy Mr. Meherally as his own (officer's) mien was somewhat threatening from the outset. He told me he had made it up with him and had had a quarter of an hour's quiet conversation. He added that he was grateful to me for what I had done, in reply to which I said that one could not keep watching while a scuffle was fast developing. He met my remark with the words 'Oh!No.' Whatever they might mean. I ascertained his name to be Mr. Sharper, Dy. I.G. of Police (Railways) and possibly C.I.D.

One point I must emphasise and that is that Mr. Sharper was not quite telling the truth when he said that Mr. Meherally and all

the rest could meet us at lunch for the Bombay friends all alighted at Kirkee on their way to Poona. Did he not know this? Yet why did he promise another hour's chat at 12 noon (lunch time)? I have said earlier, in connection with the officer's promenading the platform that he must have been feeling satisfied that Government's programme was almost carried out. I said 'almost' because Sri Govind Vallabh Pant refused to be disturbed at 5 a.m. by the Police and so he and his fellow-guest H. K. Mehtab at Raja Shivrul Govindlal's place (Dabholkar Road) were left behind and brought later, being kept for the day in the Arthur Road Prison and driven from Poona to Ahmednagar in a car. They arrived at our camp the next day.

"To Hell With The Lathi Charge"

Now we go back to our train. We had left behind two batches, —one was Gandhi's at Chinchwad, and the other, the Bombay friends at Kirkee. One of these was being bodily carried by the Police as he was non-co-operating from the outset. The train left Kirkee and soon arrived at Poona where a few boys were raising some 'Jais' to the inmates of the train for the news had gone abroad so early as at 8 a.m. on the Radio that the arrests had been made. So we learnt from the people standing at a wayside station at the time. Hardly had I heard the 'jai-jai' cries when I heard the footsteps of Jawaharlal rushing to the exit of the corridor with a loud cry, "To Hell with the Lathi Charge. Dare you lathi charge the boys!" But the exit was virtually closed even to a fly passing it by a tall, robust, burly Indian Police Officer in civil dress standing four square against it. I rushed out of my compartment to witness the scene. Finding it impossible to dislodge the Police Officer, and after a little struggle, Jawaharlal ran back to his compartment and nothing daunted, leapt out of the window on to the platform and was making for the sergeant who was the offender, but the ubiquitous and inevitable Mr. Sharper was there and held him in his arms. Jawahar struggled hard to wriggle himself out of Mr. Sharper's iron embrace and made the best of the situation against a fool of an Indian constable who came within reach of his fist and free arm. As the situation was thus developing, down jumped Shankerrao Dev out of the window and was rushing towards Jawaharlal obviously to release him uttering as he ran cries to that effect. But his progress was impeded by some Policemen who suspended him with his bare langoti, by legs and arms, and restored him to his compartment. So was Jawaharlal helped to the compartment too and the train steamed off from Poona.

"The Unknown Fort"

Wither were we bound? Gandhi had been taken, we knew, to the Aga Khan's Palace in Poona, the Bombay friends were taken, we could almost see, to the Yerwada Prison, the former being detained

at Chinchwad station with Sarojini, Miraben and Mahadev. Where were we going? Some whispers of a Fort were audible and what might that be? Then I asked Shankerrao to tell me what lay on the Dhond-Manmad line. That we would be diverted from Dhond was undoubted. Would we be detained at Dhond and despatched to our respective provinces or taken somewhere on the Dhond-Manmad line? There was only one jail on this line at Vissapore. But we wanted a Fort and that was at Ahmednagar. I had no difficulty in fixing up the Ahmednagar Fort as our destination and so we arrived at the Fort (after lunch in the train), at about two or 1-30 p.m. In fact that we would have lunch in the train at 12 noon was told us and this was a guide to a right guess of our destination. Moreover as we were approaching Dhond, we were told by Mr. Sharper who became friendly with us by then that Ahmednagar was our destination. We drove to the Fort, passed an English Sentry, alighted from the bus inside it at an inner gate to which a few yards of a high gradient road led and the doors opened before us and shut behind us. But none of those huge grating doors which guard a Central Jail, none of those liveried Sentry sepoys with arms on their shoulders! It was an un-prepossessing gate through which we passed to a large quadrangle, enclosing an ill-kept lawn in the middle with a broad verandah all round on three sides covered by a Mangalore tile roof, and with terraced halls, looking old and dilapidated. On entering the rooms—rather halls we might call them, some 20 by 25 feet each, separated from its neighbour by partitions of asbestos sheet, we found they were lit by electricity and well served by punkhas, (two of either in each hall) but the odour was musty and semi-cadaverous, later on developing to faecal intensity. There were coir mats from Alleppey in each hall, there was a huge cushion chair served by wheels in which we, some of us at any rate were apt to be lost, a small, frail dinner chair, a chest of drawers or a small almirah, a wardrobe,—some big, some small, a wash basin and a water carrier placed on a table, and an office table and teapoy, a cot with mosquito curtains of various ages, some of which might have been the heir looms of Shivaji's days, a straw bed, two bed-sheets with 'C' class stripes in latitude and longitude, two woollen blankets bearing the stamp Y.C.P. (Yerwada Central Prison). The Halls have huge windows but those on the outer wall were barred by a recent brick and mortar wall inside the window which shut us off from all external contact. There was a poor creature of a jailor looking half timid and half awe-struck but bravely performing his duties with visible regard for his new guests and with unshakeable loyalty to his old masters. What could he do? He gave us hot water and cold, a heapful of bread and butter in a 'Thali' which were promptly refused unless served in trays and accompanied by cups and saucers, spoons and forks, kettles and cutlery. It took a day for these to come

FEATHERS & STONES

in. After nightfall we adjourned to supper or dinner whatever you may call it and had some indifferent food. It took over a week for the inner man to be satisfied and as time passed we got a Marwari cook with great difficulty. An earlier nominee to the office was about to enter the enclosure when a close search of his person and habiliments frightened and disgusted him and he ran away.

No Letters, Newspapers or Interviews

The first enquiry on our entry was, however, not after food but after newspapers. The Jailor, who had put in 26 years' service and risen from the ranks, and who was the senior Jailor of Yerwada C.P., was fumbling and muttering something we could not catch except that the result was negative. It took us 24 hours to learn that we would not be supplied newspapers or be allowed letters or interviews. That was not all. The Jailor, the three sepoys, the Subedar and the six prisoners who were sent from Yerawada Central Prison to help us, were all equally prisoners. They could not go out to the market except after thorough search, not excluding the Jailor, a Gazetted Officer. But the woes of the Jailor were shortly to lighten. On the second day, he promised us the visit of the Collector. But even after this dignitary — 6 feet in height, with a genial face and the silence of sphinx except for a rare and sparing smile, things were no better. He, an Indian, Ghatge by name, proved to be helpless himself. Meanwhile, the Civil Surgeon, an Indian too, (Muslim, as we discovered him to be weeks afterwards,) Dr. Merchant, was visiting us taking his duties all too seriously, examining urine, reading blood pressure, inspecting and palpating, percussing and auscultating, turning us inside out and himself outside in, not uttering a word and accompanied all the while by the Jailor. On the 12th, however, arrived Major Sendak, I.M.S., formerly Health Officer, Bombay Port Trust, as the pucca superintendent. Our weights were taken before and after and the very delicate balance showed a decline up to five pounds in some cases and progress up to 8 pounds in others, all within a week. The Major is a young man of 38, lean and lanky, with a bend in the back, an exception to the class of Englishmen that come over to India,—soft in speech, sympathetic in tone, but stern in duty. We soon discovered that he might be only burying us in his sympathy, but slowly and steadily things began to improve. On the 27th August, we got our first newspaper—"The Times of India", and in a couple of days, we were conceded the right to send letters through the Home Secretary, Bombay Government. The poor Major had left behind his wife in Bombay as she was engaged in a war job. He appeared to long to go back to his dearly cherished duties as Port Health Officer—"a big job you know",—instead of remaining a prisoner with us for over ten hours in the day along with the Jailor whose 'band-o-bast' became stricter (on himself I mean) after the Major's

arrival for he could not go out for days on end. Later however, he was going out for half an hour a day. Nor, were the sepoys (they are called warders in Madras, but a warder in Bombay means a convict warder) free, except the bazaar sepoy, the rest were prisoners with us. They were naturally anxious to get away from this dignified jail. So was the Superintendent, so were we, so was the Jailor who was addressed as Superintendent for a day, but was restored to the Jailor's position (status quo ante) the moment the Major arrived.

Papers at Last.

Very soon we recognized that we were neither prisoners nor free. Not free because we could not go out, because we had no newspapers, letters or interviews. Apparently, Government's instructions were that we were to be treated as Detenus with the clauses relating to these three usual concessions suspended. The suspension was gradually relaxed when we got the papers on the 27th but they were only the Bombay papers that were referred to in the Government's note. It transpired too that the earlier papers were not to be given us by implication as the note stated that 'others (apparently Gandhiji) should get them.' The English and Maharatta Papers soon disclosed the state of things outside and saddened us within our enclosure that the rules of the game were not being observed by either party outside. Even on the 12th August, hell was let loose. The readers outside the jails must be well aware of the happenings of those fateful days in which vicious circles were established which would not easily be broken and which are the inevitable consequence of the play of violence.

New Problems

Close upon our entry into our new home, arose problems of several kinds. What should we do for papers and letters and interviews? There was of course the major problem of Maulana's Radio which was not given to him but kept in the office. Then the second problem was whether we should thus passively resign ourselves to our destiny or should indicate our resentment thereat in a reasonable manner. A protest would be the least, but what good was it? To bear it all up in silence would be dignified and disappointing to the powers that be, but would they not make capital out of it and gloat over their success in putting us down? It is the habit of many an English officer in India to promenade up and down the corridors of a sub-jail on arresting leading personalities. That obviously gives them intense satisfaction. If our protest should be made, should it not be drafted. But then the I.G. had just visited the place and casually it was mentioned to him that the clothing of some of us had been left behind. Two at least had their spectacles to get. One had ordered them in Bombay and one had left them in his host's house. Today is the

1st September. Neither of them has been restored during these twenty-two days. On learning this information, the I.G.P., Colonel Bhandari promised to write and get us back these things. The problem was complicated by the fact that we were not allowed to get our things from our respective homes, since we were not allowed to have direct communication and therefore would not have any indirect. Accordingly it was decided to cancel the agreement to the good offices of the I.G. being employed for this partial relief and incidentally mention as reasons the disabilities under which we were labouring, and which were wantonly imposed upon us.

Later arose a more acute problem. What was Gandhiji doing? He had so often said and written that he would not touch food while in custody. Some friends had a talk on the subject while we were all in the train. Moreover, on the arrest being about to take place at Birla's in Bombay, Gandhi seems to have agreed to relent for a fortnight after arrest. The fortnight was soon finishing. We had no news of his doings and decisions. Had he begun his fast? If so should we be remaining here unaffected by it? It was agreed that we must wait.

Mahadev Passes Away!

In the meantime came the papers on the 27th August and the distressing news of Mahadev's death was incidentally referred to in a leaderette in the 'Times of India' under the caption "The Nazi Propaganda and Mr. Desai". It took us a while to realize that he died suddenly on the 15th while talking to the I.G.P. He apparently had a second stroke of apoplexy, for I remember he had one some two years ago when he had to be sent to a sanatorium for complete rest. The question then was what after this sudden and instantaneous death, was done to the corpse. Was it given to his wife and son whose whereabouts could easily have been ascertained? or was it disposed of on the spot? Writing on the 2nd of September, we can only rely upon inferential news and are left to believe or not the report that four common prisoners were got from the Y.C.P. and the dead body was cremated in the compound of the Aga Khan's Palace. Was it true? If so was it done with Gandhi's assent or in spite of his protest, --silent or expressed? And then after Mahadev's death who was keeping company with Gandhi. We have realised that Sarojini was not with Gandhi and is in the Y.C.P. Very likely Mrs. Gandhi is with him and from Government's report it appears that Dr. Sushila Nayar is with him. She is Pyarelal's sister.

Gandhi and the Servants of India Society

The news of Mahadev's death cast a gloom over us in the Ahmednagar Fort. I was moved to tears myself and Vallabhbhai was deeply shaken. He fasted for the night as he could not touch food. We

then began to recount Mahadev's past. He had qualified for the bar and Vallabhbhai remembers him and Narahari Parikh attending courts and watching while he himself was practising—i.e. in 1914. That year Gandhi returned to India, and it was Gokhale's desire that he should succeed him as the 1st member of the Servants of India Society. This was a well-known fact and Gandhi was observing perfect silence for a year under Gokhale's advice, watching things and studying problems. And Mahadev, Narahari Parikh, Kishorelal Mashruwala, Kaka Kalelkar—all these wanted to join the Servants of India Society—indeed move over, body and spirit, with Gandhi from Ahmedabad to Poona. Swami Anand was another young man that had joined Gandhi on his return. But as fates would have it, the proposition that Gandhi should be elected Gokhale's successor was on the latter's demise (on 19-2-1915) accepted only by a majority—not unanimously—Devadhar opposing and Gandhi naturally, wisely and correctly declined the honour with thanks. From that day a new centre came into being, a new circumference with these five friends, a new stellar constellation began to appear on the Indian political horizon.

With Mahadev's death should all the material for perhaps twenty volumes relating to modern Indian History perish? His notes may be there but where is the man who sat with Gandhi in all the interviews with the world's Great Public Characters from King George down to Edward Thompson or Mr. Louis Fischer, the American correspondent? For every word that Mahadev jotted down, he had a whole chapter of history embedded on the tablet of his memory. Will some unknown spirit rise from the embers of his solitary cemetery and guide some living hand to decipher, cull and clip, collect and collate the random thoughts and the stray words of the departed hero into a connected era of history, biography, philosophy, economics and ethics?

The Missing 'Party'

An interesting event may be described here which occurred in the first fortnight of our sojourn. When the I.G.P. came here, he promised to send a party of prisoners for additional staff here. He came here on the 11th and sent the "party" right enough to Nagar (—that is the popular name of the city) sub-jail where neither they nor their escort, nor their hosts knew what was to be done with them. While the Fort was not a little intrigued over the non-arrival of the "party", suddenly it descended upon us on the 23rd and an amusing tale was given by them of their being stranded in the Nagar sub-jail—a proof indeed of British competence, in which secrecy was maintained to the detriment of purpose. Then came three more sepoys. It is necessary for people to know the technical language of the jails in Bombay. I have already stated that he who is called a warden in

FEATHERS & STONES

Madras jails, is called a sepoy. And as he rises in service, he is called a Havaldar (perhaps not an authorised designation) and a subedar who in spite of his age and service looks trim by his tight trousers and imposing coat, and more than either, by his arresting gait. The convict warder is called 'Warder' and he has a clownish dress—with a yellow high Parsi cap, a pair of yellow trousers with the 'C' class cross stripes on the cloth and a plain white shirt or coat. One of the sepoys has been told off to watch at the Major's bungalow—which it is said, is within a 2' ride on cycle. But life there is even more solitary than in our enclosure for there is no human being with whom one can have personal touch there, the Major being alone in the first place and being with us for about eight or nine hours in the day. The Major too feels lonely here for he walks up and down the long verandahs in a passive mood. He is gentle to a degree, soft in tone, voice and speech but can grow warm on occasions, is strict to the letter, has his own views on subjects and problems, but like a true Englishman and officer, discharges his duties meticulously. Only we found him somewhat too deliberative on certain matters which could surely have been expedited.

The Surgeon-General

Towards the end of August the Surgeon General of Bombay paid a visit to the place in company with the Collector and the Civil Surgeon. He is Irish, an elderly man, somewhat sunburnt in face—but genial in look, Major-General Candy, I.M.S. Apparently, he was sent to make out the Government's promised report about the health of the members of the Working Committee and of Gandhiji. He said we could get Indian mosquito curtains with holes, and not squares and claimed to know something about cotton mills in India and their output, but did not furnish later any proofs of the correctness of his knowledge. Later, I gathered that he was a friend of Vallabhbhai for he had been the Health Officer of the Ahmedabad City when Vallabhbhai was the Municipal Chairman. 'I am getting old and a little peevish' said he to Vallabhbhai to which Vallabhbhai retorted saying, 'If you are old and peevish at 56, what should I be?' Then the discussion turned upon his age which was put down by the Major General at 58 and the Major at 54. 'It is 67' said Vallabhbhai 'and I am looking forward to another 33 years'. That was well said. The Upanishads have put down our age as 116—a figure which by-the-by accounts for all presents in Andhradesa being reckoned at 116 or 1116 while elsewhere it is 101 or 1001. The figure should never end in a zero and Vallabhbhai could well have claimed an expectancy of 34 years, not merely 33.

9—9—'42 (ONE MONTH IS OVER)

The Cook

A month has passed since we were duly lodged here. The old

Jailor, Mr. Kulkarni, a senior Jailor of Yerwada C.P. is released from his detention in the Ahmednagar Fort Camp. How he was longing to get away from his unlooked for prison—and undeserved imprisonment! He strove to meet our needs to the best of his capacity and scope for he had two limitations,—his boss and his rules. Between the two no officer could do much. He had the satisfaction nevertheless, that he had provided us with a badminton court and a cook. The court remains and the game of shuttle cock goes on merrily in the evenings but the cook's stay was but a passing phase. He is a Marwari Brahmin, who, the moment he came tidied up the kitchen as a Brahmin cook does,—no matter from where, whether the banks of the Godavari or the sands of Rajputana. After barely a week's stay, there arose a brisk quarrel between him and the sepoys in attendance here. The Jailor warned him not to allow any sepoys to get into the kitchen and the Marwari—a law-abiding creature always—meticulously observed the rule. This deprived the sepoys of all their extras and they were left to their own limited rations for which they had to pay. It is hard lines to bring sepoys from their families, ask them to eat of the hands of the prisoners, make prisoners of them, and not give them free food and to boot, to cut them off from the general kitchen altogether. One Brahmin sepoy—the cook of the Jailor called the Marwari a 'Kutha' and uttered some unspeakable terms of abuse in addition. This irritated and in a stentorian voice he made a declamatory speech against these unworthy myrmidons of the Law and demanded an apology or he would not touch food. To make a long story short, he left the service next morning, leaving the kitchen to the prisoner cooks and the sepoy supervisors and leaving ourselves to their joint care.

A Case of Hysteria

Our attendants were an amiable lot, a 'sturdy well-built,' good-looking dacoit from the borderland between Maharashtra and Karnataka somewhere near Sangli and Mira¹. He had served 4½ years and is due to be released on the 12th September. Some ten days ago suddenly he was seized soon after he had waited on us at our breakfast, with a severe spastic fit and I as the nearest available doctor was summoned. It looked clearly hysterical and as some cold water was being splashed on his face, arrived the Superintendent, Major I. M. S., who forthwith agreed with me and unravelled the tangle by tracing the fit to a conversation—'an unusual one which he and the jailor had with the patient. The prisoner was asked whether he would continue after his release, another month in service with pay. He at first agreed but later changed his mind and asked whether he would be discharged in the middle of the extension. 'No, either you remain or you go', said the Major. Whether he caught the latter sentence or not, the first word 'No' made a deep impression

on him and brought about the fit. He got nervous lest he be detained by force. It took him two days to recover from the fit.

A second is a Maharatta Brahmin—as well-informed and literate as he was uncouth in his looks—coarse and repelling but he was a post-master who could speak English well and got a term for temporary misappropriation of Rs. 181. He was one of the I.G.'s "party" who was stranded in the sub-jail and being well-educated knew the events of those ten days very well. He, it was that brought us the news of the Brenn Gun firing in Poona soon after our arrest and also of Mahadev's death.

Andhra Weavers Abroad

A third is a weaver from Nagar itself—an Andhra,—one out of 3,000 families of weavers long since settled here. Strangely enough he began to speak pure Telugu and stated that Telugu is his "Matru Bhasha". Equally strange was it that 3,000 weaver families should be residing in Nagar and while in Poona there are nearly as many families, in far off Cuttack (Orissa) there are 2,000 families and in distant Coimbatore (Tamil Nad) there are three thousand families—all of weavers alone—all Andhras—speaking Telugu. When did they go? Why did they go? And how did it happen that Andhra weavers in particular migrate North-South and West from Andhradesa?

The Second Month

Gandhi's telegram to Mahadev's wife has set at rest several doubts. Government met his wishes in regard to cremation fully when they went to the length of bringing the cemetery to the Aga Khan's palace instead of allowing Gandhi to go to the cemetery of the City or outside the inner Jail compound. There were doubts too about Sarojini Devi's whereabouts which have been set at rest by the telegram. Mahadev's sudden death apparently led Government to take extra precautions forthwith in regard to detenus. Suddenly on the 8th September the Superintendent began to take Blood Pressure readings of one and all. It is strange that they should have been ranging between 118 and 75 in four cases. However, they are all well more or less. Then this Blood Pressure examination was followed up by a virtual case-sheet of all systems—alimentary, circulatory, excretory and respiratory. The Surgeon General had come earlier. Next came the I.G. on his second visit. Mehtab's glasses have taken a month in coming from Bombay to Ahmednagar. Shankerrao's have not arrived yet. They seem to have absconded and he being not only a bachelor, but one without a father or mother, brother or sister, uncle or aunt, home or friend, could not write to a relation which alone was permissible under the rules. His brother's daughter to whom he intended writing was 'notified' as having been arrested. Only two or three friends began getting letters. Asaf from Aruna

dated 28th—place nowhere and a card a day later too—while she was notified to surrender herself in a month from 29th or 30th August. Sucheta has written to Kripalani. Jawahar had a letter from Krishna and Pantjee from his son. Dr. Mahamud was asking for his own medicines from home. Otherwise letter-writing was not here at the Fort of Ahmednagar the busy pre-occupation of detainees as it usually is in jails.

General Health

The Health of the inmates was not bad, but not quite good either. Vallabhbhai had had an attack of his spastic colon and for more than a fortnight he could not resume his routine. Fruits are not available except a poor kind of plantains, oranges of sorts, and guavas of 3rd quality. Maulana is the very model of regularity, no clock is necessary as against his movements. When he left his room it was 7-30 a.m., 10-45 a.m., 4 p.m., and 8-30 p.m. minus of course 30 seconds to walk the 80 yards of the verandah between his room and the Dining Hall. Jawahar is up and about quite early engaged in preparing, arranging, cleaning and cooking things for one and all, toasting bread, preparing omlette, frying potato, supervising the 'Cooker', cutting beet-roots, slicing tomato and what not. In the pantry and the badminton court, he is equally alert. Dr. Syed Mahamud requires care-taking and who else could attend on him and prepare his diet better than Jawahar? Asaf Ali has maintained better health than was expected. His artistic sense would revolt against his falling ill. Pantjee refused to think of his health. He had enough faith that all will go well.

Shankerrao is the pink of health. Five hard shuttle-cock games would not fatigue him. Hot or cold he fights the ball or *chidiya* as it is called with his body bare above waist as vigorously as he jumped at the Police at Poona Station a month ago. Dr. Ghosh is so well-versed in vitamins, calories and dietetics that one does not know whether he is consuming carbohydrates and proteins and salts or foodstuffs. He is small of stature but has a splendid build and good health. He knows how to take care of them. I was there of course with my midnight food at the bedside. Granted a plantain for the 1-30 a.m. fare and an easy chair with the spinning wheel and a few books some used up paper and a pen and ink, I needed nothing else. Kripalani was not quite so happy in body as he was in mind. What little perturbation afflicted his mind and 'mizaj' was set at rest on hearing from Sucheta. Narendra Deo suffered from a fit of asthma and could not get his injections locally or elsewhere. He tided over it and with Vallabhbhai keeps up his walks of four miles a day. Mehtab has suffered severely from want of glasses and want of a charkha. The latter was the earlier of the two to reach him and relieve the monotony of life, while the arrival of the former was an

FEATHERS & STONES

event of considerable interest and importance. At last, Government could spot the optician's shop in Bombay where they were made and ready on the 10th August. Just a month is not too long for the wheels of Government to move with so heavy a load as a pair of bifocals made of sphericals and cylinders of divergent axes.

First Hartal

When the I. G. came on the 11th September, he promised that the walls built on the windows of our rooms would be demolished that very day. The work has not commenced yet (3 p.m. 12th September). Nothing has happened about the different provincial papers. The old papers between the 9th and 27th are yet to come. The I. G. and the Major have differed in their interpretation of a Government communication. I have pressed it upon the attention of the Collector and the Civil Surgeon—the two official visitors to the camp—that they should leave a note in the visitors' book which should be sent by the Major to Government. Thus it would serve as a reminder to Government without subjecting the Major to any difficulty or delicacy. But before such a note, if at all written, could have reached Government, we have received the old papers from the 'Mess' in the Fort through the Major and they reveal a flood of information—altogether staggering. One point we notice is that no secrecy is maintained about Gandhi's place of confinement—Poona, though the Aga Khan's Palace has not been mentioned in the papers. Nor is there any doubt that our place also is known throughout India. We do get outside news through air. My 'sweets' are not brought one day and the sepoy (bazaar) excuses himself. 'Have you forgotten?' I asked. 'No, Sir' says he and then he gently says 'Dukan band hai' 'Kem? Sub band hai?' Then he smiles and answers. 'Nai, Baz Dukan band hai'. Suddenly we remember it is the 9th of September and there must be a hartal.

Windows Opened

Now reverting to the repairs of the building the work of demolition of the walls closing the windows has been begun. The English soldiers come—two of them, they come and go—then four of them come and go and then six of them come, do half an hour's work and go. At last we realize that an experiment was intended to be made in the dining hall which has three windows to be opened, each of these is over 7 feet in height, the top consisting of a moveable ventilator and even so up to the lower end of the ventilator, the window is over 5 feet in height. The masons demolished 6 or 7 layers of bricks and put up expand metal against the ventilator, while on the outer side, the sunshade is inverted, so as to prevent us from breaking in upon the 'Zenana' of the officers living in houses adjacent to our building. What a farce! Yesterday (16-9-42) we met and decided by

a majority that they should leave the walls alone and not tinker with them as they have done in the dining hall. The matter was communicated to the Major. The suspiciousness of the military is disgusting. The Major is hard put to it to explain that he has done his best and he is guiltless. It is so undoubtedly for no doctor,—and he is an I.M.S. officer,—can tolerate the nasty condition of the halls created by the windows being shut up altogether. On every side there is considerable irritation because books ordered don't come despite the lapse of a fortnight. No wonder when Gandhi's letter to Mrs. Mahadev written on 15th August reached her on the 4th September "owing to some misunderstanding on the part of the Superintendent of the Jail." In addition there is a measure of fatuity, slothfulness and irresponsibility somewhere else. Meanwhile, we are busy allotting duties to the members and rotating them, every week. The voluntary system is encouraging but every one should make himself familiar with every set of duties. Breakfast implies knowledge of preparing omelettes and toasting bread, besides making tea and coffee and egg flip. Night meal includes frying potatoes and so on. Things are going on well at last.

The Tournaments

The tediousness of life is partly relieved by Badminton and Shuttle cock Tournaments. Altogether there are only six or seven players some of whom have to be forced into the court like sheep into the slaughter house. But the tournament itself is conducted with all due ceremony, the bell—the book, the tossing, the score, the umpire, the linesmen. The weather however, is apt to be treacherous though otherwise pleasant. The players gather in the bright sun and the skies get cloudy and a mischievous passing *nimbus* gives a sharp drizzle, not to be neglected because it is only a drizzle for it is also sharp. The weather is one that recalls the hill weather. Now rain, now sun, now the rainbow and now the drizzle. The first day's match was thus disturbed.

Asaf keeps the house alert and agog. He has planned a magazine, the first issue of which is all his own—full of humour, whether in a light or serious vein. The advertisements are artistically featured. The sports column is exquisite. He spends his time with the green glasses and the wild flowers on the lawn. The buildings we occupy are quadrangular, with a verandah of about 30 yards length and 4 yards breadth all round on three sides. In between is an enclosed open ground with a flag staff in the centre and a cemented circular, *chabulara* round it. For the rest it is all green grass and the halting but repeated showers have kept the lawn green and radiant except for patches of baldness at intervals. Asaf not merely spends time in but with these grasses and wild plants amongst which he discovers tiny flowers of variegated colours with which he regales his leisure.

FEATHERS & STONES

hours. He is never tired of pointing them out to friends some of whom like myself feign appreciation while others are truly infected with his genuine enthusiasm.

Correspondence

At last things are falling into order. Letters are coming, some of them tell-tale, others sharp pointed. Replies go but one does not know what they would be like—matter of fact or sentimental, indents for books or clothing or slivers or slippers figure largely amongst them. Speaking of letters, I must say a complication has been brought by them. The Superintendent comes on gently, with a halting request for a list of our relations but strictly,—only the members of the family. The Hindu and Muslim concept of family is quite different to the Westerner's. In the West it only includes wife and children, not even parents, much less cousins and nephews—not so with us—all these are dependents—living together as one family 'Oh—your two sons live with you' asks the Major in innocent wonderment—'and their wives and children too' I answer. "With you water flows only downward and onward but with us it flows backwards as well as forwards, upwards as well as downwards and sideways too,—the waters of family affection." But why should this information be required? On every outgoing letter must be given the relationship to the writer of the addressee, and sometimes the relationship of the names that occur in it must be stated, but why this categorical preparation of lists? Is it meant to give the Superintendent authority to pass letters straightway or to judge of incoming letters in the light of this list and disallow any letters not covered by the names therein? Last year (1942) when I was at Vellore as a detenu, a list of relations was asked for only as a guidance in respect of interviews, for the relations mentioned in the list had no longer to apply to Government for permission but could straightway proceed to the jail and see me with the permission of the Superintendent on stated days and between stated hours. Anyway, while we did not want to seem to be suspicious or obstructive, we didn't like the look of it at any rate. We would like to know the purpose for which the demand was suddenly made and made too for 'urgent' compliance. The matter was left to each to be decided as he pleased.

Short of interviews, we have all the amenities of the former years together with the additional feature that our allowances are not fixed. Our needs, however, are provided. But they have not given us clothing or shoes. The Badminton players got one pair each, free for the whole period of three years. We do not know what we shall be charged for and what we shall not. There remains the vexed question of the windows on which the Major and the military have taken us at our word and stopped all further opening of them. Of course they could not act against our expressed wishes which were duly commu-

nicated to them. Some of us cannot help feeling that our rooms would have improved in sanitation even if the ventilator portion had been opened out.

27-9-'42

When the Collector came last Monday, I mentioned this point in answer to his enquiry about our wants and added—'the Major will tell you all about it'. Later came the Major and he asked me, 'What exactly did you mean when you raised the question?' I said 'I meant what I stated. The vexed question must be solved'. 'But your friends did not want any further progress?' 'True', I said, 'but it is cruel kindness to take one at one's word.' There ended the matter.

Table Talk

The Dining Hall has considerably improved on account of the light that is admitted—particularly at tea-time at 4 p.m. as the evening sun has brightened up the area. There is a downpour of conversation going on at Dinner and Lunch, at Nasta, and Tiffin. Oftentimes, the subject discussed is the food, its varieties, its comparison in different provinces, the character of the dholi,—liquid, semi-liquid or solid, the place of chili in dietary, its different varieties, when it was imported into India, its relative popularity from Bikaner and Delhi to Wardha and Madras, then the (kadhi) and 'papad' that are universal in India, the vegetables,—their vitamin contents, what vitamins are, the calorific values of different foods, the carbohydrates, fat and protein content of each, how the South Indian subsists on 'Rice first, Rice last and Rice in the middle, Rice in the morning and Rice at night,' whether his sharp intellect—if it is for once granted, is due to his 'Imli' or his Kaveri water or what else! Dalia, how it is to be prepared, a comparison of brown bread with white, whether the 'Brown' bread is really whole-meal or merely coloured, why we are not given hand-pounded rice, what parboiled rice is—which many amongst us had never heard of, how it has, in Bengal, and in Tamil Nadu, obviated the need for hand pounded rice, the vitamin value of these two as against polished rice, whether fish and mutton should be fried or cooked, and if the latter, with how much of ghee or in their own fat, whether *masala* should be added or not, and when, whether potatoes should be cooked and fried or whether they should not be merely steamed, and even so, steamed to softness or medium or hardness only, whether eggs should be fried or taken as flip or parboiled, the relative vitamin value of the three preparations, whether guava (amrud) should have its skin peeled or eaten with skin, whether the seed and the interspersed flesh should be consumed or seed eschewed altogether, whether *Karela* should be fried with 'masala' packed into its bosom, what the vegetable is, which each province calls 'Palval', the comparative size and varieties of gajar, whether greengram is better or red, whether moong is better

FEATHERS & STONES

or groundnut, whether garlic should or should not be added to the chatney made of coriander leaf, (and then with or without cocoanut?) the relative emphasis placed upon cocoanut in the South and North, what is meant by South and what by North in relation to India, whether Bombay and Poona should be called south or west, why the North Indian does not recognise East and West Indian areas, whether the Vindhya should be a landmark dividing India bounded on the North by the Himalayas and the extreme South by Cape Camorin into two distinct divisions.

Additional subjects of interest were whether bread was better when dry toasted and buttered or the reverse, or when stewed on the cooker—and with sugar or without. The various kinds of Bhats, raitas, chatneys, papads, Kadhis, Achars, Imli juices, Oranges. Musambi, Kamala and Batavias, Plantain—yellow, red and green, cheeku, Seetaphal and Ramaphal, Rasgulla, versus Srikhand, Poori-Parota, Chapati and rotti. Dalia, how to prepare it, the relation between Bhagavadgita and bhat, between 'tham' and 'kam' between Philosophy and Science, the preparation of 'savi' with pista and acrot etc. for Ramzan-Id.

Post-Prandial Talks

Then there were the post-prandial discussions which related to more serious subjects and personalities, Churchill and Cripps, Stalin and Kalinin, Petains and Lavals, Hitler and Goering, Hess and Hamilton. Why was the Union Jack $\frac{3}{4}$ mast high one morning and then half mast high, who died at that time? (later it was discovered that the fatal accident of the Duke of Kent in an aeroplane accounted for it) Mahadev's sudden demise and Gandhi's wire dated 15th August held up till 4th September by a misunderstanding on the part of the Superintendent, Y.C.P. Whether Gandhi would be fasting or not, the shocking news of machine-gunning from an aeroplane at five places—3 in Behar, one in Bengal (Ranaghar) and one in Orissa (Talcher State) the sorry performances of Sir Md. Oosman in the Council of State (25-9-42) the servile attitude of Sri Aney, the silence of Sirkar, the relatively superior tone and temper of the three Muslims who spoke in the Assembly, Abdul Halim Ghuznavi, Zaffar Ali and Ziauddin, the excellent work done in the Council of State as against the wash-out performances of the Assembly, the information elicited from Government by Kunzru and P. N. Saprú, the disappointment caused by N. M. Joshi, the future of the Communists, P. C. Joshi's interview in the 'Bombay Chronicle' (12-7-42) why communism is heard of in Kerala and Andhra. Churchill's omission of all reference to China in his mid-September speech, his callous reference to 'under 500 killed in India'. The Press Memoranda presented to the Viceroy and its revelations about Roosevelt's comment on the Atlantic Charter as well as Chungking's comments on Indian agitation being

suppressed, C. R.'s bulletins since the movement began compared with Sapru and Jayakar's and Setalvad's and Moore's magnificent stand (see 'Bombay Chronicle' 26-9-42), Fazlul Huq's buffoonery, Sir Sikan-dar Hyat's promise of (himself) leading the Independence movement coupled with Griffith's Play. Thus do we kill time between eating and preparing to eat, falling ill and recovering and falling ill again, growing angry and quieting down, losing temper and concealing it, bathing and washing and getting dirty, reading, writing and forgetting, discussing and declaiming, befriending the official and alienating, cajoling the prisoner-servants, coaxing or coercing, playing at cards and chess, quarrelling and quieting down, beguiling the evenings with badminton which engages five players and seven spectators—some of the latter moving and others stationary, some watching from near and others from afar. It is wonderful how the word tournament invests the game with new values in terms of success and defeat, joy and sorrow, excitement and depression. Cards play affords occasion for genuine seriousness which ill tolerates bad play and repays it with a round rating. Two parties are hard at work—the afternoon party—post-lunch and the evening party—pre-supper. Vallabhbhai is the leader and he has a reluctant following that has to be ordered into it except perhaps Kripalani who pairs with Vallabhbhai and gets comments and criticisms in abundance.

Badminton has fallen (1-10-'42) on bad times. Jawahar, Kripalani, Asaf have pains in forearms, Shankerrao has developed coccygeal pain. Mehtab has struck as a protest against inability to 'serve' the shuttle-cock. Pantjee has rejoined and has to carry on with Ghosh who observes 'rules' strictly alike in outdoor and the indoor games.

Nomenclature (4—10-'42)

Reference has been made to the nomenclature of Jail Sepoys, Havildars and Subedars. In U.P. as in Madras these are called **warders** while prisoners when given uniform, become convict overseers and convict warders. In Madras this honorary service is in three grades—**night watchman** with a brass badge that entitles him in practice to go where he wills, **convict overseer** who has the **right** to go all over and **convict warder** who is like an Honorary Deputy Collector. Rather, the latter is like the convict warder, doing the dirty work of punishing for the real warder (collector). The (convict) Warders here have their own tale to tell, the first one came for rioting and dacoity and through his rural innocence and urban polish, earned golden opinions and was treated with affection and regard at the time of his departure. His successor who has come for rioting is of the coarser variety and would not lose an opportunity of beating the prisoners and was all along bitterly complaining that here in the detention camp there is no 'kaida' (discipline) by which

FEATHERS & STONES

the reader can readily understand what he means,—his power to beat, of course which could not be easily allowed. Discipline is a fairly difficult matter. There was a prisoner, who was doing the butler's or waiter's work. When the Dhobi prisoner was released, he was asked to attend to those duties. He flatly refused and he was given bar fetters, but as the detention camp was not considered a suitable place for such he was transferred for the rest of his term,—a couple of weeks,—to the local sub-jail where he was duly awarded his punishment.

'Ajnatha Vas' (6—10—'42)

Our whereabouts are sought to be kept in mystery. Mr. Amery refused in Parliament to disclose the 'present whereabouts of Jawaharlal and others'. But every one in India obviously knows them. In fact so far as Gandhi was concerned, it was published in the 'Bombay Chronicle' of 10th August 1942, that he was in the Aga Khan's Palace, Poona. Only we got these papers about a month later. But a friend's sister wrote to her brother here, 'we all know where you are though we are not allowed to state it. We were informed too that in an Indian (Provincial language) daily, the whereabouts were published. Another, a cousin, wrote to her cousin here from the Yerawada Jail to the address of "so and so, Bhingar camp Ahmednagar." The cantonment and Fort area are in a place known as Bhingar. The envelope bore the stamp of Ahmednagar (23rd September) and of Yerawada and apparently must have been returned to Bombay Government and came back after a stay somewhere of three weeks, on the 13th of October. Apparently when they passed, the letter in the Yerawada Jail on the 21st or 22nd September, they did not know where Bhingar was or who the addressee was. That is the way that bureaucracy works.

Barfettters (8—10—'42)

I have complained of short term prisoners having been sent here as attendants. The moment they learn the work here, their time for release is up and the whole thing has to be begun over again. The authorities too felt the absurdity of the arrangement and have sent in October, three long term prisoners, but they are given an iron ring to the leg at the ankle and a chain which they have to tie up at the calf or the waist or carry in hand while walking. This is abominable to look at. I thought I should not take service from them and avoided it for a few days, but grew callous when no one else but one, shared the susceptibility. One of these prisoners a young fellow—unduly smart and of versatile abilities comes for his ninth conviction for theft. His left arm, both bones, are broken and badly set and he says it was due to a horse fall—an explanation—to be

taken with a grain of salt. He is doing the barber's work—and it is said, well,—better certainly than his predecessor in office.

The Flag Staff (9—10—'42)

Our compound has a flag staff without a flag. Apparently it had it, once and must have been removed out of consideration for our susceptibilities. However that be, outside our premises (enclosure) is visible the Union Jack of the Fort flag staff. We have watched the hour of its ascent and descent. The latter is done at irregular hours. When from the 1st September, the advanced time came into operation we thought they were observing it, but the hours kept are so irregular that the flag was flying still at 8 p.m. (new time). An interesting point is that when the flag was flying half-mast high on account of the Duke of Kent's death, the kites were pecking at it, whereas they had left it untouched so long as it was full mast high.

'Tea' and Badminton (10—10—'42)

At 4-30, we have our 'tea'. Latterly 'Tea' has yielded place to coffee with about four or five of us. After a short interval follows Badminton and Shuttle-cock. But ere long by the beginning of October, four friends (players) had a bad elbow and they changed hands i.e., 2 right hand players began to play with the left and one left hander with the right. The fourth discreetly gave up for a long interval.

The Birds (11—10—'42)

As the shuttle cock is flying from one court to the other, we notice how, the swallows, the kites, the parrots and the crows keep hovering slightly higher. They make a point of hovering over the play grounds at their fixed time in the evenings, coo into each others 'ears', fly in pairs, execute circles over our heads and round about the trees and settle on their respective boughs. But the kites were observing a ceremony. On the arrival of a particular pair,—perhaps 'the elders of the race', they were all in one bound rising from their perches and having a gala time of it, soaring high in the heavens and higher and higher still, and after besporting themselves for a while, they settled on their respective trees once again. The swallows are quite domesticated. They go past the pillars—(encompassing them) of our verandahs and every day perhaps the same pairs, do so with clocklike regularity, while tens of others do not allow themselves such a privilege. They all vary their cooings, they have their language obviously of greeting one another, of welcoming their leaders, of warning against danger, of concluding their sport. The 'cheel' (kite or hawk) has a peculiarly pathetic and piteous tone but somewhat feeble and low for the size of the bird and its hunting and 'vahashianee' (wild) propensities. The sparrows of course are the most domesticated of the birds.

FEATHERS & STONES

They enjoy quarters in our halls, they have their amorous sports, their petty jealousies and bitter fights, their young ones which the parents feed the whole day and all day long. The sparrows are very pugnacious for you often see two male ones rolling one over the other, with the neck of the one tightly in the grip of the other's beak. It is not unusual to see two male sparrows fighting with one another side by side with two female sparrows engaged in a parallel fight. Apparently it is a love affair—miscarried or crossed.

Cards

In the evenings after night-fall, the cards party assembles with as much regularity as after lunch. After lunch and before dinner, this is a regular feature. One innovation I have noticed is that there are two packs of cards alternately shuffled and dealt. One initial difficulty is that the terminology and nomenclature of different provinces differ. 'Diamond' is not understood in Maharashtra. It is 'chowkat'. 'Clubs' is called 'cheedia' by one friend, 'spades' is universal.

However, after a few wrong calls owing to the unfamiliar nomenclature the players have well settled to the game and the post-game disputation as to what would have resulted if the 2 spades had given place to 2 noes or the one 'no' yielded place to two 'hearts' or if the lead had been diamonds—not clubs, and so on. How serious these discussions grow! They are sometimes alarming to the spectators, but they seem to be the real zest and quintessence of the pastime to the players, to some of them more than to others.

Lunar and Solar Years (13—10—'42)

While the play is going on, others who are not interested in the game—as participants or spectators, keep in the open, scan the sky, discuss the stars and the planets. Then follows an exchange of notes on the lunar and the solar year. 'Adhika mas' is a necessary feature of lunar calculations. The Andhra, the U.P. and the Maharashtra observe the lunar year but while the Andhras have their months ending with Amavasya, in U.P. the months are Poornimanthas. Accordingly the new year varies by 15 days. The Tamils and the Bengalees have solar years and their new year invariably falls on the 13th or 14th April. The festivals of different provinces are however, almost the same, being based on lunar calculations. In U.P. Dashara is all important, even as Deepavali in Gujarat or Vinayaka Chaturthi of the Maharashtra is. In U.P. Ramlila is the next most important festival.

Stones (14—10—42)

Our arrival was not quite in the rainy season, but at its fag end; still we had some showers and these have washed out the stones on the ground and some of them presented variegated colours of, 111

(ruby), Hîra (diamond), Jamrud (Emerald), Sapphire (neel), Yakuth (torquoise), Carbuncle, pebble—and so on—it became a pastime with two of us at any rate to gather these.

The Garden (15—10—'42)

Then came the idea of the garden. At one of the periodical sittings of one of the committees, it was resolved to raise a small garden of winter flowers without however, taking the labour of other than members, but when it came to actualities—few turned up. The site was surveyed and measured, a ground plan was drawn up around the central flag and its circular 'chabutara.' But somehow it was considered desirable to dig down 2 feet and that brought out a wall of the old palaces with two fine lotuses carved at either end of the line chalked out. The wall was built of dressed stone and we must have been somewhere at the 8th or 9th foot of its height. The surrounding ground was all made up by filling the halls of the old palace with the debris of the superlying walls which were demolished. That was how the level of the grounds occupied by us was at least 8 to 10 feet above the level of the surrounding area of the fort. The digging brought up quite a lot of quarry stone and of soft black earth. Altogether the appearance was not of a camp jail but of a building that was raised from out of old material. In the meantime, it was whispered that the I.G. and a specialist in throat and lung diseases was visiting the place (about 15th of October) and this caused a little stir. The superintendent was not happy over the debris and the pit, and the prisoner-attendants were hard put to it to remove all the stones away and sieve the earth and fill the pits with it. The pity of it was that the lotuses in the walls were covered up once again perhaps to be rediscovered someday by some, "future 'prisoners'?" Although it was originally understood that the garden work should be done by ourselves it was only Jawaharlal that did what share of it he felt equal to. The I.G. however didn't turn up, nor the specialist. The patient—Dr. Syed Mahamud was taken to the Collector's house for examination by the latter and luckily he had only posterior nasopharyngeal inflammation together perhaps with a little "tingle of malaria. The archaeological side is interesting. Between 1496 and 1498, the Fort was built by Chand Bibi, while the 'faseele' (or the surrounding wall) of the Fort was built later, first of mud, then of brick.

Underground Tunnel? (16—10—42)

There is therefore every reason for hoping for a 'Treasure trove here—but we must 'dig deep or taste not the Pyrean spring'. Even the small pits dug for the garden have upset the people here. Nor is their fear groundless. We learn that the military is eternally obsessed by the one thought that we may escape. It is not possible to change their mind,—even if we may convince them that we are of a different

FEATHERS & STONES

sort for "he who is convinced against his will is of his own opinion still" as the old adage runs—and they continue to think that, if you dig up the ground for a garden, i.e., turn up its soil and aerate it, you are excavating an underground tunnel. These thoughts are not imaginary but they are based on actual discussions. The 'civil' authorities have entrusted us to the military. We are perhaps neither here nor there, but do not cease to be either here or there. We are in both and there is the rub.

The Tommies (17—10—'42)

If the building has to be repaired, the British military must come. They carry their spades and tools, their ladders and cement bags. They dig and delve, they bring the water from the taps and mix the cement. They collect the debris and convey it out of the rooms. They bring their bricks and carry them on their backs. All this is well and good, but it is amusing to note that they carry five or six bricks at a time. As an improvement two of them joined and carried double the number on a piece of plank. They thus added to their labour and carried forward and backward an additional plank but it gave them a mechanical advantage. For aught I could see they are not perfect workmen. Both in willingness and efficiency they appeared to be second rate. They carry a trowel which is one foot long and forms a long triangle. A slab had to be removed and in removal was allowed to be broken. I was watching as it was being replaced, and found the wrong pieces being juxtaposed. I suddenly asked the Tommy to leave it alone and myself lifted the bit and put it elsewhere and it was correct to a T. These sappers and miners are a pleasant lot. They get into ready touch with you. Rather the other way about. They look as though they have been famished for a conversation. They tell you all about themselves—one of them is a cultivator and works on his father's farm but he has no horses—no irrigation. He raises potatoes, cauliflower, turnips, cabbages, carrots, radish, Knolkhol and so on. He is 23, not married, but has his 'girl' in England. He is engaged. Another is 28, is married, has a child, but does not know the name of his county. A third is Indian born, an Electrical Engineer, married in Rochester, is very smart. A fourth, 22 years old is engaged and comes from Northampton. A fifth comes from Lancashire. He said he knew Lord Derby and added that he lived not far from his place. He had known Lord Stanley, his eldest son who died some time ago. But he did not hear of Oliver Stanley, Lord Derby's second son, formerly president of the Board of Trade and now in charge of War(?), nor Sir George Stanley, Lord Derby's brother, ex-Governor of Madras, nor did he know (how could he) that Lord Irwin (Halifax) is Lord Derby's daughter's daughter's husband (daughter's son-in-law). They all long to go home. None of them likes the war but they are forced to fight Germany. Why?

Lest Germany should invade England. There does not appear to be any particular individual malice against the enemy, but the group hostility is there.

Anti-Japanese (18—10—'42)

This hostility is particularly notable in our Major who is generally reticent but we could gather that he lost his all,—his motor car, his wedding presents, furniture, clothing to the Japanese in the Andamans where he was Superintendent of the Jail. He had to come back to India alone. His good wife seems to have been sent earlier in a ship, but they attacked her ship. This would naturally embitter any one.

'Ghazi Meah' (19—10—'42)

Suddenly a friend (Jawaharlal) one evening burst out into an ejaculation,—“Gazi Meah vahi par, vahi par” and then gave the story:—Gazi Meah was a saint and every year his anniversary day is a day of celebration by the Mussalman masses in which the Hindus join with Dol and Baja. The story is that Gazi Meah one day set out for a stroll—‘Hava Khaneke’ and with him, he had two disciples,—Nabi Meah and Alla Meah. On their way they came across a small stream and the problem was how to cross it. Gazi Meah suggested that they must jump over it. Alla Meah walked back and ran forward, leapt and in the midstream became ‘guruk’ (drowned). Nabi was younger, he took a longer start and leapt forward—only to be ‘guruked’ (drowned) a little in advance of Alla Meah. Then there remained Gazi Meah—‘Khad-O-Kamat’ (stalwart) of limbs, robust and ‘sadowl’, (well-shaped) he tightened his garments and stretched his limbs and took a big leap and cleared to the other end; and in the celebration of the event all people cry in one voice “Gazi Meah Vahi Par,—Vahi Par” to the accompaniment of the Dol. ‘Vahi Par—Vahi Par’ is a term used whenever an effort is carried to victory.

On Ourselves (22—10—'42)

In a sojourn of this character, even if newspapers and books were refused, even if interviews and letter-writing were denied, and ourselves wholly cut off from the world, yet when twelve men—good and true, have been put together, there is so much, ever so much to give and take, the Maulana with his deep erudition and broad semitic culture, Jawahar with his wide travels and his international outlook, his old Harrow traditions and his Cambridge memories, Dr. Syed Mahamud with his experiences of Cambridge and Germany where he had his Ph.D., with his early Congress proclivities, his unshakable nationalism, his conflicts at Aligarh and his conversation with the then Governor, Asaf Ali with his general knowledge of Ethnology.

Anthropology, ancient and mediaeval history, his interest in archaeology here below and Astronomy there above and Botany in between and precious stones to boot, Pandit Govind Vallabh Pant with his 27 months' Premiership of one of the most difficult provinces in India to administer, his reminiscences of Khaksars, and Tenancy Legislation, his love of precision and his impartial outlook between the National and the International, his wide reading and his versatile interests above all his experience of the Central and Provincial Legislatures, Shankarrao who knows by heart and repeats daily the 715 verses of the Gita and his Upanishads to boot, his hard Maharashtra culture and his ascetic bearing and exacting standards, Dr. Prafulla Ghosh, with his rich reminiscences of his earlier days as Professor of Science and Assay Master of the Mint, his vast and wonderful Khaddar Organisation, his scientific outlook, knowledge of dietetics and of synthetic dyes and his chemical formulae for all organic compounds and calorific equivalents of the different articles of food, above all, with his close study of the war situation and his inevitable Atlas, his intimate knowledge of German language and of International politics, Kripalani, the Professor with a Professor's proverbial absent-mindedness, coupled with a keen grasp of the realities around him, with his deep insight into the nature of men and matters, his genuine kindness of spirit masked by a rough exterior, his unfailing courtesies covered by his unconventional aberrations, his deep religious longing hidden behind his heretical looks and talks, above all his Sindhi Hindu's business talents which have built up the largest single Khaddar organisation in India by individual effort, least suspected because of his external don't care masterism; his insight into philosophy, psychology and Educational Theories; Narendra Dev with his wide culture and intimate touch with the Buddhistic lore, with his knowledge of Sanskrit and love of philosophy, with his well-co-ordinated interests in politics and pedagogics, his 'ancient Zemindari and Modern Socialism'; Hari Krishna Mehtab, Faqr-i-Utkal, as he is familiarly called, with his cultural interest least suspected in his big burly frame, combined with his serious political activities, his old experiences of the Behar Legislative Council, his new interest in the affairs of the Eastern Agency States, his intimate touch with Subash Babu of pre-Presidential and pre-Presidential days and his unfailing loyalty to Mahatma Gandhi and lastly Vallabhbhai J. Patel, popularly known as Vallabhi in 'Khas' (private) and Sirdar in 'Am' (public) circles, who inspires awe as well as reverence, who is rich in anecdote, flowing in sardonic wit and lancinating humour, seeming wholly ignorant of the currents of thought in the world and yet fully conversant with their intimate details and intricate courses, having in him embedded deep in his heart and brain numerous details which explain the facts and the phenomena of the politics of the past one score and seven years,—well, is it a difficult affair to spend a couple of years

or even three with these friends—who, be it noted are not merely masses of intellect, or lumps of flesh and fat, of blood and bone, but sentient beings full of emotion, imagination, full of readiness to teach and sympathy to listen, each having his time-table fitting in with that of each of the rest of his companions, each having his particular tastes, sometimes his concepts, his prejudices and predilections, his genius for synthetic and constructive ability or for analytical and destructive taste, some with biting, searing, wit, others with caustic sarcasm, one or two with good, light exhilarating life-giving humour? It has been well said by the old monks and the modern asramites that group life is best enjoyed, developed and appreciated when confined to numbers ranging from twelve to fifteen. That was how we were representing different provinces and therefore different temperaments having different systems of cooking, eating and regaling ourselves.

Tastes Differ (23—11—'42)

Dr. Ghosh offered to prepare Bengal food and has been the recipient of loud and repeated encomiums for his dall which has not only a fine taste but the characteristic golden yellow colour, and colour goes a long way in the attractiveness of food. Potatoe has always to be mixed with Cauliflower. Sandesh is a special preparation of Bengal along with Rasgulla. Why not we have Bengali food for Deepavali—the same for all, sepoys and attendants included? In Bengal they observe nine festivals in the year, in Jails when the common prisoners can share openly and lawfully the food of the politicals. Deepavali, Dasara, Id are some of these occasions. But a mere prescription and 'hidayat' will not do; for Dall and vegetable duly prepared should also have 'lehasan' (garlic) without which the Maharashtra apparently cannot enjoy any preparation but which to the Bengalee is abomination. Tastes differ so widely. Sugar in curds is to the Bengalee indispensable, to U.P., tolerable as well as to the Maharashtra. The latter mix milk with curds while mixing it with rice. The South Indian is scandalised by it as in his view they are incompatibles. Why incompatibles?—argues the Scientist for all milk becomes curdled in the alimentary system. But life is not logic or science, says the layman.

Customs Differ too (24—4—'42)

It is not merely tastes that differ, look at the very sects and castes in the different provinces and their customs. In Bengal the Brahmin eats fish, but the orthodox widow does not touch it nor even milled rice. Therefore, the daughter-in-law has to cook food for the family, husband and children, then bathe, go to another kitchen in another apartment and cook food with rice pounded by herself for her old mother-in-law. In U.P. the Brahmins eat fish and meat as well as

FEATHERS & STONES

in the Punjab and Kashmir, neither in Gujarat nor in Maharashtra as in South India is fish or meat touched by the Brahmins and a large group of Saivite Non-Brahmins. In U.P. the Brahmins are in several groups, the Tagaz (Tyagis?) of the Western Division, standing in contrast with the Bhumiyaars of the eastern. The Gowdas and the Samadhyas are priests of Vysyas. Then there are the Saṭayu Pareen and Saraswats and Kanya Kubjas who eat meat. These last inhabit Bhagalpur, Gaya and parts of U.P. They are Vaidyas, Astrologers, quite few in numbers and they worship the sun. The Raja of Ayodhya belongs to this group. The Khathris of U.P. are Poorviyas and Paschimias. The latter wear no 'tilak' (caste mark) and enter into no 'lain dain' (give and take) in marriages, by settlement. Child marriages are still prevalent.

Our Distempers (27—10—'42)

In a group of elders whose ages range from 67 to 42, with a good number heading towards 55, you expect naturally a lot of troubles particularly of eyes and teeth. The Military Dentist was allowed to pluck out our bad teeth but not to set a fresh plate. Those are military orders. Therefore, the matter has been referred to the Government of Bombay who we learn (27-10-'42) have duly addressed the Government of India. There is no doubt that while settling the problems of the Second Front in the Great World War II, they will also give attention to the second set of teeth in the Ahmednagar Fort Detention Camp. Government of India writing to the Military and they perhaps to the central allied command in Britain who will doubtless consult the War Cabinet on which there are now two Indians,—the Jam Saheb of Navanagar and Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar.

Windows Opened (28—10—'42)

The Military sappers and miners have after their artillery practice on the nearby hill, come back and opened the windows on the western side of our halls but only partly and then banged the spaces above and below the ventilator with expand metal, and inverted the sun shades hitherto overhanging the windows so that instead of projecting from above forwards and downwards, they now project from below forwards and upwards so as to cut off all vision of what is beyond. The Tommies are a pleasant lot. They are social and love to talk. Some of them talk on the war. They don't like the war—(who likes it?) but if they don't fight, Germany will invade England. That is the pabulum on which they are fed, the panic on which they are perhaps conscripted? They all want to return home and see their wives and children, their parents or their finances. But as one friend was talking, another in his dialect warned him saying, 'Do you forget that we have been asked not to talk'. Then the poor man said, 'It seems we are forbidden to talk'. Every one of them is greatly amused.

by a centepede. They are greatly inconvenienced by their not carrying head loads and present a marked contrast to our labourers in the weights carried by the latter and the grace with which they carry. Imagine a bucket of earth being carried by two sturdy Tommies or a small cement bagful of earth likewise by two.

Tomato Jam (Home-Made) (29—10—'42)

In Jails unusual tastes are developed—particularly in the kitchen and garden work. I have referred to cooking at some length and well may it be dwelt upon again. The Tomato is a most attractive and useful addition to our stock of vegetables and it lends itself to a T pulav, T rasam, T jam and a variety of other preparations. Our friends have, at great trouble, prepared first class T jam and also second class 'guava' jelly. But given good flavour, plenty of sugar and no one to question, there is no reason why a detenu should not develop into a first rate 'Khansama'. In addition, the good wife of one of the detenus sent a book on 'Cooking' which was pored over for a few days but the recipes given therein and in the weekly Sunday Edition of the 'Hindu' look formidable in reading as anything does when described in detail in words, although it is extremely simple when actually done. Neither cooking nor spinning can be learnt by reading books.

Adang Badang (30—10—'42)

The jokes at the dining table have become an institution, though sometimes they are apt to be overdone or monotonous. As always happens in dinners, one or two friends become the butt of the jokes and each contributes his share towards mirth and merriment. It seems when a Sikh Sardar is sleeping in the day, the attendant does not say he is sleeping but says, "Sardar Sahib adang badang karte hain" which means he is rolling in the bed.

The Radio (31—10—'42)

Life in the Fort has been somewhat enlivened by the Radio in front of the enclosure whose talks and songs, however, cannot be distinguished though audible, and the sudden hearing of the bugle which is operating all day long and till 10 in the night further complicates the audibility. Besides you have the machine-gun practice and the throttle sound of the motor cycle which are awfully monotonous apart from being uncongenial, while the bugle call is at least pleasant and enjoyable. Speaking of the radio, it may be mentioned here that the opening of the windows has enabled us to follow the B.B.C. news and music—mostly English, but occasionally Indian, from beyond the wall with some clearness and to some advantage. We are thus in contact with the outer world once in a way.

Hysteria Again. (1—11—'42)

Suddenly one evening the Subedar (Head Warder, as we call him in Madras and U.P.) fell down in a lump while walking along. No, he did not fall down, he sat down quietly and seemed to be in distress. One of the young sepoy (as Warders are called) who was playing Volley Ball, while the shuttle-cock and battle-door was going on for us elsewhere, rushed to give aid, and I noticed this through the creeper on the verandah opposite and quietly walked up to the place, the old man of 61—who had retired on a pension of Rs. 30/- p.m. and whose services were re-entertained on an additional pay of Rs. 30/- p.m. had a tonic spasm of legs and arms and was unable to swallow water but was conscious. He was carried to his bed in his room and there he was unable to lie down, wanted to sit and was in obvious distress. Meanwhile, the Major came and shrewdly suspected another case of hysteria like unto the warder Lakkappa's. The same antecedent conditions existed, because the Subedar wanted to go away (possibly because his son-in-law—a sepoy fell ill,) was admitted to the Civil Hospital and on discharge went on a month's leave back to Poona. The Subedar having been refused permission to get away, from service, apparently brooded over his confinement, his age and isolation, his son-in-law's ill-health and he developed hysteria. Next day he felt better. But the interest in the case was somewhat less comical than in Lakkappa's because he is 61 and might go in for a cerebral stroke, though his consciousness, quiet sitting and spastic limbs contra-indicated any such development.

The very third day thereafter, the successor of Lakkappa, Namdeo, the new Warder,—quietly sat down on seeing the Major from afar and had to be helped to bed for a couple of days. The fact was he wanted to appropriate without permission and purloined two oranges, and two plantains, and on a different occasion a cup of milk from our pantry. The Jailor before whom the prisoners produced their 'Warder' red-handed, having referred the matter to the Superintendent—Major, and the latter having stated that he would give punishment that day, the fellow obviously collapsed on seeing his superior and developed hysteria. It was quite an epidemic. We shall be damn lucky if we escape it.

The Bible (3—11—'42)

We have got some 3 copies of the Bible. The Bible, the Bhagavadgita and the Koran—all are regularly studied by different groups—with varying degrees of faith and benefit. I asked Jawahar whether there is the regular teaching of the Bible in English Public Schools or Colleges. 'No, neither regularly, nor at all. Only on Sunday, there is a reading given from the Bible' said he. But it is a different matter, he added, with the students going to the Divinity College. It is strange that at no time and in no place should the Bible be taught

in Britain in the Educational institutions! while so much Bible is poured down the throats and dinned into the ears of Indian students in Mission institutions. There are no such institutions in England. The so-called St. John's and Trinity college are no more religion-ridden or Bible-bound than any other. Ah, we live to learn. Speaking of English Schools and Colleges, the conversation turned to Boat races.

Boat Races (4—11—'42)

The Cam river in Cambridge is—how broad you think?—25 feet in breadth. Pause and take a deep breath—25 feet broad 'river'—to us who know that Padma is 10 to 15 miles broad in East Bengal, Brahmaputra 3 to 4 miles broad at Gauhati. Godavari 3 miles broad at Rajahmundry and Krishna 1 mile broad at Bezvada. Recently I read that the area drained by the Mahanadi, Godavari and Krishna covers a third of the area of India. And when we talk of boat races in Oxford and Cambridge, we must think of boats racing with one another on the Cam and the Isis. The latter is slightly broader than the former and is, in fact, a tributary of the Thames. The races sometimes start in the Thames. Two boats cannot go abreast of each other on the Cam or on the Isis. Then how can a race take place unless one overtakes another? The fact seems to be that the boats are started 40 or 50, exactly in the order in which they came off the previous year. When one boat coming from behind touches the one in front of it, the two boats are stopped and next day they are started in the reverse order. Thus is the race conducted. What a mockery! What a nomenclature! What a delusion we live in!

Devilling (5—11—'42)

The Colleges in Cambridge are disposed in quadrangular formation with buildings on the four sides enclosing a lawn within. The play grounds are elsewhere and even so, not extensive. There are 'greens' on either side of the Cam and gardens into which access is not permitted even to the under-graduates except rarely. The Dons can go in there. The system of devilling is in vogue—the senior student being served by the junior and tight service it is to be sure. The junior has to run and sometimes the senior gives a loud cry in calling or quickening the pace of the junior.

Exploits (6—11—'42)

Amongst the under-graduates there are some very clever dare-devils and one of them was during Jawahar's time noted for his exploits. (1) At Piccadilly the motor traffic is heavy, circus held up sometimes a thousand cars pass in 5'. It continues like that from morning till 1 p.m. and then again in the evening. One day this chap took a number of boys and enclosed a circular area right in the centre of the circus and held up traffic. The Policeman thought that

FEATHERS & STONES

the country council was embarking upon some urgent arrangements. After holding up the Traffic the performers disappeared much to the congestion and consternation of the passengers and the Police respectively.

The Sultan of Zanzibar

(2) On another day, a telephone message was sent to the Port authorities at Portland that the Sultan of Zanzibar was visiting the fleet and should be shown round. At the stated time this chap went there with an entourage, his face bedaubed black and with a strange habiliments. He was with all ceremony taken round but he remained mute and after the function was over quietly retraced his steps. Then it was that the discovery of the hoax was made.

Hold the String

(3) A common trick at street corners in London which our friend performed with amazing cleverness was to call up a passer by and ask him just to hold one end of a string for a minute. He ties up the other end somewhere and disappears leaving the poor fellow in a state of expectation of relief which is never forthcoming.

And That Is The Dean!

(4) On one occasion a number of American visitors called on a college in Cambridge and the students showing them round pointed to this as the chapel, that as the library, this as the laboratory, that as the Dean's room throwing a stone on to a window on the 1st floor. The Dean suddenly popped his head and peeped out whereon the boys said 'And that is the Dean'.

A Boy, A Goat and A Rabbit (7—11—'42)

Some old History books have been ordered by the Maulana and one of the events narrated was by a mutiny veteran who writing of the villagers' intelligence described how a boa-constructor began to swallow a boy by the leg. The boy tried all kinds of tricks, struggled with the beast, threw dust into its eyes but was swallowed up to the chest and then he stretched out his arms preventing further progress and began to raise a hue and cry. The villagers gathered. To hit the beast on the head would injure the boy. To approach the tail would be to make it lash perhaps the boy himself. So they took sticks and broke the spine of the creature and saved the boy who came out unscathed except for a few scratches. And when they cut open the creature, they found a goat and a rabbit.

The same writer gives the story of a 'cheel'—how it carried off a baby and the baby was recovered by the villagers. The eagle had placed it on a rock. At first, the father tried to climb the rock but fell down. Then the mother made bold and climbed and recovered

the babe which came out unhurt. The eagle apparently left it untouched.

Not Unknown (11—11—'42)

Our address is still supposed to be kept a secret. But today the Superintendent hands me an issue of the Telugu Daily—*Andhra Patrika* addressed to Major Sandek, I.M.S. C/o. the District Magistrate, Ahmednagar. Surely that is a self-revealing document hailing from the despatching office in Madras, 7, Thambu Chetti Street where the address was being written out from day to day and later was printed. Why should a Telugu daily be ordered by an I.M.S. Officer care of the District Magistrate. If it was addressed to the I.M.S. officer alone, he might be thought a linguistic student. But the full address has its own tale to tell. When I showed this and explained to the Major and the District Magistrate, they simply smiled as if to tell us that all the world knew our address by this time. I explained that nevertheless, we were not allowed to have the satisfaction of putting down 'Ahmednagar Fort' at the top of our letters, and that was just like a Hindu husband and wife who know each other's names full well but may not utter them in private or public. This was a revelation to the Major who asked whether it was not in respect of mention of names in public only that the prohibition operated. No. The fact is that Englishmen may live in India for decades. They cannot see behind the veil that hides the social life and institutions of India. That was what Minto said in 1908 and that is what we see in 1942.

The Radio (12—11—'42)

It has already been stated that the Radio that the Maulana brought here, has been confined in the Jailor's office room—jail within jail! Repeated references have not brought a favourable answer from Government. But God tempers the wind for the hobbled ass as well as for the shorn lamb. We have a radio in the Officers' quarters by the side of our rooms which has been made available for us with the opening out of the windows. And too there is a radio in front of our main gate. The latter is 'Am' (public) and the former is 'Khas' (private). For a long time, it was claimed that the latter was only the reflection of the former. It was not so, for they were heard at different times. Through the radio next to our rooms—which was a private one, we could not always hear the news in advance—but only at times for, for one thing the owner had other duties than merely switching on the radio for our benefit. He had office to attend—apparently he belongs to the Military Engineering Department—which used to have its offices in our block once but which had to make room for its "betters"—our esteemed selves. The general radio caters to the "public" of the Fort only at evening hours from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. while 'ours'—we can now claim it with autho-

FEATHERS & STONES

city—is on from 7 to 8-30 a.m., 12-30 to 1-30 p.m. and 6-30 to 9 p.m. Apart from news, we live in an atmosphere of music—generally English, and on occasions—Indian. If only the Military authorities had not inverted the sunshades in opening up the windows, we feel we would have put the Radio to better use.

The Deepavali (13—11—'42)

This festival fell on the 6th of November this year and with rare excitement and interest were we looking forward to it. Poor Jailor he has been anxious to go home to Poona for the festival and his leave was not granted. Asaf Ali, the Artist amongst us was interesting himself in Deepavali celebrations. And he commissioned the young barber attendant—who, by the way, leaving alone his ninth conviction for theft,—is a smart, all round, dexterous chap, to prepare the gumbazes with coloured paper. My room has, in one half of it, a cross partition which screens off the area into a separate apartment and to make it quite cozy, I joined my almyra at right angles to it so that it looks like a doorway to the apartment. For a number of days I didn't know that a workshop was functioning behind the screen. Eleven fine gumbazes have been prepared in a most artistic fashion and we were ardently awaiting their use on the Deepavali Day.

A Tidal Wave (15—11—'42)

At last, the mystery of the temporary failure of the Calcutta and Bombay mails between the 16th and 23rd of October last has been solved; there has been a tidal wave which swept away 10,000 souls in Midnapur. This recalls the tragedy of the tidal wave which had swept Masulipatam (my own place) in 1864 over an area of 70 by 12 miles and killed 30,000 people that night on the 4th November 1864. Masulipatam had another tidal wave in 1795. So the east coast is a treacherous one and its treachery has been this year spent on Midnapore. But why, if it is only a tidal wave, should the secret have remained unravelled so long? It seems that certain military lines have been affected and, therefore, the event has passed from the Civil and climatic or geographical, to the military and strategic domain. The failure to disclose the real cause gave ground for unpleasant surmises which did injustice to the public by associating more acts of vandalism with them. Anyway it is surprising to get the news of the 16th October on the 5th November.

Music (16—11—'42)

To the prisoner in Jail, there are two diversions for which he need not pay and they are music and the companionship of the birds. Music is our universal language,—unknown oftentimes to the University graduate, but known (untaught) to the prisoner attendants, the Bhangi and the sweeper. "Like charitableness, sweetness of speech.

like fortitude and sense of proportion and propriety, like valour and poetry—music is a gift of nature,” says a Sanskrit saying, “born with birth and not capable of acquisition by study.” It is regrettable that of the 12 members confined, no one has shown any aggressive talent in this direction and that is rather euphemistic language. Only one (Mehtab) has had some initiation into the lore of the flute and he has ordered a ‘bansi’. Two flutes were brought from the market—one of bamboo and the other of metal,—the latter more a pipe than flute, and on sight of these, one of the prisoners (Gulab) a somewhat inappropriate name of his uncouth lineaments, sprang up with joy and intimidated for the first time the fact of his initiation into the lore. So he got the metallic one and ever since, flute play is heard in our premises. With the radio music outside and the flute play inside, the aridity of life has become somewhat relieved, but is renewed with the release of Gulab. It is discovered rather late that Asaf has a keen ear for music.

Birds and Their Amours (17—11—’42)

To watch the birds in their play, their hunt for prey, their sport and amour is an eternal education. In Vellore, we saw once, how when the female cat got into rut, she exhibited all kinds of agony, rolling on the ground for a whole day, moaning and mewing for another day, running away from the male cat for a third, then suffering the sadistic tortures at the latter’s hands and finally submitting to the inevitable. The birds don’t seem to be so formal. But it seldom falls to our lot to watch the processes of pairing. We see the couples who had chanced to come together. But it is most interesting to see a he-sparrow cooing and chirping for the she-sparrow for four days on end and thereupon two she-sparrows came up, of which one was rejected and kicked out. When the poor thing began to appear thereafter once or twice the remarkable thing was the ferocity with which the newly admitted spouse fought out the rival. What exactly has happened we know not. Is the female sparrow, the old spouse, lost sight of for 4 days or did she cut off herself from her lord in order to keep company with her young ones until they have taken wing?

Male Nurses (18—11—’42)

We read that among certain birds, the male takes to bachelor’s life in order to leave the female unmolested in her attention to the hatching of the eggs. Oftentimes, the male is not merely an equal labourer in the building of the nest, but is the male nurse that takes charge of the eggs and hatches them. From the ostrich to the humming bird, there are numerous variations of infinite interest to the ornithologist. The frog (one kind) lays its eggs in a pouch formed under the belly of the male parent and thereafter the process of

hatching them, watering them in the sandy nest and finally leaving them as the tadpoles emerge is the duty of the father.

Longevity and Speed (19—11—'42)

It is interesting too how long these birds and reptiles live. It is said that the eagle and the kite live fifty years. The elephant lives more than 100 years, the horse and the ox for forty years, the crow twenty-five years, the lizard $2\frac{1}{2}$ years, the monkey for over twenty-five years. The kite develops a speed in flying of 120 miles per hour, the cheetah 40 miles and easily outstrips the hunting dog. The science of the birds and the beasts, their travel, their food, their habits and their longevity are subjects of eternal interest to the student of life on different planes. A funny incident has happened. Vailabhbbhai has the charge of fruit in this place and they are kept in a meat safe. One day a young sparrow fell from its nest and was secured in the meat safe for the night. Early morning, when the Maulana opened it, little knowing there was a living--flying organism encaged therein, out came flapping the little bird which naturally took him by surprise!

Tact (20—11—'42)

The Major has narrated the story of how the birds in his room have spoilt a big typed letter by their leavings dropped from the ventilator in the ceiling. He had to do the whole over again which cost him an hour and a half. He has further told in a less distressed but more cheerful spirit how suddenly he saw the mother sparrow and the young one draw up in his room and on being driven away, the mother left leaving the young one puzzled and perplexed. Later the mother approached from the gate side and gently chirped, calling the young one and ultimately helped her out. She would not enter the room for fear of being driven out by the Major!

The Long Gap (21—11—'42)

Deepavali is the last festival of the year. Why, in the Indian Calendar, from the 1st week of November right up to the New Year's Day, no festivals have been organized is a mystery. Of course, we do not forget there is the Sankranti on the 13th January. But that is an astronomical festival if we may so call it marking the commencement of the sun's 'Uttarayanam'. Might it be that this is so because in the Arctic Home of the Vedas, the Aryans had to spend a long Winter night of six months having a twilight at its beginning and at its end of about a month and fifteen days? Anyway we have all celebrated our festival with great eclat, a hundred lamps burning along the verandahs, the gumbaz decorating the dining hall and several preparations, sweet and savoury filling the stomachs.

Festivals (22—11—'42)

The more we come into contact with each other from different provinces, the more we find that the significance of festivals, the ceremonies incidental thereto, as well as the customs and manners associated with them, differ widely. For instance, on the Vijaya-dasami day, people in the North—(from Wardha Northwards) visit their relations, salute their elders and distribute the leaves of the 'Samee' tree on which Arjuna had deposited his 'astras'. They also distribute in the night (shot grain and curds). Very likely the distribution of the leaves is meant to remind people of the prowess of the old days for those very weapons were taken by the Pandavas on their return from their incognito life in their 13th year abroad.

'Bhai-duj' (23—11—'42)

In regard to Depavali, the Maharashtras, Gujaratis and U.P. Hindusthanees have a fine custom which in U.P. is called 'Bhai duj' and in Maharashtra is known as 'Bhavu beej' under which the brothers go to the sisters' houses and give a sari to them and receive from them in turn some money presents. Apparently from diet and temperament to customs and manners, Maharashtra is a connecting link, as much in culture as in geography, between South India and North. The 'chapati' in diet begins with the Maharashtra—only they take rice first, roti in the middle and rice and curds at the end. The Northern Indian begins with 'roti' and ends with rice.

Jawahar's Birthday (24—11—'42)

Jawaharlal's birthday fell on 14-11-'42. He completed his 53rd year and entered upon the fifty-fourth. His life is like everybody else's, a life of a mixture of joy and sorrow, of a conflict between the will and the emotions, the mind and the heart. But what saddens in particular is the premature demise of his partner in life. He does not generally speak of family matters in a mixed company of friends and acquaintances. Some of us can only place ourselves in the latter category. Yet he has told us something out of his heart, relating to Kamala's illness. I happened to ask him whether her trip to Switzerland was the first and last time she crossed the seas. No, he said, she was there in Europe in 1926 and 1927. In fact, she was ill in the Lucknow Hospital during the session of the Cawnpore Congress (December 1925). Dr. Ansari advised her being treated in Europe and even mentioned the name of Spalings of Vienna, an unqualified doctor, a biologist, who would not be admitted to the fold of the qualified angels. Albeit, they showed the patient to him and he treated her for 6 months with visible improvement. He made it plain that the fee he got —£200,—would go to a huge institution he was maintaining,—containing all kinds of animals, horses, oxen, fowls, rabbits and what not for his researches and laboratory needs. Then

FEATHERS & STONES

the patient was taken to Switzerland where a stay of 9 months was made. In the meantime, Motilaljee joined and all visited Paris, Berlin, Russia and London before they returned to India and Jawaharlal to Madras (December 1927) for the Congress Session presided over by Dr. Ansari. The patient was shown first to an old doctor and then to a young rising, dashy, dogmatic doctor who contradicted the other doctors regarding the diagnosis and staked his whole reputation upon it. She (patient) survived her illness then, being treated for 24 months in 1926 and 1927 abroad, and after a decade in 1936 she found her end abroad too.

Impatient and Impertinent

While in Vienna, Motilaljee showed himself to a famous doctor for his asthma. There was an interpreter—a lady. A patient who had gone 5,000 miles from home for treatment would naturally want to give a full account of his illness, but a famous specialist would want him to be brief—and too, there was the difficulty of language. The doctor began to hurry up Motilaljee and after two or three proddings, asked him for the third time to be brief, and questioned him as to what he was suffering from then. Nothing daunted, Motilaljee said in disgust and anger, "I am just now suffering from the hurry of an impatient and impertinent doctor"—on which the lady interpreter burst into a laughter which whetted the curiosity of the doctor who wanted to know exactly what the patient was saying in English. And when the interpreter stated it, he shared the laughter and became quiet and patient and gave any amount of time, but asked what his profession was and when Motilaljee said he was a lawyer, the doctor said, 'So I thought'.

Chintamani—A Dancing Girl

The narration of these events incidentally recalls a story I heard here relating to elections in U.P. in 1937 (February). The story, however, has nothing to do with the Nehrus. In 1937, C. Y. Chintamani was a candidate for the Legislative Elections and against him a Kshatriya lady was put up on the side of the Congress. Poor Chintamani was ill and his workers were conducting the campaign. There was a rich Kshatriya voter who was interesting himself in Chintamani's election. Some one set afloat the rumour that it was altogether ugly that he, a Kshatriya, should interest himself in the election of a dancing girl as against an esteemed lady candidate of his own caste. If they could they should put up a decent and respectable candidate—man or woman, but if they could not, they should support the candidate opposite—an esteemed Kshatriya lady. Chintamani was defeated in the elections because his name sounded like that of a dancing girl.

"Justifiable To Deceive" (15—11—'42)

This is an ugly and objectionable feature of our elections, and considering on the whole the high level at which Congress was conducting them, it is much to be regretted that such an episode should have occurred. While, therefore, we sincerely deplore such happenings, what are we to say to a Premier like Churchill speaking in Parliament on the 11th instant about his promise of the Second Front—with the U.S. and Russia in 1942:

"I must say, quite frankly that I hold it perfectly justifiable to deceive the enemy (cheers) even if, at the same time, your own people are for the while misled. There is one thing you must never make a promise which you do not fulfil. I hope we shall see we have lived up to that standard. All British promises to Russia have been made in writing or given across the table in recorded conversations with Soviet representatives."

"Hold our own"

I have quoted the full passage, so as not to do any injustice to Churchill. But even so, how does he emerge from his speech? Does he consider India an ally or an enemy? From his life-long antipathy to Indian aspirations, from his description of Gandhi as "a half-naked Fakir" moving up and down the steps of the Viceregal Lodge in 1931, from his speech in the Commons, on Cripps' Mission, it is evident he treats India as an 'enemy' or at any rate India can treat him as an enemy,—an attitude perfectly confirmed by a passage in an earlier speech at the Lord Mayor's Annual Banquet at the Mansion House on the 10th November 1942, in which he says regarding the subject of British War Aims:

"Let me, however, make this clear,—let there be no mistake about it in any quarter. **WE MEAN TO HOLD OUR OWN.** I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. For that task, if ever it was prescribed, some one else would have to be born, and under democracy, I suppose, the Nation would have to be consulted."

Well, if Churchill treats India as an enemy, India, to be frank, is perfectly justified in charging that Churchill is only deceiving India in the Cripps' Mission. And too think of it, he swears by democracy, but believes that in order to give India or the colonies freedom, the nation must be consulted. So the nation that calls itself a democracy, can pursue Imperialism to serve her own ends! How can an Imperialism liquidate itself? It is a contradiction of terms as well as ideas.

Honey Leaks (15—11—'42)

The way the Bombay Government works is strange indeed. One of us, Shankerrao Dev had left behind, his bedding, books and

spectacles in the host's house in Bombay. There was some little perturbation over it in Bombay on the 9th August, but news was received that they were handed over to a political worker of Maharashtra,—Shreemati Prema Kantak, but they were lost sight of since, for she herself had gone to jail since. At last news was received at our place (Fort) that they had been delivered to the I. G. The I. G. had paid three visits to us and each time these articles formed the subject of conversation. At last, they arrived on the 13th November and the previous day the I. G. was present with us. He made excuses that the bundle was lost sight of. Anyway, they have come through somewhat soaked in honey which leaked from a tin that contained it in bulk and that was packed inside the bedding. Might it be that the censor made a leak in the tin to test its contents and forgot to close it! No; the goods being delivered direct to I. G., could not have gone to the censor! The interesting point is the recovery of spectacles without which the owner had to go blind for a couple of months and thereafter order a fresh pair on a re-examination of the eyes which did not suit him. The lost pair recovered was a source of real joy.

The Visitors (15—11—'42)

Week in, week out—on Mondays, the visitors come. Even their company has become as dull as the taking of weights. At least the balance speaks,—right or wrong, it indicates a figure that provokes thought, explanations, enquiries but what do the two visitors,—the Collector and the D.M.O. speak, indicate, or suggest? Nothing. So we must prepare some agenda. Indeed I told them our agenda of demands, requests, and suggestions is almost completed. We have got the privilege of letter-writing and letter-receiving. Books come and go. Clothing arrives, knick-knacks and gew gaws, rugs, rajais, waist coats and coats, dhoties and shirts, 'left-outs' and 'forgottens', hold-alls and overalls, spectacles and honey bottles; we have received all,—our newspapers too. The *Bombay Chronicle* and the *Times of India*, the *Hindu* and the *Andhra Patrika*, the *Leader* and the *Tribune* and last, the *Statesman* and the *Amrita Bazaar Patrika*.

The Radio Again

There is one item left and that is the radio. No doubt once our request for it has been turned down, but with a bureaucracy there is nothing like final. Even C.R.'s request for permission to see Gandhiji has not been finally turned down. In his interview with the British Press—which was exclusively published in the *Hindu*, we are told by C. R., "But for the fact that the Viceroy told me that this decision (refusing permission) is not final, I should have called it a fatal blunder." So there is no reason why the decision regarding Maulana's radio should not be revised by a lesser body—the Bombay Government! So I drew the Collector's attention to this point and added

'The war situation too has changed'. And this was clutched at by the Major and it was agreed that the Collector and D.M.O. should enter a note in the visitors' book—which the Major communicates to Government.

Dry Climate (16—11—'42)

The cold season has set in both in Stalingrad and in the Ahmed-nagar Fort. The skin simply 'splits.' The atmosphere is dry and the climate bracing but the skin demands oil and more oil especially for coast dwellers like myself and Ghosh. Even the denizen of Naini Tal requires it. There is not a drop of dew on the dried up golden grass.

Winter Garden

The Winter garden is progressing. Area after area is being dug up, and refilled with good earth mixed with 'Khad' (animal manure). Some of the little plants sent by the Collector have flowered within 5 to 10 days of transplantation,—one of which is a miniature sun-flower and the other bearing beautiful red and pink flowers. The seeds from Pochas have begun to sprout and are the source of unmixed joy—the Petunias, Larkspurs, *Philox Drummonds*, some of them however, in the pots have not sprung up. Are they dead? Asaf is the nurse. Jawaharlal is the President of the Planning Committee and also the digger and deliver. The whole onus of preparing the flowerbed is taken on himself. Vallabhbhai gives his expert's attention to the plants that have sprung up. The rose plants are putting on fresh leaves in one or two pots but one or two are dead.

Sprightly Evenings (17—11—'42)

The evenings are on the whole sprightly. There is the volley ball going on for the sepoys (Warders—in Madras and U.P.), They being too few—in fact at times only two or even one, have slowly absorbed the convict warder and the common prisoners who have all been coached and directed by Jawaharlal on two or three evenings so that they are now able to play the game without letting the ball stray outside, away in the sprouting garden, the cool verandah and the warm kitchens. The Badminton goes on well—though there are but six players and four of them have had sprains. Shankerrao, left handed, has thus become right handed and amphotexterous, Jawaharlal occasionally plays with his left hand as nearly well as he does with the right, Asaf supports his right elbow with his left palm and plays the game very well. Kripalani has almost recovered from his pain in the right arm and is playing well, though he uses Linimentum Terebenthinae to control the residual pain. Pantji's play is a marvel for a man who is 6 feet 2 inches tall and 208 lbs. in weight but who is agile and is actively able to rotate round his own vertical axis. His

strokes are powerful, his service like Kripalani's, is cross-bat service—somewhat difficult to take, but his 'cuts' are exquisite. The spectators are there of course. There is generally a self-chosen umpire whose verdict is given only when sought and then too not accepted as binding. Ghosh when he is not playing is the usual self-chosen umpire. The duties are all voluntarily performed and with no special object beyond that they are the necessary complement of the game. As a player, Ghosh is steady and strong, but he wants to grow and we all wish he grew 2 or 3 inches in height, as he is only 5 feet 1 inch just now. The athletic field, the garden and the club premises being all the same, as we return from evening tea which commences at 4 p.m. the chairs are arranged in a line, but Jawahar has introduced the diagonal art and the chairs face one another with a central table on which are placed all the day's fresh arrivals in the journalistic world. This has made it easy for each member to find the one he wants. Jawahar is all the while digging and delving, seiving and stocking, weeding and watering, while Vallabhbhai does his 3 mile walk with unfailing regularity. Only Mehtab has come to beat him though he has his own moods,—tall, well-built, brought up in opulence, with the enjoyment of early honours in the membership of the Behar Legislative Assembly, Presidentship of the Utkal Provincial Congress Committee and membership of the W. C. in 1938-39, he carries his frame with becoming dignity as well as grace. He has quietly dropped from the Badminton Court where he was playing very well (his height is in his favour) but somehow in service the shuttle-cock would not obey the bat. He got tired of learning 'service' and more than that, of being taught, let alone by players who have the right and qualifications to do so, but by non-players as well like myself who sit comfortably in the chair, don't care to face the brunt of battle, and albeit give advice free of fee to amateurs.

Marathon Races (18—11—'42)

Mehtab's walks have brought to Jawahar's mind the Marathon races in walking, which preceded the Olympian races. In one of them,—a twenty-five mile race, an Italian—short of stature, well-nigh did the whole walk and in the last 500 yards began to limp, and almost crumpled into a mass. He did even this well enough but when he was faltering at a distance of 50 yards, one of the spectators helped him to stand and his name was scratched forthwith. It was a pity, perhaps he was not responsible—yet he had to pay the penalty. So a German came first and Queen Alexandria marked public appreciation by giving the Italian a consolation prize.

'Bridge'—Its Origin (18—11—'42: Ekadasi)

Tonight I have taken a hand in the Bridge. Of course, I know the theory of the game as well as its origin. I thought this should

help me to play well but it did not. In the South African War of 1903, four soldiers were told off to watch a bridge against the enemy invasion. They had to keep awake the whole night. So they contrived this new form of cards-play in which one player lays bare his cards and is free to watch the enemy while three are engrossed in the game. And this dummyship goes by turns so that no one need complain that he is put out of action (play). Straightway I called two 'noes'—i.e., two no trumps against one noes of my partner followed by two spades of my neighbour to the right. And I hurried up the other players saying, 'we have no time to lose. Don't be too intelligent please'. This provoked a story from Jawaharlal to whom I forthwith handed over charge as my interest cannot go beyond one game and my knowledge beyond an indisputable distinction of colours. I have yet to learn the valuation of tricks, honours, fulfilment of contracts, little slam and grand slam.

A Chinese Story (19—11—'42)

Jawahar gave a Chinese story in which one poet warned the boys not to be too intelligent or too painstaking, 'And if you observe this dictum you will end your life as a Minister of State.' I at once inquired whether any had double promotions in their school days. More than one had more than one. 'Ah that is the reason why you are all here, else you should have been ministers all!' I said. In the end I had a suggestion to make. Every noon and night the note book was getting crowded with entries of marks, games and rubbers, but who knows what the marker was entering. The whole thing required auditing by an independent, non-playing auditor. The post was unexpectedly offered to me, but I said that as the marks did not indicate anything beyond incentives to momentary depression or excitement, they had better be left where they were. This reminds me of a happening in my landlady's house, when I was in the Intermediate (in those days, they called it the F.A.,—First in Art.) classes and that was in 1896-97.

"Bring The Marks" (19—11—'42)

The landlady—a somewhat, rustic elderly woman used to be told by her young son that he had so many marks in Arithmetic and so many in Telugu and so on. One day she took hold of the tuft of her son and gave him a severe beating with a broom, because everyday he was saying he got so many marks and on not a single occasion did he bring them home, despite repeated instructions to that effect!

Ekadasi

Writing on 'Ekadasi' I must say that today is considered a particularly sacred one for Maharashtra and U.P. It is called 'Devasthan Ekadasi' on which they worship the Devas who are awake. We are usually reminded of this *Tithi* (day of the fortnight) by the prisoners, two of whom have observed *upavas* and

amongst us Dr. Syed Mahamud is the only 'Brahmin' that has observed it. He does observe it fortnight after fortnight under medical advice. Moreover during the 'Ramzan' he fell ill towards the end and according to the 'Quoran' any break in the 'Roza' on account of travel or illness must be compensated for by observing later 3 days' 'Roza' for every day disturbed or by feeding seven 'Fakirs'. Of course, they must be true 'fakirs'—not men like us having four meals a day and they not sparing—and sometimes an extra midnight meal. A true 'fakir' has been described not merely as a 'Kambliposh' nor one who is a 'Mahataj', nor even one who counts the 'thasfia' (beads) but one who observes (fa) 'Fakha' (fast) (k) 'Khinnat' (contentment) and R (Reyazet) Tapas.

We have just passed another day the 'Shashthi' after Deepavali. It is called the 'Chhath' (Shashthi) festival in Behar or the 'Dala Chhath' in U.P. when Dala (or presents of Dalia) are given to the Sun God. Apparently in the Arctic home of the Vedas, the sun was for long to disappear hence the parting or farewell worship which lacks propriety in the 'Aryavarta' where of course the sun rises a few hours after each sunset, not some months after, as in the North Pole.

Here is an interesting account of the festival taken from the *Amrita Bazaar Patrika* dated 16-11-42.

Chhat (21-11-'42)

"Bihar institutions including Government concerns remained closed today in observance of "Chhat" ceremony. Throughout the province this religious festival is held with strict austerity and solemnity. I will just try to give an idea about the ceremony with which many of other provinces are not acquainted. This festival is mostly concerned with the womenfolk and children of Hindu homes. The celebration is open to the rank and file and everyone who wishes may take to the worship. The worship is made to crave blessings and favours from the Sun-God. With the approach of winter in the month of "Kartik", on the sixth day following the Deepavali, one watches the river-side and the banks of the Ganges crowded with men, women and children. From noontime, processions of womenfolk, accompanied with drummers and musicians parade through the street and converge to the river-side. The splash of crimson, red-hot glow of the setting sun is watched by the crowd. Before the sun had set in, those women who observed all the rituals and formalities of fasting and preparation of "Arghas" to the Sun-God, would be seen in waist-deep water with their folded hands uttering "mantras" invoking Sun's favours. Just the eve creeps in the gradual gloom drapes the earth, the musicians play a desolate and bemoaning tune and the pilgrims go back homes reciting songs, eulogising the Mighty Sun and praying for his

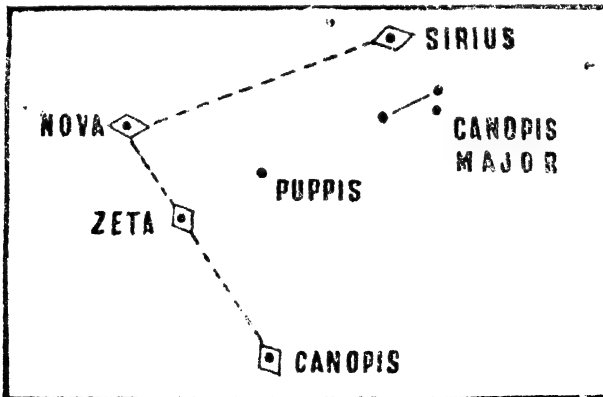
favours on the distressed world. The observers of the ceremony take to strict fasting and without touching a drop of water and a grain of corn, they pass the night in prayers. Next morning the sun rises with all its rich splendour in the east and the riverside vibrate with the mantras and songs from thousands of people, who perform the rituals and for the second and last time. After a full wash, most of the crowd return home where inmates enjoy the occasion in a festive mood. In new clothes they are dressed and they get the season's best delicacies. One would feel astounded if he happens to watch the fruits and vegetable market on this particular day. From one end to the other, all possible fruits, vegetables and sweets are kept to net in customers who indulge in for the day's biggest purchases. Those go to serve both the God and humanity. There are other aspects behind the observance. Some say that this early bath with the rising sun induces every human being to accept the best hygienic habit. There are besides mythological stories as well which support even to-day's justification to maintain this annual celebration."

Unchained

One good thing that has happened in connection with the recent (11th November) visit of the I.G. of Prisoners is that the chains put on on the legs of the long-term prisoners, have with his permission, been removed much to the relief of the prisoners themselves, but more than that to our own relief.

Nova Puppis

The new star that seems to have been sighted by an amateur observer in North Wales, has excited some attention in the Ahmed-nagar Fort which has been made keener by a note in the *Times of India* dated 18th November by Dr. H. J. Taylor of the Wilson College, Bombay. His diagram and description have helped us in the discovery of the star in an unmistakable and ready fashion.



The Sirius is the brightest star in the heavens and next to it, the Canopus, the line joining the two must be regarded as the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle and you have only to spot the corner of the right angle to locate the new star.

The new star is really an old star which has suddenly become bright hundred thousand fold and will, it is said, soon lose its brightness and lapse back into that dimness and invisibility to the naked eye. Its distance is located at 1,000 light years. (1000 x 365 x 24 x 60 x 197000) miles.

Heroes and Martyrs (19—11—'42)

This morning there was an enquiry why Prafulla Babu and myself were cackling at 3-30, the hour at which the Maulana regularly rises. The fact was we woke up and had a chat over the Nova Puppis.

News comes today that Dahyabhai Vallabhbhai Patel has been arrested. He is Sardar's only son, while his only daughter Maniben was arrested with him on August 9th. It must have been a source of immense joy to the Father that the son has been foregathered to the large numbers of patriots now in jail. Why he has been so taken is perhaps beyond the knowledge of the person arrested. And with his name is coupled the name of J. C. Kumarappa—both of whom have been recently very ill. Well, that is the order of the day. Jawahar's daughter and son-in-law, a sister and her daughter and husband, and another sister's husband are all arrested. To think of the families which have contributed the nation's heroes and heroines, is indeed gratifying. Ambalal's four daughters are in prison, while their brother, the first born son of the family succumbed to a dire disease. K. M. Munshi's two daughters are there in jail. Dr. Khan Saheb's daughter, Miss Susila Pai of Rajkot who had resigned her headmistressship of a girls' school on Rs. 250 per mensem, and has joined her friends of Bombay, Shree Gadgil's daughter, Shankarrao's nephew and niece are in the prison while Asaf Ali's wife is 'wanted' and Kripalani's may perhaps be any day arrested (since detained). Prafulla Babu's sister Jamuna Ghos, Narendra Dev's son, Asokanath Varma are there too. Amritaiah Seth's three daughters are likewise there.

Bhagavad Gita (20—11—'42)

The modern Hindu,—the anglicized, University product, is not on the whole, does not at any rate, emerge from his alma mater as, an orthodox Hindu. Not that he does not submit to certain ceremonies and rites, certain formulae and formalities at home, but that he knows little about their significance and less about the background. However, after the new cult of Satyagraha based upon non-violence and Truth, which are not merely isolated beliefs, but constitute the warp and woof of a whole philosophy, by no means

new to the Hindu mind, there is at least an intellectual probing into the depths of such philosophy and whatever may be one's attitude and attention to these points while out in field work, in the jail-yard a certain measure of introspection and study of the tenets and principles of the faith which has brought us here, becomes an inevitable feature of jail life. It may be said that here as elsewhere, and now as ever before, there are more copies of the Bhagavad Gita, with us unless they are exceeded by those of the Upanishads, than of any other single book and adequate attention is given to its study. And in evening talks, Shankara and Buddha not seldom figure as subjects of earnest study or light discussion. Is Shankara a Prachchanna Bauddha? That he was taken by the Buddhists as the enemy of Buddhism, while the Vaidiks took him for a "prachchanna Bauddha, only reminds you of how Gandhi is taken by the Muslims as their avowed opponent, while the Hindus condemn his cosmopolitan outlook and catholic sympathies. In this connection, a discussion of Tantraism,—especially in relation to its 'vama marga', the drinking of wine by its votaries, Justice Sir John Woodroffe's bulky volumes on the Tantric lore, are familiar subjects of talk.

The big skull of Sikkim (22—11—'42)

Prafulla Babu narrates the story of how he went to Gangtok in 1938 or 1939, the capital city of Sikkim, situated 32 miles apart from each other. There he went to a Buddhist temple and came across a human skull—rather of a big size, in one of the rooms and asked the Panda or Priest who was his guide what it meant. Thereupon he asked the counter question, "Do you know Gandhi?" 'Yes' was the ready answer. "Then, that personage is the only one in the world who is fit to take his food in the skull and if ever he came here, that should be done." This very amusing story was of course duly narrated by Prafulla Babu to Gandhi.

Labour and the Empire (24—11—'42)

A picture of Amery-Churchill, the Indian members of the War Cabinet and Lord Cranborne foreign Under Secretary, appears in the papers. I have thought that Amery and Churchill looked alike though the latter's features are coarse while the former appears more cheerful. Anyway, they all make a happy trio. As if to add to their happiness, news comes today in advance of the papers that Sir Stafford Cripps has been 'kicked' out of the War Cabinet, his place being taken by Eden as Leader of the House, and himself going out as the Minister for air production. Herbert Morrison the Home Secretary, has gone into the War Board. Eden and Morrison must be rivals for the future premiership, representing Conservative and Labour schools. Morrison is considered a brilliant chap, but his recent speech on India, 'Tell me where in the world can you come across a better offer than this of Cripps, has the air of a

certain condescension—particularly as coming from a Labour man. We can understand Eden talking repeatedly of recovering the colonies for the Empire and Churchill proclaiming his resolve to 'hold what we have.' But Labour in truth is more Imperialistic than Liberal or Conservative—for obvious reasons for England's high standard of living for Labour will disappear the moment India disappears from the Empire.

FATHERS & SONS

John Amery (23—11—'42)

Speaking of Amery, it must be distressing to poor Leopold that his son, John should be broadcasting from Berlin. He was previously in unoccupied France and went, we are told to Berlin of his own free will. Of course, it must be so, for Leopold could not have sent him there. In Berlin he must be a good companion to P. G. Woodhouse the novelist and Mr. William Joyce—the Lord Haw Haw. We heard both of them last year on the radio but this year no chances exist for hearing them or their new companion, John Amery.

Cripps beheaded! (24—11—'42)

The letters between Churchill and Cripps do not make happy reading. There must be a tale hanging about them. The removal—for such it is,—of the Tripple Crown of Cripps from his head,—appears to be an act of vindictiveness. What may be the immediate cause? Cripps foreswore himself for the sake of Churchill, taking all the odium on himself and so relieving Churchill of it. Did he, however, feel Churchill's Mansion House speech too much for himself? Did he, as Leader of the House, say he would speak out his mind at the ensuing discussion on Colonies and India? and therefore could it be that Churchill has asked for his head on a charger—with the Triple Crown and consign the body to the Department of Air Production? Let us wait and see. This is just what I had told Cripps on 31st March 1942 at New Delhi—that he could not trust to his being in his own place in the Cabinet for ever. 'Any day, you might resign,' I said, and now the Lord Privy Seal, Leader of the House of Commons and War Cabinet member, has become a Departmental Executive head!

Incognito Major (23—11—'42)

Today is the 24th November. It is just three months since the Major has taken charge. We wonder how he is placed in Government accounts. No one, it seems, should know, where he is, or what he is. His appointment is in Poona, his post is in Ahmednagar Fort. The Accountant General apparently does not recognise the incognito appointment in the Fort. So the Bills are perhaps required to be drawn in Poona and who is to pay the travelling charges from Ahmednagar Fort to Poona? But why not the Major be given a cheque on the Imperial Bank of Poona which may be

credited to the Major's account—perhaps in Bombay at a cost of less than a rupee, at 1 anna per cent discount? But the trouble is that the Accountant General must not be *knowing* what the Bombay Government have done.

The Dentist

Another amusing incident relates to the visit of the Military Dentist. After much ado, with the intervention of the Bombay Government, the Government of India and the Military hierarchy from top to Ahmednagar Fort, the Military Dentist has been permitted to visit the Fort in order to take the dental plate of one of us. But imagine the caution administered to him that though asked by the Dentist, he should not divulge his name. Obviously, the superintendent has some very delicate tasks to perform. The Dentist has made a pilgrimage to our rooms to see the charka at work. How phenomenal is our ignorance of elementary things not relating to our own profession or occupation! The Lawyer does not know the elements of popular medicine which the old woman of the family is well up in. The doctor does not know the elements of Law which the village Karnam and the village tout is almost a master of. Neither knows how to loosen a screw or to open a lid. They tighten the things all the more by turning it from left to right. Only the Indian Goldsmith loosens a screw by turning to the right. Likewise our Dentists and Medical men and Military officers know so little about the spinning of cotton into yarn, the weaving of yarn into cloth. Spinning is a weird, mystic and superstitious waste of time until they see the yarn. Yarn is a meaningless thread to them until they see the cloth woven out of it. Of warp and woof, of texture and borders, they know so little. The spinning wheel whether in the jail or the running training, is an instrument to conjure with.

Business as usual (27—11—'42)

The Governor, we learn from the Press on the 27th, has arrived in Ahmednagar but he has spared 'us' his visit. He has made a particularly impressive speech on the Civil Disobedience Movement, its repercussions on Law and Order. It was not quite necessary to have travelled over to Ahmednagar in order to draw our attention to his speech. He could have given a broadcast from Bombay. However, there is 'business as usual' which takes the Governor to different places under Section 93 of Government of India Act, 1935.

Scuttled (28—11—'42)

Today comes the news of the scuttling of the French fleet in Toulon Harbour so as not to make it accessible to Germany. The people of the Empires are bled white and armies and navies are built and these navies are sent to the bottom of the sea sometimes with the officers as in Toulon now and at Scapaflow in 1918.

'Gurb-i-Kushthan avval Roz'

We don't see many cats hereabouts. I believe in the last 3¼ months a cat came only twice but we frightened it out on the very first day—*Gurb-i-Kushthan avval Roz* is the Persian proverb which means "The cat is to be done away with the very first day." It has a nice story at its back. There was a shrew who frightened every suitor that sought to marry her. One person at last offered to marry and before she had any opportunity of showing her shrew's qualities, he had occasion to frighten her himself first. It happened that he received a report from a servant on the arrival at his house with the bridal party, that a big cat came to the house. He forthwith drew his sword from the scabbard and beheaded the beast. This gave such a fright to the bride that she became docile forthwith.

The Americans and Churchill's portrait

Here is another very interesting story relating to Cuttack. When the Japanese fleet visited the east coast of India in April last (1942), 700 Americans happened to land in Cuttack and when they went about the Bazaars of the town, they happened to see the portrait of Churchill with a text taken from one of his speeches. The Americans simply took the photoes and dashed them to the ground. Some of them were full of curses for the English. They cursed the food they got and tore to pieces the dresses they were given. All this may not mean much. They were shipwrecked and must have been, like the common human beings that they were, cursing the fate that entangled them in this war and Churchill who was its embodiment on earth. They were all sent to Calcutta.

The Calendar (29—11—'42)

One easily loses sight of dates and days in a vacation and we found ourselves in such a state. So I have improvised a calendar partly with the aid of 501 washing soaps' cardboard box and the figure. It has been well received by the Major as being helpful, but its uncouthness also has been commented upon. To do a thing ill is to induce its being done well. But how few strive to improve things which are rudimentary! By a strange chance I happened to look into the rejected rubbish of packing material of a parcel for Asaf Ali and found in it the calendar sheet for December '42.

The Garden Again (30—11—'42)

Day by day the garden is improving under the sole labours of Jawaharlal. Others are honorary supervisors without authority, onlookers in the evenings. One of them at least watered the plants under instructions, another removed the weeds. The 'morning glory' has begun to put forth flowers, pink and pale pink, white and violet, blue and reddish. How ardently we look for these flowers, look at them and look after them. The lawn about the Jailor's and the

Superintendent's office, had also been done up. In a jiffy, the *jungal* has become *mangal*. But the Superintendent thought that two square patches duly done up on either side of the pathway from his office to the gate are unnecessary and we found one of them removed by the morning unceremoniously. They were however of official origin.

Radio

The 'Radio' has once again been turned down by Government.

Sixty-two years (30—11—'42)

Today, I pass my 62nd year (63rd Birthday). No one here knows about it but on the morrow I happened to mention it to a few and was taken to task for not mentioning it in time. Dhoties with fine silk and lace borders are much resented by friends here. One of them says only women wear such cloths in Bengal. In Maharashtra, of the old world type, however, the borders are bigger and even gaudy.

Hospitality by the measure

Lunch provides the occasion for conversation on a variety of topics and brings out at times the imaginative powers of the story-teller. Story-telling is an art. One may write a short story but may not be able to tell it in a realistic fashion. Even if one has concocted a story he cannot tell it, for he must almost *act* the parts in it in order to make it really 'telling.' Last night at dinner we had a spate of them. One member was narrating how a certain friend of his was very hospitable and the moment a guest came, the 'munim' of the host was ready before him with a pencil and a note book in which he would jot down how much rice and *gehu* (wheat), he would want, how much *dholi* and how much *sak* and milk and so on. If the guest can't answer properly, an approximate answer is sought and put down on paper. Most of us do not know the bazar measure of what we eat or drink. Our control is in our stomachs, on our tongues and palates and when suddenly we are called upon to reckon our needs in pounds, ounces, drachams and minims, the job will be found to be too much for us. Still approximate estimates had to be given and the *munim* used to prepare according to the scale got ready and would insist on the guest finishing off his quantum—else it would go to waste which should not be. The *munim* was so meticulous about his duties that if he missed his pencil, he would wire for one and replace forthwith the lost one.

Half-ticket or full! (1—12—'42)

Story-telling is not only an art but also an infectious art. One story provokes another. The story next told was that of a Brahmo Principal of a college who was scrupulous to a degree. He was once travelling with his daughter who attained her 13th year at mid-

night during the travel. What should he do? He had taken only a half ticket for her. It should be changed into a full ticket for the rest of the journey and he was between two stations and the train was running. He could not find the Travelling Ticket Inspector, (T.T.I.), so he pulled the chain and presented his case. But surely the Railway people stood to gain better by a fine of Rs. 50 for improper use of the chain, than the extra half rate for the unfinished journey of the child who became a Railway *sayani* at midnight.

Umbrella too! (2—12—'42)

The same friend was in the habit of weighing his luggage in his travels—surely a commendable idea,—but he would insist on his umbrella being weighed too! We know that a camp-cot has to be weighed according to Railway rules though, including it, your luggage is within permissible limits. But the umbrella-affair is a novel idea. This good Brahmo friend is a truth speaker and so when a friend asked him on the roadside which was the way to the cinema, he paused a while and said 'I know the way but I will not tell you' for going to cinema hurt his conscience and he would not be a party to helping another go thither! Verily there is scrupulousness and scrupulosity, even as there is purity and puritanism, or sentiment and sentimentality.

The Deaf man's blessings (3—12—'42)

Stories at the Dinner table continue to come in profusion. And the Maulana has an abundant stock of them and what is more, the knack of narrating them with vividly and suitably to the context of the conversation. Here is one:

A certain merchant fell ill and he had a *deaf* friend who wanted to call on him for *Bemarpursi*. On his way, he thought out certain questions and the merchant's answers thereto and his own replies. "How are you?" Merchant would say "better" and I shall comfort him saying 'very well'. Second "What diet are you taking?" He would say "Rice and milk" and I would say "may it do you much service." Third "Pray who is your doctor." He would name one and I would wind up saying "May God prosper his hands in the accomplishment of his work."

Having reached the house, the friend after the customary greetings and having taken a seat, questioned

Q. (i) How are you?

A. "Don't you see I am dying with fever?" Rejoinder "very well"

Q. (ii) What is your diet?

A. *Khun* and *Khak* (Blood and ashes) was the ready reply of the man who got already peevish with the first blessing. 'May they do you much good' was the second blessing. •

Q. (iii) 'Who is your Doctor?'

A. Boiling with indignation, he cried "His Worship Dr. Death."

Then the deaf man blessed him saying "I give you joy, he is a most effective practitioner and may the Lord speed his prescriptions!"

Barber's English

Yet another story is told of a Zemindar and his barber. The former did not know English while the latter knew three expressions:—"Yes Sir" "No Sir" and "Very well Sir." A certain day an Englishman—a civilian, happened to go to the place and camped there tying up the Horse to the stake. But the animal escaped. So the civilian saw the Zamindar and began to speak to him in English. Not knowing English, the latter sent for his barber. The civilian asked the Barber:

"Do you know where my horse is?" "Yes, sir."

"Will you tell me where it is?" "No, sir."

"I shall horsewhip you now." "Very well, sir."

This reminded me of a story though I did not narrate it at the table, that my friend A. Kaleswara Row told me of Frederick the Great who happened to have three English soldiers in his army. It was the habit of the officers to ask during inspections three questions,—“What is your age?” “What is your service?” and “Do you get your food and clothing regularly?”; and the soldiers were trained to give the answers right enough, say, as follows:

“What is your age?” “I am thirty.”

“What is your service?” “Three years.”

“Do you get your food and clothing regularly?” “Yes both regularly.”

Frederick the Great went on inspection one day and asked the English soldiers the three usual questions, but the first two in the reverse order:

“What is your service?” “30 years.”

“What is your age?” “3 years.”

“Are you a fool or am I a fool?” “Both regularly.”

Bhansali (4—12—'42)

The English Press somehow did not give the news of Bhansali having tied up his lips in order to observe silence and avoid speaking inadvertently. The “Andhra Patrika” has given it (1st week of December). Possibly the readers may remember that Bhansali was the friend who had gone to Delhi to meet Mr. Anney in order to interest him in the atrocities that took place at Chimur in C.P. (where the soldiers are alleged to have perpetrated certain outrageous acts and in the struggle that ensued one Tahasildar and another officer were killed, and where the judge sentenced 19 accused to

FEATHERS & STONES

hanging and twenty-four to transportation for life). The result was that he was ordered to leave Delhi within 3 hours and for not complying with the orders his arrest was ordered. He was arrested and taken down to Wardha. But he repaired to Chimur, the scene of the events and began a fast. The Police arrested him and left him once again at Sevagram. Then after 12 days of fast he walked up 80 miles to Chimur in 64 hours and was rearrested and was left once again at Sevagram. Then he started again and after walking up 45 miles, was arrested for the fourth time and restored to Sevagram. Now the news comes of his vow of silence till Swaraj is obtained. The public must be deeply interested in the antecedents of this marvellous personality. Bhansali is a Gujarati and in 1920 left college and joined the Sabarmati Ashram. He became a Professor in the Gujarat Vidya Peeth. After a time he went on a forty day fast and at its end became ravenously hungry and began to eat volumes of food. Later he undertook another fast and on the 54th day, became delirious. Gandhiji while going out to some place, committed the case to Vallabhbhai's care. So the Civil Surgeon was sent for and Bhansali came round. Later, he left the ashram for some years and during his travels, he vowed silence and tied up his lips by means of a metallic ring passing through a hole in each of them. And for food he took *ata* (flour) mixed in water and sucked it through a straw tube such as the ones now employed for sucking aerated waters. He returned to the Sevagram Ashram with only a *Koupinam* and with a thick rope for *Kammarka dori* (round his waist). He continued his silence and his regimen of food, but after a time was persuaded to speak, but speak he did only to Gandhiji. Gradually he widened the range of his auditors as well as the measure of his diet, being able to take some 8 to 10 pints of skimmed milk and twenty *chapathis* and he spent his time at Sevagram teaching children and spinning yarn.

• No Gramophone without application

Suchetha (Mrs. Kripalani) has asked Government to send us a gramophone given by her. Government however said that they would consider the matter if an application for one emanated from the detenus here. None, however, has been so far sent these fifteen days.

Flowers in plenty (12—12—'42)

The garden is a real garden. It is all green and gold. The seeds have sprouted, the plants have grown. At least 40 buckets of water are needed daily to water them. They are all 'showered' by two tin flower sprays. The evenings are busy. The prisoners bring the water from the taps at a distance of 30 yards, (average) roads and parks have been laid out. That only means the edges of the lines of the avenues are trimmed. One grand Trunk Road is made

connecting the official block with the parallel unofficial block. Only boards have to be put up, "This way to the Reading Room." The flowers of the garden have come up in all their glory of aroma and colour. The morning glory has given a homely look to this deserted area and invested it with a radiant atmosphere—the carnations and the calypses, the petunias and pinks, the asters and salvias.

Burglary (19—12—42)

It is wellnigh a fortnight since a daylight burglary took place between 9 and 10 a.m. in the Major's bungalow. A sepoy is told off as a watchman and he lives with his wife on the premises. He was just away for 10' or 15' to get a sweeper and in that short interval a theft took place of a silver backed hair brush, the boot trees, and a shaving brush. The first was a wedding present, they were the only things that survived the loss to the Japs of a host of articles in Saigon and the Andamans where he had been serving. It is unfortunate that all these should have been lost. The sepoy knew of the loss but would not tell the Major till in the evening, he, after a crop, wanted to brush his hair and found not his wedding gift. Then it was, that the sepoy told him that he had discovered the loss of this and the other articles at 10 a.m. but could not tell him. When the Police were informed at 4-30 p.m., they said that a series of such burglaries took place that morning. Apparently, a party was busy in the matter. At the end of a fortnight, no trace of the theft is found.

The real trouble seems to be that Mrs. Sandek would naturally be upset by the news of the ill-luck dogging them all along. It is better to apprise her of the news than to allow her to discover the loss if the Major should be going to Bombay in Christmas.

Two Nations

News came through the Press that C.R. has declared his conviction that the Hindus and the Moslems are two nations. Are they? Apparently C.R. has swallowed the bait, hook and string. But the Viceroy's speech before the Associated Chamber of Commerce on the 18th speaks of the 'geographical unity of India.' What a pity the Viceroy and C.R. should be playing at cross purposes!

Chandramathi or Saivya?

Casually we happened to talk about Harischandra and his wife who is known to North and West India and Bengal not as *Chandramathi* as we in Andhra call her, but as Saivya. How does this difference arise?

Seasons

Another tiny little difference appeared when we began to speak of the 6 *ritus*. They in the north have the same seasons but their

FEATHERS & STONES

Vasanthrutu is *Phalgun* and *Chaithr* and so on,—there being a difference of one month all round. The difference is due to the fact that their months are *Poornimanth*—not *Amavasyanth*.

Migration of Birds

We have been hearing the cooing of the cuckoo these four months and odd. Only for a fortnight or twenty days, we have not heard it. But it is not a fact that the cuckoo is the bird of the *Vasanthrutu*? I casually remarked that very likely this bird visited America in one part of the year and returned to India in our spring. Perhaps it would follow up spring whenever and wherever it might be. That provoked a story from a friend (Pantji) that water-fowls are believed to migrate to Russia (Siberia) every year, and return to India in their own season and that in executing these migrations they take the same route, pause at the same *manzils* and arrive at their destination at the same time—correct almost to a day! Probably, we have all heard of the achievement of the pigeons of Calcutta brought by train to Madras and when released returning to Calcutta,—also of the bloodhounds scenting men and jackals to their hiding place. But this about the water-fowls simply takes our breath away. How many other migratory birds may there not be, that answer to this description?

The new Comet

The new comet which has been described in the papers (of 19th December) does not appear to be capable of being spotted on the Ahmednagar skies. We have searched the skies in the neighbourhood of Castor and Pollux—our Indian *Midhunam* but not been able to find the comet which was timed to appear at 8-42 (G.M.T.) and 5 hours is to be added thereto according to our old time or six hours according to new time.

Geographical Unity (20—12—'42)

Why has the Viceroy suddenly broken his long silence? Mussolini at any rate has said that he broke his 18 months' silence because he had reason to believe that the Italian people would like to hear him. Is there any indication that the people of India wanted to hear Lord Linlithgow? However, the annual function before the Associated Chambers of Commerce demanded a speech—a weighty pronouncement on current politics, economics, currency, coinage, commerce and industries. What is his purpose in emphasising the point of geographical unity, having all along connived at the Pakistan agitation, though slyly enough he had never said a good word for it? It is not easy to probe a Scotchman, is it? But C.R. is upset by it. His reaction is one of "sad amusement." Perhaps he fears

that the prospect of an agreement between the All Party Leaders and Mr. Jinnah, is intended to be torpedoed! Let us wait and see.

Bhaskaracharya

Some people wonder why it is that in India, our ancestors rendered all knowledge into books in the form of poetry. For explanation, you have to go to Plato who in discoursing upon Education prescribed certain methods as can be seen from the extract given below from Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy."

"Music and measure lend grace and health to the soul and to the body but again too much music is as dangerous as too much athletics. To be merely an athlete is to be nearly a savage and to be merely a musician is to be melted and softened beyond what is good. The two must be combined. Nor is music to be merely music. It must be used to provide attractive forms for the sometimes unappetizing contents of mathematics, history and science. There is no reason why for the young, these difficult studies should not be smoothed into verse and beautified with song." Thus it was that in India mathematics and astrology, philosophy and history have all been clothed in poetry and made readily mastered by and acceptable to the student.

Music

The gramophone, whatever its defects, presents the artistes of a country before you in close succession so as to enable you to make a study in contrast of their performances. Take the records of a Patwardhan and a Ranade from Maharashtra with their stratospheric style, a Saigal or a Karim Khan with their pugilistic, a Jyotica Ray with her grapevine or a Sunderam and Srinivasan with their labyrinthine styles. In the midst of these, we listen to a Manohar Barve, a Shanta Apte, and a Devika Rani, with rapt attention. They show no mannerisms or idiosyncrasies on the record.

Music and English Students

It is of interest in this connection to enquire whether the English student is musically minded and how he compares with the students of Germany, Italy and Russia. Of these four countries, we learn that Russia is most advanced in music and song. The folk songs are highly popular. In Germany music is studied and regimented like the rest of German attainments. The Italian is given more to vocal music than instrumental. England must be said to be on the whole backward but in schools and colleges there are group songs sung as a matter of course, as a part of collegiate life. Each institution has its own songs and orchestral singing is very popular. In India it is a pity that there is no musical atmosphere in schools and colleges. No songs peculiar to any institution. How

can there be? There is perhaps conflict in the breast of the students. They won't care for loyalty songs. They won't be encouraged to sing patriotic songs. A subject nation has neither politics nor group music.

Calcutta Bombed (22—12—42)

News of Calcutta being bombed on the 20th night and the Viceroy's arrival in Delhi on the 20th both occur in today's papers.

Jawahar's message to China

Jawahar's facsimile letter (message) to the Chinese people delivered to a young Chinese correspondent is published as such by the "Amrita Bazar Patrika" in its issue of 20th November and the "Bombay Chronicle" (in print) on the 26th 'idem.' It now transpires from the columns of "Life" July 28th 1942 that the letter was withheld from China and America and that the Editor first saw it from the issue of the "Amrita Bazaar Patrika" of 21st November.

Namadhari Sikhs

Evening club talk turns upon *Agnishtoma*, *Nirathagnihotris*, and thus recall the fact that the fire that burns in the oven at Pheni Saheb near Ludhiana in the Langar Khana of the *Namadhari Sikhs*—also called the Kuka is as old as 1864. The Bhai Saheb invited us at Ludhiana to the place. The Namadharis are the perfectest non-co-operators—now for a hundred years. They don't serve the Government, don't study in English Colleges, don't travel by trains, don't wear mill cloth much less foreign. They have all along worn handspun, handwoven Khadder, they had raised a rebellion against British rule. They were put down. They are fond of horses and cattle. The Bhai Saheb's two sons came on horseback riding two mighty horses to welcome us at the precincts of their village—which is neat and well laid out. The people at the meeting were most orderly, maintaining pindrop silence. They are fond of music, the young sons were playing upon Veena and Tabla. The cows are well fed and two or three of them were giving as much as 30 seers of milk a day.

Christmas (25—12—'42)

The papers are full of news of Christmas preparations. In England, the servants are fed at a dinner at hotels by the masters and served by the guests to whom they give two-penny tips. Yet the difference between master and servant is not wiped out whereas in Germany it does not exist at all. They all go to Churches. In the upcountry as in the cities, the seats in the Churches are reserved in the pews for the bigger folks and the smaller ones occupy hind benches. In Russian Churches, they have no seats and one has to stand a couple of hours on end!

Akbar, a patron of learning

The talk of religion led us to the days of Akbar whose fourth centenary celebrations have only recently been concluded. Akbar was only able to sign his name. But he was a masterful personality and an unrivalled administrator. His home language and the home language of his successors up to Shah Alam was Turkish. He managed to learn a little of Arabic. To his sons, he gave good education through the Jesuit priests who brought to his court Quran in print. It is strange that Akbar who was deeply interested in mechanical labour, himself working always with his hands and feet, did not think of organising printing. It was the Pope that got the Quran printed in Arabic and Latin for the use of the Jesuit missionaries. It is said that Napoleon got his Arabic proclamations printed in Italy for distributions in Egypt.

Russian wheat

Britain used to get her wheat from Riga once. Now Russia, it is said, raises a fourth of the world's crop of wheat and of that a fourth nearly is produced in Ukraine. In Leningrad at a museum, there are 30,000 kinds of wheat exhibited.

Darlan assassinated (26—12—'42)

The fourth Christmas of the war is over. But the saddest news was that of the assassination of Darlan. The way in which it was flashed out by Reuter left us sadder still because it is not a great virtue to utilise a man's services while alive and condemn him after he is murdered.

Extortion

It is interesting to learn that the Magistrate that had sentenced Jawaharlal in 1922 after his release from prison in the Prince of Wales boycott campaign of 1921, was one Mr. Knox a collegefellow and perhaps a classfellow of his, for picketting which was recast into "extortion"! He was given 18 months then.

Mr. Knox was the son of an Allahabad High Court Judge—Sir George Knox who had been on the Bench for 40 years without a day's holiday,—except that he had to take one day's casual leave because he missed a train connection. In those days there was no age limit for High Court Judges in India as in England and America where Judges sat on till 80 or 90 years of age. Holmes the American Judge sat till he was 92. While Halsbury till 80. The Judges of the Privy Council were mostly people who lived up to a ripe old age—with long beards sometimes and bent backs and downcast faces. Halsbury once decided to give up service and told the bar that he would not return to the Bench after the vacation. But right enough on the reopening of the court he was there in his place and

explained that his wife wanted to be free from him for some time in the day and drove him to the court. Coming back to Sir George Knox of the Allahabad High Court, it is said that out of the 40 years service on the Bench, he slept for at least 10 years during the working hours and he used to dismiss the appeal on waking. But apparently he never, on being roused from sleep, dipped his index finger into the ink-bottle as did a Madras Judge, Mr. Wallace, in the early years of this century. It was about this time that the age limit of 60 was fixed in India.

Sense of Humour

Whether Judge or Magistrate, Lawyer or Doctor, the sense of humour carries a man through life and profession as neither intelligence nor conscientiousness could do. The Americans have a rich humour in them and at parties and gatherings are able to laugh loud and long and they ask in wonderment why the Englishman does not laugh. At best, he smiles. Possibly this characteristic feature is due to the density of the British population in Great Britain as against the sparsity of the American population in U.S.A. The latter has plenty of land and has a spacious country before him which promotes vivaciousness while the congestion of Britain compels seriousness and devotion to labour, leaving little time for a full mouthed laughter.

Cakes

Long before the Christmas our friends have engaged themselves in making cake which was a marvellous success. Obviously jail life draws out the latent resources in prisoners, for they have to get on with limited equipment. But a Gujarati and an English volume on cooking kindly supplied to one of us has doubtless helped in perfecting the preparations. In jail too, we study the culinary columns of the dailies as we never do while outside and with the culinary, we may couple the cards, chess, puzzles, snippets, stellar and short story columns.

Late Sir Sikander (27—12—'42)

The news of Sir Sikander's death is sincerely regretted by one and all here. After all he was not bad at heart. He held together the parties in the Punjab. He was not a rabid communalist. No doubt he was changing in his affiliations but he had to mark time. He never meant ill. He meant no harm. He would doubtless have lifted the ban on Khaksars shortly if he had lived.

He comes of a Jat family. Sir Chotu Ram's father was the Dewan of his grandfather. Those family ties have been strengthened in the Punjab Ministry. Who will succeed Sir Sikander? Will Noon come away from the Centre to the Province?

Snakes and Opium (30—12—'42)

Reptiles and snakes are a natural and popular subject of conversation in idle hours. If anything, ghosts alone may claim to compete with them. To talk of birds is a mark of culture, but to talk of their immediate predecessors in evolution—the Reptiles, is nauseating. Anyway, the cobra is an object of worship in India. There is a whole Naga world by itself in the hill region bordering Burma, as elsewhere, e.g., at Vidura Aswaddha in Mysore, the Peepal tree traced to the times of the great saint Vidura, the uncle of the Pandavas and the Kauravas, there are any number of Nagas carved on stone presented by worshippers in fulfilment of their vows. Siva has a cobra round his neck. Vishnu is seated on the coils of a serpent. Adi Seshu bears the weight of the whole universe. They in Malabar do not kill cobras, which go about their vast compound like the mungoose, or rats in the rest of India. It is said that opium eaters are immune to cobra poison. In turn when they don't get their opium and therefore become listless, with pains in legs and arms, they take a bite from a nagini which they rear up for the purpose, on the tongue and the poison exhilarates them and gives them the effects of opium in its first stage.

Nadia Hospitality

When men of different provinces are congregated together, the talk generally turns on the humorous aspects of (1) the sub-national life of each province and (2) the castes and sects in which India abounds. One of us was narrating the story of his own province relating to the District of Nadia where a friend having gone to the Railway station, keeps chatting with his guest who is returning and is well ensconced in the carriage. And as the engine whistles and steams away from the platform, the host-friend holds the hand of his guest in the running train and says himself running, "Oh! what a nice thing it would have been if you could have stayed another day." That is proverbially called Nadia hospitality. What about Andhra, was the somewhat embarrassing question. I had to answer next. "Oh! in Andhra, we mean what we say. When a guest comes, we will not easily let him go, but detain him as long as possible. All the pressure exercised is before he is allowed to start from home. But there is a business class of people, indeed a caste of whom it is said that when they invite their fellow caste men to dinner, if they hold your palm by theirs and say—you must come, it means, 'you may not come'—but that if they hold your elbow with one hand and your palm with the other and press the invitation, it means 'you must come.'" A member of the same caste—a fellow prisoner with us in 1930—one who was religious by disposition and would not touch food in jail unless his God also was imprisoned along with him and there received his worship and *naivedyam*—food offering,—(nor was there much diffi-

FEATHERS & STONES

culty as only one diet was asked for—not two,—) told us while bidding farewell at 8-30 a.m. at Kāvāli, his native place, 'I am sorry it is not yet time for your morning meal now—here. But by the time you reach your place at Bezvada, it will be late in the afternoon. "So will you promise me and swear (by placing your palm in mine) that you would take your food in the Railway hotel at Ongole on your way?" That, he said, is the very hospitable way in which his caste people treated their guests. But the story loses all its savour when put in black and white for the jest consists in the expression of the face, in the contortions of the body and the joining of hand with hand!

Village Riddles

Each province has its peculiarities. Some villages in the U.P. as indeed in other provinces, are quarrelsome and when a stranger passes the streets, the village people throw across the breadth of the street a long stick and if the stranger crosses the stick, they quarrel because he ventured to cross, but if he passes clear of it, then they say, 'why do you go by the side path leaving the main part?'

In Andhra, they ask the distance of the stranger's village from the particular street through which he is passing. He gives it saying as a *kross* (2 miles), then they go to the next street and repeat the question. The stranger quotes the same distance. Then they quarrel with him saying 'it is one *kross* from there as well as here, absurd, it can't be'.

If the elders of the village are seated on pials or under the village banyan tree and a stranger passes with an open umbrella, they take offence.

Superstitions

It is strange how common are some of the superstitions throughout the country from Assam to Dwarka, from the Cape to the Mount. The auspicious days of the week, the auspicious hours of the day, the inauspicious Ghadis in particular, the festivals and the ceremonies, the worship of Tulsi by women, of Vighnewar as the God of obstacles and of hosts, the cult of Rama and Krishna, the memory of Kurukshetra, the idolization of Dharmaraj, Bhis'ma, Vidura, the contempt of Karna, the admiration of Arjuna, the glory of Draupadi and Seetha—all these are quite common to the whole country but fancy when in the course of eating, the food passes the wrong way and sets up violent coughing—the neighbours say—'Oh! somebody is thinking of you—your mother or your wife' What may it mean when in Hindusthan from end to end, this popular belief is cherished? Likewise when you sneeze while eating at night, you must no more eat until an elderly member comes and sprinkles water on your head and asks you 'where were you born?'—not once but three times. And then you proceed with your meal!

Games

The same unity presents itself in an unchallengeable form when you watch the games, e.g., *Gudgud* in which eleven form a team on either side of a line and from each side one pursues the other in turns and tries to touch one of the latter—all the while holding his breath and uttering aloud one syllable 'gud-gud' without break. Likewise, there is the game of *gili danda*—of two sticks long and short in which the score is counted in Telugu numbers as I have seen in Delhi as well as Ahmedabad. What an identity of cultures and customs!

Christmas Week

The last week of the year is always an eventful one in India. In former years, when the Congress met in the week, 32 other bodies were meeting annually and discussing art, society, culture, sciences and what not. The war has put an end virtually to travel and Congress is bound behind prison bars. Yet as if to make up in sound and fury for all this remissness, the Japs have begun bombing Calcutta in Christmas. Obviously they must be having their base at Ganga-sagar 85 miles from Calcutta in the aircraft carrier. Else they could not be moving to and fro Akyab. And Akyab too has been disorganised if not well-nigh destroyed by the United Nations. It is not, however, the bombing 5 times in the year end that arrested attention. The *Statesman* with its leaders on the publicity work of Calcutta and Delhi upset the whole of India. It was not all mere thunder, there was lightning as well in its original, dashy and appropriate criticisms. Earlier it has written a leader on Experiment with Truth—an expression reminiscent of Gandhi's autobiography and the U.S.A. was smashed with pen and ink for its obvious untruths on the Pearl Harbour incident. The tragic comedy reached its climax when the paper asked what guarantee was there that the latest account of the U.S.A. was in itself not untruthful. Later came the tirades of publicity. The Central Government's version was obviously false in two matters—wrote the paper though it did not state what they were. On Burma it wrote, it was always a matter of going, going—not gone. This application of the auctioneer's language is effective for if an article that is being auctioned is always going, never gone, nobody bids for any other. Reverting to Calcutta raids, the paper wrote that Srivastava's statement was *bunkum*. What could the Minister do from Cawnpore about an event in Calcutta? He could only re-echo the reports of his Subs, the Director General of Civil Defence—Mr. Ibbotson. By the bye, is he Governor Sir Denzol Ibbotson's son? 'Lying' says the paper 'as an instrument of politics is Hitlerian and must defeat itself.' Some lying may be authoritative but there is faulty lubrication. The population has shown resilience and fortitude but blanketing facts is objected to.

Sir Sikander's Death

Sir Sikandar's death is a surprise to everyone, and has saddened all. Papers of the Punjab—The 'Tribune' dated 30th says that Sarojini Devi sent a condolence telegram, and while I am reading this, I am informed that one went from this camp as well in the names of Maulana, Asaf, Dr. Syed Mahmood and Jawaharlal.

The New Year (1—1—'43)

The New Year is rung in, the old is run out. But what sort of new year? We seem to have to observe at least four or five new years. The calendar New Year, one's own birthday New Year, the lunar year observed by the Andhras and the Maharashtra and U.P., the solar year observed by Bengal and Tamil Nadu, the marwadi year which begins on the morrow of the Deepavali, the Parsi New-Year somewhere in August or September, the Co-operative New Year which is identical with the Fasli—on the 1st July, the Budget New Year—1st April, and the University New Year. If one gets a pair of new cloths from one's father-in-law on each of these occasions, it will not be a bad job to observe them all.

Milk in Curds

We have all heard of three different kinds of curds—Meetha, Khatta and Peeka—sweet, sour and bland. In Bengal and even in U.P., they add sugar to curds. I don't know, whether they would not add sugar to milk before it is curdled. To us in the South this is simply shocking. In Maharashtra, they have what appears at first sight a strange practice—of adding milk to the curds and rice which forms as in the South, the last course in each meal (morning and night alike). When the curds is somewhat sour, the addition of milk is particularly welcome and adds to the tastiness of the whole. In any case, there is much in contracting new tastes, so that the *sour* of the South becomes as agreeable as the *sweet* of the North.

North and South

But what is north and what is south. Maharashtras' area,—Bombay, Poona, Nagpur—are all South to the Northerner. To the South (in Madras) even Bombay and Bengal are North. These are relative terms. We may more appropriately and even advantageously call Bombay and Poona—west, and Bengal and Assam, East.

The War

The war has taken a sudden turn, by the reversal of the Offensives and Defensives. Last year too, the offensive became defensive though we could not say the defensive became offensive. The entry of America has doubtless changed the situation but plans do not seem to be working out aright. The Americans are perhaps regretting that

they arrived in North Africa too soon. They expected a fight of two months before they could gain solid footing. How is this consistent with the statement that there was a small love affair, by which some French were befriended beforehand and a certain window would show a light which was the sign that all was well and the Anglo-American troops could embark on the land in the North African coast. Anyway, the present position in Tunisia was not looked for.

The Americans entered the last war after the *Lusitania* Incident in 1917. That unbreakable ship was torpedoed by the Germans and many millionaires went to the bottom of the sea. The life belts didn't help them. It seems the best of them are made of cork and the head piece and the chest piece are always by the side of the passengers even at the Dinner Table. But even they would keep the person afloat at the outside for 16 hours within which he must be saved by a ship or get on to some raft.

The more astounding occurrence was the death of Lord Kitchner—the Commander-in-Chief. In this war, Generals are moving between the continents and countries as if from the blue bed to the brown and except for the accident that befell the Duke of Kent in the month of October last, not many casualties have been reported. But in the last war the very Commander-in-Chief fell a victim to a mine accident or to a submarine torpedo. Speaking of Lord Kitchener, there is a view that whatever be his earlier achievements, it was only in response to the mass call that he was made the Commander-in-Chief. It was a confidence measure. Otherwise he was considered out of date. So was General Joffree—an anodyne to the people, rather than a commander of the forces. Admiral Jellicoe, it is said would not take any chances. He had a wireless to the effect that the German fleet was at such and such a place and when he set sail with his fleet, he found himself at the place and a second wireless told him how and where to waylay the German fleet which was escaping. But he took no more notice of wirelasses.

Chosha Khand

The Battle of Chosha Khand is perhaps little known in history books. But there exists a monument in Orissa to mark the site where half a dozen terrorists armed with guns and revolvers met the military in pursuit of them, and exchanged shots for a period of fifty-three minutes at the place. Today you can see the monument in Orissa.

The English Channel

Our boys who go to England don't care for the expenses. They must be the sons of rich parents who calculate the total expenditure of 20 to 30 thousand rupees for their course of studies or perhaps never calculate at all. But officers who travel at their own expense know when to spend and when not. They often therefore do it all

by the sea from India to Dover or Portsmouth. But the Dover Channel is the real trial. The sea is very rough. Even to those who do the terminal portion of the journey by land as from Brindisi or Marseilles the strip of sea from Calais or Dunkirk to Dover or Southampton, (the former is but 21 miles) is a sufficient trial and all the comfort of the voyage and the journey is undone at the last moment. People are undone in that hour's crossing. There is however a fine device by which the train in which you left Marseilles would go on to a Ferry at Dover and land you undisturbed in your sleep somewhere in London. When you wake up, you see the countryside of England. But this is expensive.

The D.M.O. and D.M.

The Collector and the D.M.O. are as already stated the official visitors who visit us every Monday. The Collector has changed and this Monday (18th January), Mr. Ghatke has not come but Mr. Patel, I.C.S., has taken his place, the former having gone as Civil Recruiting Officer. Like Ghatke, Patel is tall—quite 6 feet or over and looks a bit older than he ought to, considering the fact that he has put in but six years' service. But the more interesting story is that of the D.M.O. who bears the name of Merchant. It sounds almost like a Parsee name but friends have stated that, that name occurs amongst the Hindus as well. The fact is that Dr. Merchant's ancestor, a Bhatia, 600 years ago became Mussalman and was attached to the Aga Khan cult. The marriage customs of this community resemble those of the Hindus in many respects while in regard to Food and Burial, they follow the Muslim injunctions.

The Aga Khan

The Aga Khan is a Persian and claims to be in the direct line of the Paigambar—being the 49th in descent. He had originally married a Persian wife who died issueless, being very obese; then an Italian wife by whom the Prince Ali Khan was born and on her death a French wife. It is said that there is no objection to such an innovation in Islam. The Aga Khan's services were made use of in 1931 against the Congress and this time although he wanted a settlement and offered to bring about one, he has not been enabled to do so and Mr. Mohamed Ali Jinnah has come handy to the British to bring about the same impasse as in 1931.

Turkish Delegation of Journalists

This leads us to the Turkish Delegation which is just now in India having arrived here about the 19th instant in Karachi. Why the Government of India have chosen to invite them is at present a mystery. That they are chaperoned by Major (Boyd?) tells the real tale while the Indian Colleague is perhaps a little concession to convention.

Mr. Philips

Earlier than the Turkish Delegation, there was Mr. William Philips in India from Roosevelt, whom, however, he had not seen before starting for India, but it is said he knows well all the details of the object of his mission. Both Philips and the Turkish Delegation of journalists are a mystery which will doubtless clear up in due course.

Officers' Training

In Shaw's Drama entitled "Press Cuttings", General Mitchener's orderly asks to be promoted to the sergeant's place, seeing that the General, Colonel and Premier had arranged to have as wives (Egeria) the three ladies in the play. The General says, "You are too utterly incompetent to discharge the duties of a sergeant. You are only fit for a Lieutenant. I shall recommend you for a commission." All this may sound curious, but there is nothing extraordinary in it because nowadays, officers get 6 months' training of which only 15 days is devoted to the practice of the rifle. It seems officers only lead. They don't shoot. They ask their men to shoot. And too the character of the war is ever so much changed. It is all mechanized. We remember how 10 or 15 years ago they said that the Indianization of the army involved training of officers and after 45 years of agitation, they said they would train 8 units officered by Indians and if they worked well, more would be trained. And it was calculated that it would take 150 years to get the necessary quantum of 3,500 or 7,000 officers. What has become of all that? It is mere bunkum. The war has manufactured officers more readily than clerks and with less difficulty than the mechanics called the 'Bevin Boys.' Really opportunity makes the man and its want, the *dud*!

The Independence Day (26—1—'43)

Thirteen years ago, we inaugurated the Independence Day. Through storm and sunshine, we have celebrated it. In January '41, we missed it as we were in Jails. Again, this year we have to celebrate it inside the prison walls. We know and remember with grief and gratitude the hundreds that have sacrificed their lives at the altar of the national cause,—and the thousands that have been injured, disabled and become destitute. In reverent gratefulness and pious confidence, we have met for half an hour—all the twelve, and remembered our nation and our Congress and our cause.

The Club

The club has been steadily improved. At first, hardly anybody frequented the little, grass grown, stony, thorny ill-kept piece of lawn adjoining the Badminton court. The thorns were removed, the bigger stones picked up and shoved aside into a little border enclosing 15' by 15'. Then the chairs began to move from the verandah, where two

or three friends used to sit and watch the game of battle-dore and shuttle-cock, on to the ground below. In the meantime the garden was growing all round and two pots were placed one on either side on the stony border at its angle upon two dressed stones almost square in shape—a foot in length and of like breadth with 3 inches thickness.

The comfortable sofa chairs provided by the military are all heavy and require two men to lift each of them. They have wheels no doubt but to wheel them on the rough stony jagged floor, and more so to cross the gateways is both a source of rattling noise and a cause of inexcusable damage to property. The Major too began to watch the Badminton game in the evenings and realized how deck chairs would really be needed for use in the evenings and at night in the not far off summer. Nine canvas chairs have been furnished by the Military which should have been comfortable even as they are profitable but for the fact that they have all been badly made. To call the make bad is to extenuate the position. The make was abominable, no back rest would sit aright on the steps of the hind legs. It would always sag to one side. The scantlings used are flimsy, though there was no reason to complain against the canvas. With these chairs arranged in a double row of four each and a central one, the appearance created was that of a pucca club and although interest in shuttle-cock gradually waned, the evenings drew the friends together. Four of the members developed a sprain in the muscles and ligaments of the forearm or the back. One had exchanged the game for walking and the remaining one or two could not form a party, particularly as the Jailor was not always available as a stop gap.

On the other side, volley ball too lost interest. The sepoy (warders) had duties which could not always keep a number of them inside during the hour of play. The prisoners doubtless joined, having gone in as ball picks first, but none of them was trained in the game.

Gardening began to absorb the attention of both groups. For a week or so general interest was created amongst the detenus who quieted their qualms of conscience by clearing a little earth or picking a stone or handling a shower tin. That was all. Jawaharlal, the originator of the idea, and the inaugurator stuck to garden work. By February, the 'dalan' of 80 yards by 40 was so full of flower beds with their variegated shapes, sizes and colours and aromas that the most sceptical amongst us stood amazed at the transformation and friends that stood aloof at first felt conscience-struck and even ashamed. They made up for their remissness of interest by trying to learn up the names of the plants and identifying them by leaf and flower.

Vasantha Panchami

Vasantha Panchami is a festival that falls on the *Suddha Panchami* of Maghmas. *Vasantha Panchami* heralds the advent of

spring and is fittingly celebrated in Maharashtra, U.P., Bengal, and Punjab. In Bengal and Behar it is associated with Saraswati Puja and the 'Amrita Bazar Patrika's' article on the subject is of interest. It runs as follows:—

'The long and dreary winter is drawing to a close, and a few stray cuckoos have already begun to herald the advent of spring. The mango trees have felt the touch of a new life and are already in blossom. In the cold and cheerless bosom of Death are the stirrings of a new birth. It is fittingly in this season that the Hindus celebrate the worship of Saraswati, the snow-white serene goddess of speech and knowledge. For, she is the voice of Eternal Silence, she is the first wave in the bosom of the fathomless Deep. In every age and clime the seers who have sought to bring the Divine within reach of the human understanding have ascribed to it the attributes which may be classified under the three heads of Knowledge, Power and Bliss; and the Shakti worshippers of India have for the convenience of the devotee recognised three aspects of the Divine Mother—Mahalakshmi, the Bliss-aspect; and Mahasaraswati, the Knowledge-aspect. The craving in the human heart for happiness is universal, and there is scarcely a man who during his waking hours is not striving for wealth, prosperity and happiness, and offering thereby unconscious homage to Lakshmi. There is, too, no dearth of power-seekers in our midst, and the plethora of leaders who are gathering an ever-increasing number of followers in the name of some abstract principle or concrete grievance for a final trial of strength with their opponents are all in their own blind way worshipping the dread Goddess of Power. But, for every million of men who seek happiness and prosperity, and for every thousand who desire to rule and dominate, there is scarcely one human being who is a worshipper of Knowledge and values—Truth for its own sake. The considerations of time and place, of you and me, of profit and loss tyrannise over most men's minds. In the fog of good and evil affects, it is hard for man to walk forward in a straight line; but the seeker of Truth is void of affection and sees all things as they stand in the light of pure reason—cool and detached. He who is immersed in what concerns persons and places cannot see the problem of existence in the light of Truth. It is only, therefore, the real seekers of truth that are the true devotees of Saraswati. The serene Goddess sits enthroned on the white hundred-petalled lotus of the human heart where the heat of tumultuous passions has subsided, and where the vulgar desire for power and gain finds no responsive echo. It is only when the human mind has realised the futility of that confused and verbose hair-splitting that generally passes for learning that it turns to Sara-

swati, the eternal fountain-head of Knowledge and Truth. For, she is the Veda-mata, the source of all that has to be known, and it is only Her blessing that can dispel out of the human mind the darkness that is responsible for our ignorance, strife and misery. It is Her sacred touch that lifts the veil *Avidya* and offers the human soul a glimpse of those immeasurable heights where reign peace and harmony. It is out of the *Vina* that she holds in Her hands that flows the celestial harmony that has filled seers in all ages with rapture and of which our human music is but a faint and distorted echo. Naturally purity, and truth are the conditions of Her worship and it is only with white flowers, symbolic of pure thought and deed that the devotee may seek Her blessings. It is only Her blessings that can transform our ignorance into wisdom, and it is perhaps quite true and natural that Her worship should be so popular among innocent children who are yet untouched by foolish love of power or sordid desire for worldly gain. Before Her sacred image they surrender all their artificial instruments of learning—books, pens, ink, paper, pencils and all. It is the direct touch of Her blessed fingers that they seek, and as they meditate on the divine mystery that stands before them in human form, they seem to radiate the joy that passeth understanding. In humility of soul they prostrate themselves at Her feet. 'Silence, O ye teachers, and silence! O ye text book writers,' they seem to say, 'speak Thou alone to our souls, O Mother.' Let us repeat today with our children the prayer born of innocence and purity and which, though so simple, is yet so hard to repeat. Let us throw away into the dust-bin of oblivion the wordy nothings that up to now burdened the human mind and passed for knowledge. Let the serene Goddess descend into our midst chasing away ignorance and pride and permitting us to realise the harmony that pervades the whole Universe. *Aum!*"

Holi

Holi is an important festival in U.P. standing on a par with Dussera and Deepavali while Punjab and Behar and Maharashtra are equally concerned to observe it. The methods of its observance vary. It has a vulgar form of celebration at places. People abuse one another. In villages in Behar, women fling mud on men and in turn men abuse the women. There are particular songs in vogue embodying such abuses. One excellent practice is for the rich and the poor to embrace one another on the day. Holi is *hara chana* which is roasted by gathering stubble and setting fire to it. From this is derived Holi or Holi. The more popular demonstrations of syringing coloured water and coloured flour is the common pastime and the *Panchami* succeeding is called *Rang Panchami*. In the southern presidency neither of these festivals is observed and therefore a long gap in the

series of festivals and festivities is created between Deepavali and the New Year's Day. This latter festival is observed by the Andhras, Maharashtras as well as U.P. on the Prathama Divasa in the Shukla Paksha of Chaitra Mas only. (The first day of the month of Chaitra)

The Comet

Each of us would have seen a comet in his life some time or another but several friends here have not seen any. To such, the comet in the Great Bear visible to the naked eye was welcome in the month of March. It was, however, wanting in its tail which is the one attractive feature of this heavenly orb. In 1910, as well as in 1933(?) I saw the comet distinctly but this time, we have seen it in position without the glow in its glorious tail. We tried to get a pair of field glasses but in vain. We were informed that even our Major could not procure one for his use as the military rule is that only those going to the front should possess any.

"When Is Your Horse Arriving"

When Indians with half knowledge of Indian idiom, let alone English idiom, translate telegrams in English or messages for telegraphing into English, strange mistakes happen. When Mrs. Annie Besant was expected in Kashmir, a telegram appears to have been drafted to her asking, 'Apki Savarke Inthizam hain', which at the other end was translated by friends knowing more English than Hindi, 'When are your horses arriving'. This puzzled Mrs. Besant and evoked an enquiry which in turn puzzled Kashmir but luckily Pandit Motilalji was there and on a study of the wonderful literature could unravel the tangle.

B.M.A. and the War

Strange coincidences occur in this inscrutable world. In 1914, on the eve of the outbreak of the Great War, the British Medical Association had held its annual meeting in Aberdeen in June (1914) and the war broke out on the 31st August. Now again before the outbreak of this war the B.M.A. had held its annual meeting of 1939 in Aberdeen in June. It is to be piously hoped that the B.M.A. will be prohibited from holding likewise its annual session of 1964 in that renowned but fateful city.

Maithili Marriages (2—4-'43)

In the Mithila prant, marriages are arranged in groups. There are certain *pandas* or priests who know the *gotras* and the *pravaras* of the various families that are in their priestly charge. They possess a list of prospective brides and bridegrooms with their *Kundalis* or *Jatakas* (horoscopes). They and the parents assemble together and fix up numbers of marriages for the season or for the year in groups.

FEATHERS & STONES

Officers, Detenus and Prisoners

We are 36 prisoners in all—twelve prisoners sent to help us from the Yerawada Central Prison (Poona), then again nine sepoy (or warders) and one (convict) warder and the Superintendent and the Jailor making up a second twelve and finally we, the twelve detenus. All are leading a bachelor's life until lately when the Jailor brought his family. But he has only added to his sufferings for when he was in Poona his inconvenience was only in common with that of the rest of the officers. When in Nagar, he is as far from his family as ever before. The weekly visits to the family so generously allowed to him, for an hour or two in the midday or the evenings, were at times, occasioned by urgent news of a child falling ill or getting caught up in a cycle accident on the road or having a severe and sudden attack of fever. On one occasion, however, the call was serious for an imbecile son of the Jailor's Landlord aged 8, who had managed to get a safety razor blade, cut the throat of the Jailor's daughter aged 4. Luckily the cut was vertical not horizontal, in which latter case, the jugular vein ran the risk of being caught up with an immediate chance of violent and fatal haemorrhage. Fortunately, the accident proved less serious and a few stitches ensured healing by first intention.

Questions and Answers

It is a common failing amongst prisoners to ask questions of the Jail officers and for the latter to make answers of questionable veracity. When a political prisoner (Shankerrao Deo himself) in Yerawada was on hungerstrike in 1932, Mahatma Gandhi who was in an adjoining enclosure asked the Superintendent whether that was so. 'Who told you this?' was the prompt query and the truthful Gandhi blurted out the answer "Vallabhbhai". Of course, the alleged fact was denied by the Superintendent and if you ask any Jail officer why they make such barefaced statements, they give the simple and unsophisticated reply. "Ask no questions so that you might be told no lies". Incidentally the story carries a valuable warning to political prisoners. "Never say who told you the facts of a case under enquiry or reference and never quote the precedent of another jail or the same jail in previous years, for you may be sure that some one will get the sack."

Akshaya Asvattha

It is strange how certain ideas get freely circulated and become current throughout the world—"the car of Jaggannath" is a phrase that is as popular in the West as in the East although the belief is long since extinct that by getting crushed under it, one would get salvation. The *Asvattha* or the *Peepal* tree is likewise believed to be a sacred tree, although no suicidal experiments are nowadays tried on its mighty branches. The tree is considered indestructible or *akshaya*. The magnificent tree in the fort of Allahabad with the

underground passage and temple adjoining it is considered sacred and *akshaya*. Only it is a *Vata* tree (Banian as it is loosely termed). There again is that wonderful tree of wisdom, the 'bo' tree in Buddha Gaya under which Lord Buddha was supposed to have attained wisdom. A branch of it was taken to Ceylon in the time of Asoka and is flourishing to this day there and is believed to be the largest tree in the world. The tree at Gaya is sometimes said to be a like transplantation of its original. In Mysore, there is an *Asvattha* tree called the *Vidura Asvattha* at the village known by the same name under which Vidura the 3rd of the three brothers,—Dhritarashtra, Pandu and Vidura, is believed to have performed 'tapas'.

The Hawk and the Crow (4-4-'43)

If Hercules has the advantage of strength, Martin Lightfoot has the undoubted and superior advantage of celerity. Few people would believe, not excluding the writer, a story that the crow attacks the hawk. The latter is the bird reputed to prey upon the smaller birds—notably the pigeon, the parrot and the mainah. It is powerful and flies at 40 miles an hour. But the crows fly faster, being lighter, turn round easily. In our maidan (rather lawn,—though it is not green) we were watching these movements and adventures of birds with profound interest and one day actually saw how a crow was harassing a big, bulky hawk from behind, attacking its powerful enemy and smartly escaping a retaliation. The hawk cannot suddenly turn round and teach the puny, pugnacious and presumptuous crow a much-needed lesson. The pigmy of a crow pecks at the hawk and flies away, leaving the giant to stew in its own juice. Apparently the hawk had meddled with the crow's nest and its contents.

The Hawk's Evening Perch

One of our terraced buildings has a couple of chimneys and one hawk has made a point in the month of March to perch itself on the top of one of them from morning 7 to evening 6—for a few days, at first without moving at all, and later with occasional short flights at intervals. Apparently, this poor thing was ill. It didn't go out for its prey. It is well known how the animals and the birds follow Mahatma Gandhi's universal prescription of starving and fasting when ill. In most cases, no further treatment is needed. On all these days, the hawk waited for the mate to be sighted in the evenings and while the latter was still a hundred yards away from it, flew and joined it, both retiring to their night perch on a near tree which is the abode of a hundred other couples. Strangely enough, on occasions, these two hundred birds fly together from their trees in the evenings. After all of them have returned from their haunts, towards the evening and, on a hint from which of them, we cannot say they suddenly fly all together, hover in the sky for a while and resume

FEATHERS & STONES

their respective places. Is the sitting of a hawk on the house a good omen? At any rate, it is considered not bad, and as Mahatmaji emerges out of his fast unscathed, it is considered even good. An owl on the contrary sitting on a house and hooting is considered highly inauspicious while different opinions were expressed on the blue jay playing a smaller role.

Migratory Birds

A Reuter's message says that thousands of wild birds as a result of the Battle of Tunisia have migrated from the country across the sea into Spain where they stand so thick that farmers are killing them with sticks and stones. Apparently their instinct guides them in human politics as well for if they didn't relish the gunpowder of North Africa, they could have gone to Sicily or Sardinia or Italy or the Balearic Isles. But they have gone to a neutral country, though that did not guarantee them their lives for from uncertain life they flew into certain death.

Snakes and Ghee

We have heard of several adulterants of ghee and butter. Margarine is a recognised adulterant of the latter and *Vanaspati* is fast aspiring to a like status in relation to the former. Some years ago when it was moved in the Central Legislature that *Vanaspati* or vegetable ghee should be coloured so as to be detectable as an adulterant of ghee, the Commerce Secretary of the Government of India said that if they did that he would lose his job, Lord Irwin, his and the Commerce Member his. Why, the 'Home Government' would at once take up the question at the instance of Holland whose export would thus suffer and whose retaliation would be against Britain by creating difficulties in regard to the export of milk and milk products thither. Beef, tallow, plantains, flour and cheaper Indian vegetable oils such as ground-nut are other adulterants.

But, whoever heard of the fat of snakes being the latest competitor. In Calcutta, it is said, some of the ghee merchants have specialized in this art. Huge numbers of snakes are caught and thrown into boiling cauldron and the liquid fat so extracted is added to ghee. Luckily, we hear that the fraud has been detected and the guilty punished.

Aphrodisiac

The bear's fat is believed to be an aphrodisiac and is much sought after for this 'merit' of its.

Poison

The lion's moustache hairs are considered highly poisonous and are said to be used for this purpose by royalties with evil designs.

Aborigines and Europeans

Strange combinations meet the eye in some of the Acts of the Legislature; and truly, laws no less than politics or travel, find strange bed-fellows. In all descriptions of franchise, the Municipal Laws used to bracket together for disqualification of voting or candidature, minors, lunatics, undischarged insolvents and women—and latterly, people convicted of certain offences and sentenced to certain terms. In the latest laws of prohibition, the category of exemptions have grouped together the aborigines and the Europeans—rather a queer though a very much allied combination in the eye of Law!

Right To Left

We have all heard of a man being abused right and left and people being beaten *chap o rasth*. We are also familiar with the Arabic script which is written from left to right, but few people are aware of the fact that while the *Brahmi-lipi* (script) is written from left to right, the *Karoshi* script is written the other way. Speaking of scripts one wonders what *Devanagari* implies. We know what it is, but its derivation is not known. Will some one enlighten.

Hats and Husbands

An English friend told me that his wife was to be introduced to Lady, the Vicereine. That was a mark of honour for women engaged in National work. 'But that means to me appreciable additional expenditure!' he said. 'Why?' I asked. 'Oh, a new skirt and a new hat may cost anywhere near seventy rupees'. 'The hat seems to play a great part in the fashionable dressing of your ladies.' I asked. 'It does', he said. And in dramas and novels, one of the things that a young lover presents to his girl is always a new hat.

"With you," I asked, "the wife goes shopping and the husband has only to foot the bill?" "Ah well, yes—that is true unless it be that the husband occasionally accompanies the wife to the shop and with a vacant stare, carries the parcel to the car outside!!!!"

Louis Fischer

No foreigner's name is today more popular in India than that of Louis Fischer who wrote a number of articles in the American Press on Cripps' Mission, on his return from India to America in July 1942 and made short work of Cripps and his Secretary Spry, who had both written to the American Press in support of Cripps' view. But Fischer when he was in India in June 1942, gave no indication of his own views on the developing political situation or the 'decayed' political mission of Cripps. On the contrary, people thought from his talk at a dinner prior to his departure that he had formed altogether the opposite view of what he later expressed.

"Great Men" (8—4—'43)

"Great men", it is said, "are often born together". Professor Blackie once made the statement and illustrated it by saying modestly, "For instance, in 1809, three great personages were born,—Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone and myself". Great men, also seem to fall ill together. When Gandhi was fasting, the illness might have been voluntary, yet it was illness which was on the point of proving fatal in the month of February 1943, and at this time, Premier Churchill and President Roosevelt also passed through a severe illness. The former had obviously bronchial pneumonia wherein the temperature as anticipated by us came down by crisis, though convalescence took long as is generally the case with the disease. For the treatment of Churchill, a consultant was summoned whose name is Whilby while the doctors treating were Wilson and Marshall. In such cases, the consultant is usually the President of the Royal College of Surgeons and but for this convention, it is considered inexplicable how Whilby could have been summoned.

Curtin—Then and Now

To train a flower girl into a Duchess is a task undertaken by Professor Higgins and Colonel Pickering in Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion". After all it requires the use of a good bath-room with soaps, brushes, mirrors and towels, a good dressing room with sweet scents and rich dresses, a short training in table manners and drawing room talks. If, still there is a residue of the vulgarities of East End, that is put down to the new style. To convert a labour man into a minister is not more difficult either. The days of Keir Hardie are over,—Keir Hardie who talked of sending the crown into the melting pot and who, when asked by the sergeant at Westminster 'mate, where is your work,—on the roof', readily answered him, saying 'no, on the floor.' Ramsay MacDonald lived to become twice a Labour Premier and then was absorbed into the Abraham's bosom of the National Government. Curtin is one of the war products who was not too highly spoken of by the Australian Representative on the Eastern Group Council in India, but who not only shoots up into prominence—as Australia's premier but has the audacity—to look Churchill and Roosevelt in the face and accuse them on the score that adequate military help has not been given to Australia at a time when she stands in imminent danger of invasion by the Japanese.

Indian Art

There was a time when it was taken for granted in schools and colleges, three or four decades ago that India had no painting or Poetry. Then emerged the Ajanta caves and their paintings into view and they proved a riddle to civilised England and Germany. The ancient sanskrit poets like Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti were resuscitated

from the 'dead and eclipsed Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. The drama of India is at least 1,500 years anterior to that of England. And when we are told that 'Mrichha Katika' (Toy Cart) was enacted in America—much to the ecstasy of the savants and scholars there, we need not be surprised. The performance gave cultured American audiences insight into the subdued emotionalism of Indian Art so early as in 1925-1926.

9th April 1943 (A Sad Day)

We have counted the ninth of the month nine times now but on no occasion has the good cheer and the high spirits of the inmates been clouded by the sad news of a bereavement. It was on the 31st of March that a telegram was received here that Maulana's wife, Begum Azad was dangerously ill. The Press was giving the news—and possibly the radio from day to day. But the fell disease made the condition of the patient progressively worse until she passed away this morning at 6 p.m. in Calcutta and the news was conveyed to us at 1 p.m. The Maulana has borne it with fortitude. Already he had lost 25 lbs. and now in this week he lost another 6 lbs.

[Note:—Since writing this, the following note is added 18 months later. We were informed that following a request of the Maulana's Begum and the recommendation of her doctors, that she wanted to see her husband, the Viceroy ordered on the 5th April 1943 that the Maulana should be taken in an aeroplane to Calcutta--But this was not to be.]

Another Death

It is a heavy toll that Congress has paid to Death, nor is it to be wondered at when the National Struggle is a prolonged one extending over already well-nigh a quarter of a century in which father and son, brother and sister, husband and wife are separated one from the other and cannot have the simple solace of being by the bedside of the dying members of the family. Satyamurti's family had the melancholy satisfaction of being by his side and nursing him and doing their best for him in the few weeks left to him after his release from prison. Government have acted on the principle of "too late and too little" when they transferred him from Amraoti to Madras and released him when their act of justice lost half its grace and all its value. The number of positions held by this talented and patriotic son of India is long, embracing as it does a wide range of activities, Educational, Artistic, Economic and Legislative. But when everything is said and done, it must be owned that he passed away in the prime of life with unfulfilled ambitions and unrealized ideal, as most of the workers striving for India's Swaraj are perhaps destined to do. Whatever doubts he had in accepting the Congress programme from 1920 onwards, it must be stated to his eternal credit that he

stood out four square against all compromise from the time of resignations of ministries to the endorsing of mass C.D. and the final sacrifice he made on the altar of his Motherland. Later I learnt that when Satyamurti was transferred as one of a party of 30 detenus to Nagpur, he was taken thence on a rickety bus, in rain, over a distance of 90 miles to Amraoti, without water to drink on the way. His illness began on the 4th day of his arrival in September 1942 and he passed away in March, 1943.

"Strange Finds" (Nava Nidhi)

You go to an evening bazaar where second hand books are sold and you come across an out of date publication—may be, your own, or one which has mixed references to yourself. I have been reading a book of stories in Hindi—Nava Nidhi, one of which relates to the flight of Chandrakunvari from the Allahabad Fort. She was the Rani of Ranjit Singh and after he had been defeated in 1842, she was imprisoned in the Fort from which she made good her escape to Nepal to breathe the air of freedom. Her son Deleep Singh was sent to England where he prepared a memorandum for private circulation amongst members of Parliament, pouring out his grievances. This book and another happened to have been picked up by Babu Shiva Prasad Gupta in an auction and it was that way that India knew of Deleep Singh's labours in England.

But a second book is of still greater interest. It related to the activities of the Arya Samaj and its political outlook dated 1912, being a private publication in which the names of certain people district by district were given. It belonged to Rev. Mr. Holland's library and strangely enough it contained the name of Babu Shiva Prasad Gupta who bought it in the auction.

New Year (Solar) and Vikrama Saka

The Lunar year has a variable beginning and that determines the new year of the Telugus, of the Maharashtras, and of U.P. except 3 districts. In Bengal, Tamil Nadu, three Pahadi (hilly) districts of U.P. and the Punjab, the solar year operates and it usually begins on the 13th April. This year, the Punjab ('Tribune') observed it on the 13th, Bengal ('Amrita Bazar Patrika') on the 15th, Tamil Nadu and ourselves in the Ahmednagar Fort on the fourteenth. But this year's interest lies in that it marks the completion of 2,000 years of Vikram-arka Saka. As we are so much accustomed to the Christian era, it is worthwhile recalling our own past history and a cutting from the 'Tribune' is printed below:

The Vikrama Era and Its Founder

The 13th of April, 1943, marks the completion of the 20th century of the Indian Era of Vikramaditya. The victor in a great national

war, the patron of all that is best and most beautiful in modern Sanskrit Literature and the subject of endless legends. Vikramaditya of Ujjain is to the Hindus what Charlemagne is to the French, what Alfred is to the English, what Asoka is to the Buddhists, what Harun-ul-Rashid is to the Mohammadans. Numberless romances have been written in all the languages of India about this national hero. Neither Rolland nor Arthur is the subject of so much romance in literature as Vikramaditya of Ujjain. Historically, he repelled the foreign invaders of India and the whole of Northern India came under his enlightened and vigorous rule. The arts of peace flourished, science and literature obtained a fresh start and poetry and drama lighted their magic lamp and shed a lustre over their Augustan period of Hindu history. Religion itself gathered strength and life and modern Hinduism flourished under his fostering care. The ancestors of Vikrama, Scythians in origin, entered and settled in India centuries ago. At some opportune time, Gandharvasena seized the throne of Ujjain and ruled there in the first century B.C. He was succeeded by his eldest son Saluka who ruled there for a short time and then fell a victim to the ambition of his brother Vikrama who made some conquests and consolidated a pretty large kingdom. After some years, leaving the reigns of Government to his younger brother Bhartrihari, the noted poet, he himself went out in guise of an ascetic, to study India and the Indian politics. Several years after, Bhartrihari, disgusted with the world through a family calamity, left the Raj to the Ministers and passed into retirement. Hearing this Vikrama hastened to his capital, organised a powerful army, beat back the Scythians and the Pathians, made ample conquests in Northern India. As he was a great patron of Hindu learning and religion, scholars flocked to his courts. The tradition goes that his was the famous court of Nine Gems, happy product of the Brahminical revival. He was adored by the people as he saved the nation and Hinduism by signally defeating the Scythians, whose political importance and outlandish manners had appalled the Indians. His very name Vikrama Sena began to be called Vikramaditya (Sun in Prowess) and his city Avanti began to be called Ujjayini (the victorious city). The people, most probably, started an era after his name but he modestly declined the honour thinking that success against the Sakas, was mainly and largely due to the people of Malwa. So the era began as Malwabda, i.e., the era of Malwa. By it, Vikrama, perhaps vowed both compliment and appreciation. However, it continued for several centuries unaltered. Then fresh successes of new Vikramadityas converted that running of era into its later name of Vikrama-Samvat.

Many kings at different periods and in different countries of India, have been so styled and it seems that the exploits of more than one of them have been confused even in those legends, which may be regarded as having some historical basis. It is hopeless to attempt,

FEATHERS & STONES

to discriminate between the elements which may be historical and others which are undoubtedly pure romance in the great cycle of legend, which have been gathered round the name rather the title Vikramaditya.—(By Janki Das, M.A.)

The Fasli (Year)

While on these astronomical perambulations, one is inclined to ask for the origin of the 'Fasli' year which runs throughout India from 1st July to 30th June. It is the co-operative year in Madras and Revenue accounts in villages are maintained according to 'Fasli' year—this year (1943) being 'Fasli' 1350. The 1351st 'Fasli' begins only on July 1st (1943). The word 'Fasli' means relating to 'Fasl' (crop). New cultivation begins in June or July and therefore there is a certain appropriateness undoubtedly in the expression. But how is the figure arrived at and who started it?

It is said that the adoption of the 'Fasli' year is traceable to the work of Todar Mall during Akbar's time. They must have fixed a certain year during Akbar's reign counting from Hijrat in 622 A.D., when the Paigambar (may peace be on his soul) flew from Mecca to Medina. The object of inaugurating that era was to have a definite starting point just as Salivahana Saka began with 78 A.D. and Vikrama with 57 B.C. A Muslim ruler could not naturally adopt either of these nor was there any reason why, abandoning both Hindu and Muslim, Akbar should have preferred the Christian era. The East India Company was not even functioning perhaps, for Akbar died in 1605.

On this basis, the Hijri year should have been (1943=1361 but it is 1350. There is a difference of about 11 years. Apparently the 'Fasli' year was meant to be a correct year of 365 days—at least from the time when it was fixed up. From that point, the correct Solar year of 365 days was computed,—not however from the 13th March but from 1st of July owing to agricultural considerations. At that rate since the 'Fasli' Era was fixed up and that must have been some time before 1600 A.D., there is a difference of 3 years and odd in every century between the lunar year of Hijri and the solar year of Fasli. Three and a half centuries therefore, creates a difference of $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2} = 11$ years. That is why the Fasli is 1350 instead of being 1361—which it should have been if the lunar year had been computed—since Akbar's time.

Mating of Birds (18—4—'43)

Today we have witnessed an unfortunate accident to one out of the sparrow couple which reside in my room. The female bird hit against the vanes of the Electric Punkha in motion. Suddenly I heard a sound of impact and a little while hence, saw the poor thing in the canvas chair where it had fallen with its withers rung. Presently it fell on the floor and just as we were taking a little water for

her she flew away. These couples present extraordinary sexual manifestations. The male bird dances in a semi circle to and fro for a time when the mating season comes—and that is a sight hitherto never seen by me. Has the jail made them dance?

Thanda Baraf

When we use foreign words or describe foreign articles, we are apt to coin peculiar terminology. In the Telugu country, Kerosene oil is known as Kerosene oil 'nune' (oil) so that the name of the 'oil is not Kerosene, but Keroseneoil oil. So one of the sepoy on duty at the gate, it seems entered in his gate book—"so and so came in at such and such an hour with "Thanda Baraf". Apparently, the word 'Thanda' is meant to be demonstrative not restrictive, as 'baraf' (ice) is always 'thanda' (cold).

Slots and their yield

You go to a big Railway station, put an anna in the slot and pull the drawer, and you get a platform ticket, likewise you may get match boxes, cigarette packets chocolates or change (copper for silver coins). Strange stories are narrated relating to the vagaries of slot machines. On one occasion a friend put in a ½ shilling and instead of getting 6 coppers he got 26. What is he to do with the extra ones? The Railway office people are unwilling to entertain a 'complaint' on this score, because it leads to interminable correspondence and to some one getting the sack as a side result. A conscientious traveller having drawn 20 coppers more than his due, is greatly embarrassed and asked me what I would do under the conditions. I replied saying,—I would keep my six and give the remaining twenty to beggars. 'Ah! but there are no beggars in England!' said he. And he derived satisfaction by thinking that on many occasions he had placed a penny in the slot and got nothing.

This story arose from a discussion of the weighing machine (Alexander) which required considerable adjustment before yielding the correct readings. Even so if you bend forward, you get 154 lbs. and backward 150. Therefore, your weight is put at 152., There are vertical dial machines in big stations which when you place a nickel anna in the slot, record your weight. It seems there are devices by which with the same anna, you can get two men weighed or for that matter a man and a woman or two women or a man or a woman with a child or two children. Put the anna in the slot and both stand on the balance. The weight is recorded. One of them gets down and the reduced weight is noted. The difference is the first person's weight. Isn't it?

Pandit Malaviya and his conscience

One of the widely known facts of life relating to the venerable Pandit is that he catches a train at the last moment. There was

FEATHERS & STONES

but one competitor in the field and that was the late Sir R. Venkataram Naidu, Ex-Vice Chancellor of the Madras University, who nearly always missed his train. On one occasion, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya got into the train at the last moment and had no time to buy his ticket. At the 'terminus adquem', he offered the fare which he should have paid at the 'terminus adquo', but as it often happens, either a penalty is demanded or the alternative is given to so respectable a traveller to go Scot free. But Pandit was not agreeable to either course for he must have informed the stationer or the Guard at the starting station. So he went home and sent his son to buy a first class ticket from Benares to Allahabad and return home and destroy it! Conscience, it is said, makes cowards of us all, but sometimes it doth make puzzles of us all too!

Incognito

We have covered 8½ months of our sojourn here incognito. But it is not we alone, the sepoys also are half that. One sepoy had to be repatriated to Poona on account of illness but it is learnt that he was only given out-door duty at Yeravda C.P. and not allowed to get in. Do Government believe that the public don't still know us as the denizens of the Ahmednagar Fort?

Nine Gems

Marakatha, Manikya, Vajra, Vydhūrya, Gomedhika, Padmaraga, Indra Neela, Muktha, Pravala are the nine famous gems.

I have collected lots of precious stones but they are none of the nine celebrated gems (as above). They are of inferior variety and I do not know what to do with these collections.

Hindi

I am the solitary member here who cannot fluently converse in Hindi or Hindusthani. So I devote 3 hours a day to their study. I was not attracted by Tulsi Ramayana at first, but when I got a letter from home that my wife was at the Sundara Kanda, I felt ashamed and I had to make up much leeway. The epic becomes one of absorbing interest as you proceed and one is tempted to ask who this Tulsidas was and when he wrote it. It appears that either he was lost to his parents or was abandoned by them at a young age as he was born in the 'Moola Nakshatra.' However he fell in with some Sadhus and studied under a 'guru'—Narahari Doss. He died in 1680 Vikrama Era or 1623 A.D. and obviously flourished in the age of Akbar and his son Jehangir. He was born in Suke Kshethra in Etawa District, U.P.

Red Hair and bad temper

Red Hair and bad temper go together, say some. Have you heard of it? An instance is cited of a Bank official in Jubbulpore

who had such a bad temper that no one would go near him. And how could a banker or a lawyer or a doctor or a teacher get on with work if people feared to approach them? I wonder whether dyeing will improve the temper as well as the colour.

Atmospheric Temperature

We have a Thermometer here to measure the atmospheric temperature. But it is not a maximum and minimum thermometer. It is just 12 degrees in advance of the day's measure of heat. We have since secured a spring thermometer which looks like a clock with a dial and hands. That seems to give a better record from which we discover the range of error of its predecessor.

Badminton—place or game?

We have all known this game for long. Latterly we have been playing shuttle-cock and battle-door with bats more frail than those of our younger days. But the point of interest is one which I at any rate need not be ashamed to admit, namely, that the name of the game—Badminton—is the name of a place.

Mr. Phillips ...

First Col. Johnson came from America. He threatened to give a Johnson version of Cripps. Then came Mr. Phillips, who is advertised in the Indian Press day in, day out, as 'President Roosevelt's personal envoy in India' so often that one felt that in these days of scarcity of newsprint it would have saved appreciable space if the words in apposition had been omitted—equally with the advertisement of the movements of Indian politicians "accompanied by the private secretary, Mr.—." Anyway, there is an end to everything in the world—even to Phillips' itinerary in India. Some columnist of U.S.A. has described his achievement as Tea table talk. But he has cleared himself by revealing at his last Press Conference that he "should have liked to see Gandhi but he was informed that he could not be given the necessary facilities." That makes it probable that his expected return to India would remain as much an unfulfilled hope as Col. Johnson's.

Merely a Technical error (25—4—'45)

In the last war, we had the words D.O.R.A. for Britain and D.O.I.A. for India. They were the Defence of the Realm and Defence of India Acts. This time, it is D.I.A. with an elaborate structure and Rule 26 has come into some prominence by the judgment of Sir Maurice Gwyer delivered on the last day of his service on the Federal Court, in which he declared Rule 26 invalid as its language is repugnant to that of Section 2—(10) under which the rule purports to have been enacted. The officials of the India office

minimized the value of the decision and stated that there were many other decisions of the D.I. Act under which many Congressmen under detention, could be bound. That reminds me of an advocate of Madras who acting as the Prosecuting Counsel in a sedition case pleaded for the admission of a document, now under Section 4, then under Section 7 and later under any section of the Indian Evidence Act. The India Office considered the defect pointed out by the Federal Court as a trivial and technical one, very much like the huge consignment of boots sent to the camp in the Crimean War, in which all the boots belonged to one foot (the left) only—a “mere technical” defect, isn’t it?

Marriage during bereavement (27—4—’43)

The news that the “Tribune” set apart Rs. 750/- for Sri S. Satyamurthi’s daughter to be presented her at her wedding was somewhat intriguing. Was the marriage to come off at once? It soon transpired that the wedding took place on the 23rd. Very probably the date was fixed while the father was alive and out of regard for his memory the date was adhered to notwithstanding that it was just a month since he had passed away. And too in the South of India there is a belief that by the giving of a bride within the first year of the father’s death, the virtue of ‘kanyadan’ would accrue to the deceased father. U.P., Maharashtra and Bengal do not share this view and ‘per contra’ view such weddings unfavourably.

Heat and cold

For adjustability in ‘fact’ as for nervousness in ‘fear’, there is perhaps none to beat man in creation. Oh! the summer is coming. What shall we do? Can we get ice? The Gazetter of Ahmednagar says the temperature will shoot up to 114°. It may be, where does it not, except, on the hills! Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi, and Lahore—have they never sighted the temperature in three figures? In Mesopotamia, it shoots up to 132°, I was told by Mr. F. W. D. Tyler, I.C.S., who had been there in that temperature. It is the thermometer that gives the fright, not the temperature and next to that, the mosquito or the sandfly. And we happen to have a very good thermometer, working like a clock by a spring as already described. In the Red Sea, the heat is unbearable to the steamer passengers and in Aden you have a dry and arid stretch of land full of dust and without a patch of green. But in Yemen the people have remedies for heat and cold. On the coast it is very hot, temperature rising over 123° or 125° and in its capital situated 9,000 ft. above sea level, the cold is severe; and against both the people have peculiar remedies. To ward off the heat they sit in a barrel filled with water, all day and the barrel is provided with a small

plank on which paper, pen and ink and smoke are provided. A person sitting inside the barrel on a stool, transacts his work and puffs away at pleasure. And too people rub their bodies with 'mehdi' powder to keep off the heat. So they look reddish. At the Capital, Sanah, the frost is so severe that the protection must be against cold. There they rub their bodies with 'neel'—indigo—which gives the necessary protection and they look 'blue'. I heard that Mr. Louis Fishcher was sitting in a tub of water and writing away his despatches from Wardha.

The date marked above reminds me of the fact that we have finished our nine months of gestation. Yet there seems to be nothing for delivery. There is a popular belief in Andhra and Gujarat that some women carry for twice nine months or even thrice nine months. God willing and war progressing, there is a good chance of either of these mystic beliefs proving true. Jocularly, I had fixed the 30th April as the latest day of our delivery. But it proved an abortion for Sir Maurice Gwyer's judgment calling in question Rule 26 of the D.I. Act practically made us free on the 22nd but on the 28th, the new ordinance validating the invalid and illegal law under which we were bound, was promulgated and even today it is doubtful how far our detention is legal, for although the Madras and Lahore High Courts have upheld the ordinance, it is to face its own ordeal before the Federal Court with Spence as the Chief Judge or perhaps Varadachari as Acting Chief Justice. My prophecy—a lay one altogether, didn't prove such a failure.

Deer hunt by Cheeta

We are reading Timur in Urdu being a translation of Harlod Lamb's work in which we note that in that age, perhaps even now, they hunted deer by cheetas. The latter are seated on horses blind folded and taken near a herd of deer or antelopes—where the eyes are opened and the cheeta pounces upon its victims and kills them.

Falcon, bazi

Falcon bazi is still more curious. The birds are trained like the cheetas. They go up into the air—flying apace with the deer vertically over their heads and at midday and cast their beautiful shadows gently moving in front of the antelopes. These innocents are curious to know what lies and moves in front of them and raise their heads to see what is above. Instantly, the bird descends upon the face and clutches the two eyes with its pair of claws and the poor animal is disabled. How clever we are in devising the means of destroying life!

Kanda Puran

We have heard of the Ashtadasa purans,—the 18 Ithihasas. But in Gujarat there is a 19th equally reputed. It is the Kanda Puran

(not the Skanda Puran) or the Pyaj Purana—named after that sacred creation of the Gods known as the onion. The onion is known by different names in different parts of India—Ulli (Telugu) Vangayam (Tamil), Ungli (Gujarati), Kanda (Maharashtra), Pyaj (Hindi), Basar or Ganda (Punjab). Once upon a time, the story runs, a certain disinterested tapasvi was performing 'ghora tapas' (deep penance) to invoke Siva's presence and the God appeared before him and asked him his desire. The man said 'I ask nothing for myself. But the Kali Yuga is coming and it is stated that the longevity of man is to be short. I pray that some device be contrived whereby to lengthen life.' Siva said 'you have come to the wrong place. I am only the destroyer. Go to Brahma who is the creator.' And the man prayed to Brahma as advised, whereupon Brahma appeared and on knowing the purpose, said 'Oh! no you have again missed your bus, I am only the creator. You must go to the preserver, if you should secure a lengthening of life.' Then the person prayed to Vishnu, the Preserver whereupon Vishnu appeared and being acquainted with the purpose said 'Yes but the task is both complex and delicate. We must all three confer together and evolve a formula. They put their heads together and evolved one, and then they put their hands to the task and fashioned a substance which was a synthesis of the three gods. It had a small tuft on its head to represent Brahma, then a Bhagwa overall—thin and saffron coloured, round itself to represent Siva, and finally a 'Sankhu' and a 'Chakra' in its structure to represent Vishnu—the former in a vertical section and the latter in a horizontal. This was the 'onion' which was the creation of the three Gods for prolonging the life of humanity in the Kaliyug. But what happened? People lived long and lived virtuous. They all went to Heaven which soon became congested and a deputation from the angels of Heaven waited upon the Gods, one after another in vain but upon all the three to a purpose. The Trinity then put their heads together and incorporated the characteristic smell of the onion into it and presented some 'vidhi nishedhams'—some duties and inhibitions. A class of people soon came into being who cultivated the belief that such a smell should be considered polluting and the Brahmans as a class (not after the advent of the British into India), abjured the onion and likewise many ultra orthodox people, thus relieving the congestion in the 'Baheest' (Heaven).

Alla Bux Assassinated

The news of the assassination of Alla Bux at Shikarpur on the 14th May has come as a shock. Only recently we were deeply grieved over the sudden, but natural death of Sir Sikandar Hyat Khan and here we learn of the unnatural death of another premier, after he had laid down the reins of office. Nothing is as yet known as to who perpetrated it and why.

Earthquakes

Some one has predicted an earthquake in Japan this year. One is due it seems. Japan's enemies count upon nature's cataclysms as a compensation for their own minimized energies in fighting. Nature is as cruel as beneficent, as much to be feared as loved. "Before its irrationalities, we are told reason trembles" says Dixon in "The Human situation."

"The eruption of Krakatoa in 1783 destroyed 40,000 human beings; the Quits in 1797 also 40,000; the Lisbon earthquake in 1775—80,000. Is human life a bubble? Whither the present century, in 1908 and again in 1920, similar disturbances in Sicily and China eliminated half a million lives in sixty seconds. The eruption of Mount Peb in less than a quarter of an hour laid the capital of Martinique in ruins, with the loss of 30,000 lives. During the Yangstee floods in 1931 over a million perished by drowning. Etna wakes and Massine perishes. Islands are submerged with their human freight like ships at sea. In 1929, Miro-form in the Pacific simply disappeared with all its inhabitants into the ocean depths. Would those things be, if the king of the universe were our friend?

The Koil and the Crow

"Ah! a Koil (Cuckoo) among crows" is a proverbial expression. The saying may be reversed too into 'Oh! a crow among Koils!' What they call a Koil in English is not clear. Till yesterday I was under the impression that the English word for a Koil is cuckoo. But I am corrected and, therefore, stand corrected. I am again corrected and told that Koil and cuckoo are the same. Let us call it Koil. However, a Koil must be equally eminent by whatever name you call it. I do not say 'equally beautiful,' for whatever else it may be, it is not beautiful. Its colour is blacker than a crow's though more shining. After all 'Black' does not matter. All lawyers (advocates) are required to wear black silk gowns in India, whatever their own complexion and colour be. The High Courts are a little wanting in artistic sense. From the stand point of colour alone the Koil is entitled neither to praise nor blame. Its shape and its form when flying have none of the dignity of the eagle, and look rather flat without any curves, the bird shooting like an arrow in the atmosphere. What then is elegant about it? The voice—sweet and rapturous doubtless, but when you are in a jail and the bird is a denizen of one of the big trees in which all jails abound, the whole day and all day long, cooing of the Koil is apt to ring monotonous in our ears, unless it be that we keep pace with it and play second fiddle to it. I have not seen the Koils in pairs like the sparrows, the parrots and the kites even while flying. Again, the voice of one is not responded to by that of its spouse. On further enquiry I learnt that the curvilinear cooing that we hear is that of the male bird,

FEATHERS & STONES

the female's voice is a low murmur, hardly audible. Since writing this I have heard the latter too.

The Koil's Eggs

Now a word of how the Koil lays her eggs. It is well known—at any rate universally believed, that the bird lays its eggs in a crow's nest, that the crow hatches them and when the young birds emerge, feed them until they take to their wings. How does this happen? How can the Koil penetrate into the crow's nest? Matter is impenetrable and birds too are. The fact seems to be that when the Koil expects to lay her eggs, she gives a hint to the male. The latter goes to a crow's nest and picks up a quarrel with the owners whereon they try to drive the Koil away. The Koil flies faster than the crow and therefore draws away the owners from the nest. At this time the female Koil enters the nest and lays her eggs and when she has done, makes a signal to the male Koil who thereupon draws back the poor, stupid, dull crows to the nest. Another essential point is that the crow is not a good accountant and does not know the number of her own eggs. They get mixed and the crow hatches them all. The birds emerge in good time and report hath it that the crow is more fond of the Koil young ones than her own. She feeds them well and when the time comes for cooing, they discover that certain young ones in the nest are cooing while others are cawing.

They keep the latter and drive out the former. All this means that this migratory bird—the Koil is not a visitor only in the “Vasanta ritu”. I believe it resides, after once arriving in that “ritu”, for at least four to six months. And the story given above fits in with this view. Where they go next we know not.

Hindu Names

By a rule of grammar, when the names of a woman and her husband have to be joined, the woman's name comes first and then the man's—Seetha Ram, Parvathi Parameshwar, Gouri Shankar, Lakshmi Narayan, Uma Shankar, Janaki Ram and so on. But how about Radha Krishna, Radha is not known as one of the 8 wives of Krishna or 16,000 gopikas. Nowhere, it is agreed, is she referred to except as a bhakthini of great devotion and attachment. Her story is not given in Bhagavat, but occurs only in the Vivarth Puran.

Janaki Sect

Janaki is all over India employed as a word typifying a Hindu woman of devotion and purity. In marriage invitations a “slokam” is quoted which refers to the marriage of Janaki (the daughter of Janaka Maharaj) with Sri Rama. Marriage songs, (in Andhra) speak of ‘our Janaki’ having joined hands with Rama. But I learn for the first time there a sect called the “Janaki” sect. There is nothing

striking in its existence with its emphasis on the worship of Janaki even as the Roman Catholics emphasize the worship of Mary. But it is said that the followers of the Janaki sect dress themselves as women and dance in their religious ecstasy and imitate the acts, habits and observances of a woman—including the observance of the 'period'! One of our wellknown Behar friends, it is said, belongs to this sect.

The Zamorin

The Zamorin is a name to conjure with in Malabar. More recently it has come into prominence as that of the biggest landlord in the country, who is very orthodox and conservative and has persistently opposed to removal of untouchability. But what does the word mean? I was not able to get at the meaning in Malabar. It is derived, I now learn, from the word "samunder" which the Arabs pronounced as samorin and the Portuguese made it zamoni—Zamorin, the Lord of the coastal area.

Salutation

Forms of salutation vary with the country. The English people wish each other 'good morning' and 'good evening, 'good afternoon' and 'good night', Good day and Good bye though we in India find it hard to use these appropriately any more than we can use Breakfast, Lunch, Tiffin or Tea and Dinner and Supper. The mere removal of the hat on the head, the touching of it, the nodding of the head, the raising of the hand to the temple in the military or semi-military style,—all these have their parodies in India amongst those who follow the English manners,—up to the point of the elderly people raising both hands and approximating them to the forehead on either side. Some people bow their heads. The Mussalmans' greeting is by no means of the stiff and unbending western style. They bend their back ever so slightly at least and their head equally in carrying their fingers to the forehead—not the temple as in the correct British fashion. This is called 'Adab baja laha'. There are two other ways, in progressively more respectful style—the 'Koornish' which consists in half bending the small of the back and the "Pharshi salam", which consists in bending in full the small of the back so that the fingers touch the carpet or the floor (Pharsh). Then the person rises, so raising his hand and with it touches his forehead. In saluting a King or a Governor, people perform what is called 'Kadam bosi' or 'Takht bosi' kissing the feet or throne as marks of allegiance. I have seen the Moslem minister of Madras in his tour in the country holding the hands of the Moslem visitors and kissing them on their 'dorsum' as mark of cordiality. Amongst the Hindus, both hands are placed in juxta position and are raised together to the level of the chest. Some, like the first premier of Orissa, bring the two hands in a sweep gathering the air in between

them from either side and keep them in the position of 'salutation' 18 inches away from the chest. It looks artistic undoubtedly. In a 'nautch' party the dancing girls perform the salutation with their hands raised as usual, but moving the two hands joined together up and down as they turn from the centre of the audience to one side of them and the other, much like a revolving fan. Some people raise the approximated hand over their heads and rest them on the scalp, while others take them to one shoulder or the other. There is another form—'sashtanga danda pranam' which the followers of the 'Vaishnava' sect in South India observe when meeting their elders on ceremonial occasions, on the eve of a journey or on a return from it. In Bengal, this is a common observance due from the juniors to the seniors in the family and to distinguished elders apart from the speciality of the occasion. It also obtains in Maharashtra. It consists in bending the whole body on the palms of the two hands and resting it on the ground touching it at 8 points—the toes, the knees, the abdomen, the chest, the forehead, the elbows, the nose and the eyes—the eight organs which make up the 'astha anga'. There is also described a 'Dwadasanga Pranam'—in which 12 organs touch the ground. An abbreviated form is the usual salutation in a bent posture with the right hand touching both the feet and touching with that hand both one's own eyes—so as to imply that the dust of the feet of the elders is carried to the eyes of the younger.

Addressing .

This naturally takes us to the question of the different ways of addressing the elders. In Bengal, in olden days, prior to the spread of English education and even now in the villages, 'Mahasaya' is the form of addressing elders, superiors, and landlords by tenants. So it is in Orissa too. In Andhra the expression 'ayya' is used which is the corruption of 'Arya'—the same that in Prakrit becomes Ajja. In Tamil Nadu, it is Iyer or Swami while in the Kannada country it is 'Devara', in Bombay it is 'Sheth'.

Man's cruelty to animals

Some years ago in Calcutta, there was a boom for 'lizards' skins for export to England where there was a craze amongst ladies for them. They made a variety of articles with them, money purses, handbags, shoes and so on. Calcutta was the centre of the export trade and it was said that some men of the learned profession made piles of money by exchanging the counter for the bar. So many lizards were killed in Bengal that it became a rage. They were hunted alike in houses and fields and the result was that rats increased and began to devastate cultivated lands. But luckily, the demand for skins soon fell and normal conditions were restored.

Unborn Kids

This leads to another horror prevalent sometime ago. It seems the skins of unborn kids make the finest and costliest leather. Therefore, a nasty trick was adopted of selling up dogs and goats about to be confined. The goats ran for their life and while being pursued, delivered their young ones still-born and the skins of these became an article of Trade.

Prickly pear and cochineal

Strange results follow unexpected phenomena. Some one "introduced cochineal—a tiny white insect that flew into India and it has killed prickly pear from Cape to Mount. People were glad that this unconquerable bush was at last killed, but whole streets and house compounds became indistinguishable from one another and what was worse the rich vegetation—big trees, that grow in the prickly pear hedges of compounds of houses, disappeared at once, the cool environment furnished by the hedge, having disappeared. One benefit of Nature is concurrent with one evil and vice versa.

Gambling on Rain

Man derives more pleasures from the unknown than from the known. Speculation is only another name for this circumlocutory statement. Otherwise why should people have "satta" on cotton, betting at races and gambling on rain. In Calcutta big business is driven by well-to-do merchants in betting on rain. When it is a bit cloudy, people gather together in their cars round the residence of the particular person carrying on the business. The bet varies from 1 to 9 to 1 to 15 and if the clouds don't result in rain, the party pays Re. 1 to the office but if there should be rain, the office pays 9 to 15 rupees to the better.

Our Visitors

The Collector and the Civil Surgeon both Indians, it was said in Parliament, were our weekly visitors here in the Fort. Dr. Merchant is the Civil Surgeon. As for the Collector, we have had three Mr. Ghatke (Prov. C. Service) who was sent as Civil Recruiting Officer and we were reading his recruiting speeches in the Press. His successor was Mr. Patil—an I.C.S. who after a few weeks was sent to Ratnagiri to make room for Mr. Millard who has been transferred from Khandesh—a hot district to Ahmednagar—a cool district. Mr. Millard has only two years to complete his service and it is the privilege of such retiring officers to seek their own station. Mr. Millard knows Maharashtra language and I raised my usual point that Anglo-Indians must select a provincial language hereafter as their mother tongue for obvious reasons—for political reasons to be plain—for, they are destined to live and die in this country and,

mix with the people, work in offices with a provincial language and of which they cannot remain ignorant. Then I said he might after retiring, interest himself in politics like late Sir H. Gidney, I.M.S. and become, who knows, a minister. He laughed away the idea perhaps because he felt as I said, that politics is aeroplane riding while service is ship sailing, the former risky but exalted, the latter safe but humdrum.

Loteme Namak Pada is a common expression in Hindusthanee and Maharashtra. To put salt in one's lota or tumbler is to bind one to an oath—to do a certain thing. Thus when votes for elections are canvassed, this practice comes much into vogue.

Variations Of Languages

Gender is the crux of life—it is the problem of the linguist. It is the despair of man till his last breath. In German as in French, even the articles (definite and indefinite) have gender, let alone adjectives and verbs. In Persian, there is no gender even for verbs as in Malayalam. In Sanskrit, there are seven cases for nouns, but in German, there are only four. There is the dual number in Sanskrit, Arabic and Greek. In Telugu and Tamil and Kanarese, nouns have gender, but largely the distinction follows the meaning. In Telugu, the Sun is masculine and the Moon feminine and is not etymological. And the genders in Telugu are masculine and feminine. In Hindi, gender is the bugbear of the learner. Why on earth "makan" (house) is masculine and "kotli" feminine, we cannot understand. Nor why 'ghee', 'pani', 'hathi', 'dahi' are masculine though they end in "ee". Above all why 'Police' is feminine, remains a mystery—even when they lathi-charge and shoot.

Vagaries of a Dt. Magistrate

The Britisher in India as a civilian presents in some cases, vagaries of an astounding character. One Dt. Judge in a certain province had specialised in them. He was sitting in his office room which had but one chair for himself. On one occasion a talukadar paid him a visit and was only shown in. After greetings and a few words of enquiry, it transpired that he was a talukadar and forthwith he apologised and ordered a 'munda' (a stool without a back or side) for him to sit on. It was only nine inches high. The poor man arrayed in all his pomp and glory had to squat on it as if on the ground. Presently, it was revealed in conversation that he was a titled aristocrat. At once 'Seebel' called the Chowkidar and ordered a bigger 'munda'. Later, he learnt that he was a belted Knight—more apologies and a higher stool followed and the height of the stool grew step by step to such a degree that it became too high for him to reach. The last really was the other extreme as compared with the first!

Shaving in Court

One day the same officer noticed that some lawyers had come without a shave. He sent for the barber and subjected them to the ordeal in the court as the saloon.

The Madras Civilian

In 1906-08, there was a civilian known as Mr. Scott, I.C.S., who was then the Collector of Krishna District. He had been an Assistant Collector in Kurnool whose Collector was an elderly Muslim gentleman. One day, the officers were all gathered on the Railway station to receive the Governor who was due at the place by train. Just on the eve of his arrival, the young Assistant Collector took a pair of scissors and cut along the whole length of the Collector's long sherwani.

Kuchela or Krishna?

One of the close kept secrets of the Working Committee is the economic position of the members. Few know about one another's assets and liabilities. But wild rumours are sometimes and in some quarters prevalent notably amongst some of the Communist friends about the fantastic wealth of some of the members. There is a friend called Shankarrao Dev—Sometime President of the Maharashtra P.C.C., one who had joined the 'Satyagraha' movement in 1919 and gave up his Law studies. He has been a bachelor and has run an Ashram. He has been a member of the Working Committee since the Faizpur session of the Congress in 1937 (December). He goes baresark and grows a small beard so as to avoid attention to the daily toilet. He is greatly respected in his province and is a well-known Congress leader. In Orissa, the term Dev is a suffix taken by wealthy princes and zamindars. The Maharaja of Jeypore in Orissa (an estate whose income is 40 lakhs a year) is named Vikrama Dev Varma. So Shankarrao Dev was taken by some of the Orissa Communists as a wealthy prince of Maharashtra! It is Shankarrao Dev's misfortune to be misrepresented at one end by Sir Md. Oosman as having made a violent speech and at the other end as being enormously wealthy by the Communists. Has ever a Kuchela been mistaken for a Krishna thuswise?

Visit and Return Visit

For anybody to think of the younger days and the activities therein is an amusing experience. When Jawaharlal returned from England and set up practice as a Barrister at Law, he was advised to call on the Commissioner in Allahabad. In those days (1912) when the U.P. was known as the N.W. Province of Agra and Oudh, when the provincial head was only a Lieutenant Governor without an Executive Council (the Executive Council was attached to the Governor only from 1921) the Commissioner who was the head of the largest division in the Province was considered next in importance only to the Lt. Governor. And when the courtesies were duly

rendered, the Lt. Governor returned the visit to Jawaharlal and expressly told him 'I am come to see you—not your father who had never called on me!'

Motilaljee and his bedding

Motilaljee was a big made man, big in stature, big in moustache, big in intellect, big in heart, big in learning, outlook and ideal, big in purse, style and status. The Governors knew all this. Unfortunately once the aforesaid Commissioner and Motilaljee happened to be travelling together, one night in the same compartment, and Motilaljee had his bedding spread and made himself comfortable and retired, but the Commissioner did not make his bed or stretch himself. They did not exchange a word though they perhaps knew by face one another. Sometime after the Commissioner narrated to a third party all that had happened and explained how he had not the heart, after seeing the magnificent bedding of Motilaljee to open out his poor bedding and so remained sitting and half reclining over his bundled *bister*!

The Warder and his jargon

One day the Warder (convict warder) as we call them in South India and they in U.P. came to me and asked me to take count of the fruit from the bazaar, as the friend usually in charge was not there in his room—adjacent to mine. "Twenty three oranges—one taken by Tukaram (sepoy or warder), Tomatoes six, lemons twelve—total thirty-nine." His cry, sudden and stylish, reminded me of the night watcher and convict warder's cries in the jails and I asked him to repeat some of these. He is a Gujarati who had been in Sabarmati, and Yerayda jails and who was sent to us at the Ahmednagar Fort to supervise the convicts and help the detenus. He sang regarding "Sabarmati" jail as follows:

Sabarmata	Peela topi—Sat
Central jail °	
bavan chakki	Kaidi
thain rate °	Hath kadi barabar
Dhari pat pakdo	Bengal
Chalo file	Pachas kaidi,
Ek sow; Kaidi	Ekavan Thala,
Total	Bathi,
Barabar sab	Darwaza, khitiki,
Hath kadi barabar	Sab barabar.
Lal topee—teen	

Sind

In one of the Sind jails, there are thirteen male warders and one female warder. The chief warder in giving the count to the jailor said,

Thera mard Ek aurath	}	milkar	{	Total Chowda He was duly corrected.
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Timur or Tamarlane

We are reading the history of Timur in Urdu. He flourished in the early part of the fourteenth century and starting with nothing he built up a big empire, and his exploits in India and Delhi are well known. The Historian speaks of the water-clocks that he had, lead pipes used for conveyance of water and dancing goats, while he carried his milk and wine in the hollow of the goat's horns during his journeys.

Vicarious Punishment

We have some very fine proverbs to show how people or objects suffer by association. The wooden handle of the Smith's hammer suffers by its attachment to the iron head thereof.

The Bug and the Leech

The bug envied the leech that sucks away the blood of man. It too began its exploits with the latter's permission but while the leech sucked blood quietly, the bug caused pain—the person searches for the offending creature, (the humbug that really it is, flees) and the poor leech is discovered and killed.

Likewise a cat approached a Kite's nest and was forthwith pounced upon but reassured the kite that it is harmless. So it continued until the eggs were laid. And it consumed them one by one and when the kite protested, it consumed the kite as well.

How To Lessen The Ass's Load

This is an intriguing problem. We have all known the story of the old man and his son carrying the ass instead of the ass carrying the old father or the young son. Both were tried and both were jeered at and in trying to please all they pleased none. But this is not the story which was intended to be narrated. The Maharaja of Bikaner, we are told, has appointed a committee to investigate the causes of poverty amongst his beloved people. That reminds one of the story of a person who was riding an ass and going uphill. The ass was almost collapsing under the strain. Then he removed his turban, later his shoes and coat and handed them to his valet. But 'why do you do all this?' asked the ass and the reply came forthwith, "to lighten your burden." "Then why not yourself get off my back?" said the wise ass.

The Elephant Never Forgets

No, never. A tailor was daily giving a little *gud* (jaggery) to a certain elephant passing by his shop. The animal ever so grateful,

would daily pause at the shop, stretch out its trunk and grope for the lump of gud. One day, the tailor had not the usual lump and so tried to send away the visitor by cajoling and coaxing, by talks and signs but he would not listen so the tailor gave a gentle prick on the tender edge of the trunk with his needle. The elephant was daily watching the tailor pass his stables. One day, when the animal returned from the tank as usual, it spotted the tailor and lifting the trunk sprayed the muddy water specially brought from the tank on the tailor's face.

But not a Joke

That was only a joke and the elephant must be congratulated on his sense of humour. In Canjeevaram, another story is narrated of a temple elephant to which on procession days, the pilgrims in the crowd offer fruit, cocoanut, jaggery and so on and the animal takes them all and enjoys the feed. One day a boy gave a ball of thorns and poor thing took it and must have suffered. Next day, amidst hundreds of people it picked up the boy lifted him with his trunk, placed him under its foot and tore him in twain. The camel is reputed to be even more vindictive while the cobra's vendetta knows no bounds of space or time.

British Engineers and Engineering

The British are very proud of their engineering achievements. Their tube railways in London are a grand affair. But are they grander than the huge drains built by the Romans when Britain was under them? They are proud of the Suez Canal but really only of their shares in the concern—not of the engineering skill which goes to the credit of Lessep, a French Engineer. Can they show anything akin to the Pyramids or the sphinx, the caves of Ajanta with its frescoes, the Kailas temple of Ellora, the rock cut cave temples of Elephanta, the stupas and torans of Sanchi and Bhilsa, the Masoleum of Taj, that jewel of Fatehpur Sikri, the palaces of Agra and Delhi, the Ashoka Pillars, the Kutab Minar, the Junter Mantar at Delhi, Jaipur and Ujjain, the Shalimar gardens of Lahore, the Golden Temple of Amritsar, the Khajrao temple of U.P., the Bhuvaneshwar temple and Kanrak temples of Orissa, those artistic jewels in Mysore,—the temples of Halibede and Belur, the monuments of grandeur embodied in stone and mortar in the temples of Tanjore, Madura, Shrirangam, Chidambaram and Trivandrum, the *Gunbad-i-Larja* (Shaking Towers) at Ahmedabad whose two towers shake both through a range of 6 inches on thumping from inside, or the *Mainar-i-kaji* which are inclined pillars built by Muslim Engineers of old or the Hammams at Fatehpur Sikri and opposite the Agra Fort, the latter built by Gilani, which were troughs of water heated by a lamp which is self-feeding and never extinguished.

British Vandalism

To probe the mysteries of these lamps and those turrets of Ahmedabad, British Engineers, unbuilt one of the towers and found no Atlantis nor Adishesu, no talisman nor *tawez* underneath but on replacing the stones found that tower no longer a *gumbud-i-larza* (shaking). 'Luckily the other one is intact. But a similar investigation has thrown out of gear the two Hammams (Baths.) British engineering skill is best seen in the Central Secretariat at Delhi where the tiles of the ceiling fell upon the head of Sir Basil Blackett, the Finance Member (1926-1927) and taking it for granted that other tiles would fall, a wire net cover for the ceiling was advised!

What Is There In a Name?

It is usual for Indians to adopt the names of the elements and their mythological progeny, the ancient heroes, martyrs and saints and yet most of the names do not prove to be *Sarthak namas*—names fulfilling in the person's character their meaning. There is a fine proverb in this behalf which runs thus:

Amarnath Mar gaya; Lakshmi Gobar bechti, Dhanpal bheekh mangta hai, Mera nam Tantanpal—Bechara.

The man who bore the name of Amara (undying) died. The woman bearing the name of Lakshmi—the goddess of wealth—is selling cowdung, the person bearing the name Dhanpal (Lord of Wealth) is begging but my name, says one, is Tantanpal. Poor fellow he has nothing to gain or to lose by his name.

Emigration

India has a coastal length of 4,800 miles and an area of 18 lakhs of square miles and now (1943) a population of 389 millions. And India was once a great shipping country. Conditions therefore are quite favourable to emigration. Gujarat is a great field of recruitment. This was known in the days of contemplated (but abandoned) mass Civil Disobedience of 1921 when it was said that the Gujaratis who had been in South Africa knew what the movement was and therefore Gandhi wanted to try it in the Ananda and Bardoli Tahsils and wanted India to infuse her spirit and strength into him. From Gujarat, people were going to South Africa. After the World War No. 1, they began migrating to East Africa. It is strange that the Maharashtras are not given to emigration. The Bengalees, Uriyas and Andhras migrated in large numbers to Burma, besides Africa, while the Tamils and Malayalis migrated in addition to Malaya, Singapore and Ceylon.

Consanguinary Marriages

The marriage customs of many countries differ rather widely one from another. In South India and in a small measure in Maharashtra,

marrying a 'matula kanya'—maternal uncle's daughter, is either not objected to or at places considered commendable. In certain castes, it is obligatory. Marrying a sister's daughter is not unknown too. Extreme wealth and extreme poverty tends to encourage the latter so that they may conserve property or not suffer in society from want of it. Amongst the Pharoahs of Egypt, there was the custom of brother marrying sister, and in 'Bagh-O-Bahar' or 'Char Dervish', the story is told of how a King's daughter ran away from home in order to escape the attentions of the brother and the father. What was permissible to Abraham and Brahma and amongst the Pharoahs has been repugnant to later generations.

The Seasons

The weather of Ahmednagar Fort is marvellous. It cooled down early in June while the clouds began to lower even from the 20th May. We have never touched a higher temperature than 106°F. In June and July, we have had more than 15 inches of rain out of an average of 21 inches. But last year, the rainfall touched 36 inches and this year unless the clerk of the weather proves treacherous, it may keep pace with last year's measure. Now the weather is a familiar subject to all of us—the opening topic of conversation in all convivial gatherings and this had led to the naming of the *Ritus*. What was my surprise when I learnt that in Bengal the year opens with *Greeshma ritu*. No doubt, their year is solar and there is generally a difference of two or three weeks in the inauguration of their new year and the lunar new year. The latter begins with *Vasanta Ritu*. But to both the provinces are common the 6 *ritus*.—*Vasanta*, *Greeshma*, *Varsha*, *Sharad*, *Hemanta*, and *Shishira*. Only the commencement and the ending vary.

Those Two Sindhi Orderlies!

In an ordinary murder case, the convict who has escaped hanging gets life sentence which means statutorily 20 years out of which 6 years are cut off on account of Queen Victoria's grace for all. So, a life sentence except in the case of treason means 14 years. Out of this ordinarily, a convict gets a remission of 4 days a month or 48 days a year on the whole i.e., 14×48 days of remission minus the months of entry and of exist i.e. minus 8 days i.e. $672 - 8 = 664$ days or 22 months roughly 2 years. There remain 12 years. But a life convict or even a long term prisoner of 4 years and over is made after a year and half a maistry when he gets an extra day a month and after another year a convict overseer with extra two days a month and after another year or 6 months, a convict warder, with extra four days in the year. In other words, he gets as maistry 12 days extra over 1

* This requires a correction, as remission is calculated on the number of years actually served.

year, as overseer 24 days over 1 year and for over seven or eight years, another $7 \times 12 \times 4$ days or 12 plus 24 plus-336 = 372. This being deducted from 12 years, the average term reduces itself to between 10 and 11 years. There is also the system of selection of prisoners by a Board composed of I.G., District Judge and Superintendent in well behaved cases under which people get off after serving $\frac{2}{3}$ rd of the original term of 14 years. Now in the Poona (Yerawada) Prison, there were two Sindhi prisoners who rose to the position of convict warders in which position, they are generally given responsible and light duties as orderlies to the Superintendent and the jailor or kept in charge of Provision Stores and so on. The two Sindhi convicts became the orderlies of the Superintendent who was in the habit of changing his dress in the course of the day and kept them in his office—one in which he enters and goes out, one for Monday's inspection and one for the rounds. The office is situated upstairs in the central tower served by a wooden stair case. Generally, there are two such stair cases—one for the Superintendent and the other for the rest. Every day, the Superintendent's arrival and exit, was marked by the characteristic sound of his footsteps on the stairs. One evening, he didn't turn up but few people would notice when and whether he came. It is taken for granted that he would or did attend in the evenings. When the Superintendent enters the Jail, the guard at the main gate presents arms, the convict warder on duty opens the gate and admits him and closes it after him, then he walks on to the inner gate when the convict-warder on duty opens the inner gate and closes it on him and then he walks on to the office situated in what is called the tower—an octagonal building—each facet facing one of the eight blocks built in 8 octants of the circle. That is the structure of the jail. The blocks are surrounded by an inner circular road, parallel to which the high walls of the jail run round. That particular evening referred to, the 'Superintendent' as usual left in his outgoing dress and the orderly got down the Superintendent's stair case with the customary sound of the footsteps, walked straight to the inner gate, the convict warder on duty opened it, walked along the corridor between the two gates accompanied by his orderly, the gate-keeper *Salaamed* him, the convict warder on duty at the outer gate opened it, the guard gave the salute and away walked the two blokes and they disappeared for six years. The reader would be puzzled as to how the 'Superintendent' and his orderly became the two Sindhi prisoners who escaped. The fact was they dressed themselves in the two dresses of the superintendent left in the office, imitated his gait, wore his hat, took his canes and walked out. No one suspected them and they were re-arrested only after six years when once again they were assigned to their place of honour and were running the jail as

usual. The fact is that the jails in India are run not by the Superintendent or the Jailor or the Warders, but by the convict warders. When the politicals went again to the jail, they found these two Sindhis right enough and when the new Superintendent who had not known the story was told it all, he said that without them the jails simply would not run.

Beedies

The one big trade that goes on in the jails is the *Beedi* trade. Of course, other articles get in too. But a convict would easily part with his bolus of rice—some 16 oz. in weight for a cigarette or beedi. And how do these get in? Generally, through the warders who throw bundles of these overnight over the high jail walls and are picked up by the convict warders and sold inside. The money is negotiated outside through the convicts' relations and the convict gets 3/4th of the amount in kind which again gives additional profits to the warder who arranges the whole affair. But where are these bundles stored? Anywhere in a jail of 60 acres inner compound with Provisions, Stores, Carpet Manufacturing rooms, Workshops, Tailoring shops, armour rooms and what not. But in the particular case cited of the Sindhi convict warders, they were in the least suspected place. One day when one of our politicals went to the tower and asked the Superintendent where the beedies would be, he answered 'anywhere' but what was his surprise when the political pulled out the bottom drawers of his (Superintendent's) tables and showed him the stocks! That is a jail.

Sulphonamide and 'Nepato'

Now-a-days the laity knows much more medicine—much more not of classical medicine but the modern journalistic advertisement medicines than the qualified doctor who becomes soon superannuated, while the perpetual patient is always up to date, always on a level with the age. Well, we have been hearing for the last four or five years a good deal about sulphonamide and its several compounds.

They are administered invariably in various coccal infections. Cocci are dot-like microbes arranged singly, in twos or groups. They are gonococcus, diplococcus, Pneumococcus, Meningococcus, streptococcus, staphylococcus and so on. Any condition associated with sepsis and pus formation is a coccal affection and gets a preparation of sulphonamide. One day a friend said he had gone to the Civil Hospital of his place and the Civil Surgeon was prescribing almost for every condition tablets of sulphonamide compounds one or another. Recently when Churchill got Pneumonia, he was, it was said, treated by one of these new preparations. However, these are days of new specifics and the same medicine for all complaints is a tempting proposition and recalls what in tradition we have heard of the universal

panacea, such a panacea is possessed by an Indian doctor unacquainted with Allopathy or Homeopathy but an expert in his own line. It is *Nepalo*, which is the common name from the corton plan which grows in abundance in towns and villages and serves as a hedge of large compounds from which croton oil—a drastic purgative is prepared. This is generally given in cases of apoplexy, sudden paralysis to give relief by strong purging. This particular doctor has come to repose his full faith in the croton oil pills for all complaints. He always prescribes two of them at a time.

(i) *Nepalo and the Ass*

An old woman who maintained an ass and used the animal for fetching some special clay from afar which she was selling to the potter for a couple of annas—her sole source of maintenance—lost the creature and searched everywhere but could not find it. She was advised to go to this doctor who forthwith prescribed his two pills. They purged her drastically and she had to go to the outskirts of the village each time and in one of her rounds found her ass. The doctor's reputation went up for he was not merely a body doctor but a universal doctor and was much sought after.

(ii) *The King and Queen and Nepalo*

There was the king of the place who for some reason had abandoned his queen and married another wife. For the former, he built a separate palace outside the town and ceased to pay attentions to her. One day the queen fell ill on account of her loneliness and sent for our doctor to whom she narrated her miseries and the King's waywardness. The doctor, of course, prescribed his two pills. The poor queen purged severely and was on the point of collapse. The doctor was sent for again and he prescribed for her a drink of cold water kept in a new pot and she recovered. That day the King went out a hunting. The day was hot. He got exhausted. There was no water anywhere and he made his way homeward. But, on the way he stopped at his queen's place being unable to bear his thirst and asked for water. The bearer gave a glass of the cold water from the new pot and the King was mightily pleased and asked the bearer how he got such cold water. He said that that was the water the queen always drank and the King changed his mind and went in and joined hands with the queen who must be feeling ever so happy, through this life-giving cold water.

(iii) *Invasion and Nepalo*

The third of the series is perhaps not so dignified. The King while thus restored to his first wife apprehended a siege by an enemy. The remedy to such a desperate situation was not easy to discover and all people advised resort to the same doctor to whose treatment

of his wife he owed his restoration to her. He was duly sent for. And down came he with his classical prescription—that universal panacea for all ills—whether they be the straying ass, or the abandoned queen or even the threatened invasion. The doctor asked for a huge quantity of Nepalo, the croton from which he extracted the oil which he administered to every man, woman and child. The next day when the enemy approached the city, the outskirts were so abominable that he retired with his army, afraid of the vast number of population that must be inhabiting the place.

The Dervish and the Palak

Now-a-days, Vitamins have become the hobby of every health seeker, the fad of every doctor. To munch the salads before or with meal has become a fashion. These are no more than some of our leafy vegetables,—Thotakura (Telugu), Keerai (Tamil), Palak (North-Indian). A woman was once upon a time selling these every morning with the cry of Palak, Soya, Chooka. A Dervish nearby heard it and fainted and on being restored to consciousness said that his senses were overpowered when he heard the cry Palak (Protector), Soya (slept away) and Chooka (missed).

A Proverb Misused

Very often we quote the saying (“Vaidyo Narayano Harih”) as meaning that the doctor is God. But from the full shloka the meaning appears to be different.

“Aushadham Kashta Charam cha
Vaidyo Narayano Harih”.

makes it appear that the medicine is only a burden of wood (sticks). God is the only doctor.

Medical Registration

In Bombay, during the days of the Congress Ministry, Dr. Gilder proposed a bill for Medical Registration. The Indian doctors of indigenous medicine did not relish it and coined a curse in a couplet:

Materia Medica ki bara vafa
Sami Sanj Khaye Sube Jafa.

Two Sparrows

Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow constantly visit our rooms. They are audacious creatures pecking at the walls, and their junction with the ceiling and pelting us with small rounded lumps of dried up mortar from time to time. Thus, they make an alcove—a nest for their young ones to be born, the eggs to be laid. They come to our tables, perch themselves on the hanging electric lamps, they chirp for a while, talk to each other from near or call each other from afar, draw nearer

and the male pecks on the head of the female and resumes his place by her side. They scratch their backs and bellies and sharpen their beaks and 'do not forget to leave their visiting cards' as Toller would say in his letters from Prison, "which are respectfully received by our books, our tables or sometimes our drinking vessels!"

Assaying

Few people must be acquainted with the details of this branch of Government of India administration. It relates to the mint. All coins are assayed or tested before issue. The amalgam for the rupee and the sovereign for the small coin must be passed before the coin is made current. A coin is punched at the centre and the punched piece is tested. There are several tests—the Sp. gravity test and the chemical test are two of them. In a rupee which weighs 180 grs. the proportion of silver must be 91.6 parts out of 100. Fifty odd coins from out of a lot of a lakh of rupees, are thus tested and if the test yields results as aforesaid, they are passed out. Else they are melted. A margin of 2 per cent is allowed.

Small Coin

A nickel anna piece weighs 60 grs.

2-anna piece weighs 90 grs.

8-anna piece weighs 120 grs.

Why then a clever goldsmith not melt two pieces of one anna each and make a half rupee? They did and that is how the nickel half rupee was withdrawn. But still three pieces of an anna each may be melted and recast into two pieces of two annas each $3 \times 60 = 2 \times 90$. But the game is not worth the candle and so the 2 anna nickel piece was kept.

Mussalman Marriages

The communities in India know so little of each other's social customs. Akbar summoned the Pandits and Maulvis and not only tried to evolve a Common Faith but also strove to assimilate the social manners and customs. A Muslim marriage is very much fixed up after the manner of the Hindu wedding. Only the bridegroom's party in the one goes in search of the bride. Amongst the Hindus, both the systems are prevalent though generally the bride's party goes in quest of the bridegroom. Well-wishers of families bring news of a bride and the hint is taken and the bride's party is sounded whether it is willing to consider a proposal. If agreeable, then inquiries are made about the family history, social position and personal attainments of the bride. If these are satisfactory, the groom's sister and mother see the bride. Then if all is well, the groom is invited to the bride's house to show himself and the bride's mother manages to catch

FEATHERS & STONES

a glimpse of the groom through some crevice in a door or from behind the purdah, unseen. Then comes the stage of fixing the *Mahar*—the *Dahez* and the *Rasam*. Thereafter, festivities and celebrations come in. After the *nikah*, the bride is sent for a few days to the groom's and brought back and kept with the mother for months, then finally sent. When she is carrying, almost every month has a celebration till the delivery time arrives.

When the marriage is fixed up, the bride is made to observe a particular ceremony in which she closes her eyes for weeks, it may be for months, before the wedding and is not supposed to see any single human being. But this is going out of vogue though with the lower middle and the poor it survives.

Late Sir Prabhashankar Pattani

Late Sir Prabhashankar Pattani was a magnificent personality. White was his chosen colour, white was his dress, white was the colour of his flowing beard. White was the complexion of his skin. He was a venerable old sage-like gentleman when he died at the full ripe age of four score and over. He was anxious to spend some time with 'Bapu' during the Haripura Session 1938 (February) and asked for a landing ground for his aeroplane. Vallabhbhai made it ready. Sir Pattani's secretary came and inspected the site, and made the rest of the arrangements. He just wanted to see Gandhi before returning and when he met him, the latter at once turned down the proposal for more than one reason—the severe winter and Sir Pattani's old age would go ill together, he thought. He gave a letter to that effect to the secretary who returned and handed it to Sir Pattani. The latter felt glad of the advice, accepted it, acknowledged the letter and replied to it and before it reached Gandhi, a telegram had brought him the news of his death.

The King's Birthday

One day, a European professor was working away at his Science Laboratory in the hot sun of June and a big officer came to meet him and greeted him with the words:—'Oh! you are working on a holiday.' 'What holiday' was the wistful enquiry which elicited the ready answer "King's birthday!" "King's birthday? It is not a holiday in England. At best the schools are closed for three or four hours but we professors do work away for all we are worth!"

9—8—'43

The year has passed. A new year begins today. All the twelve of us are getting on, but some of us none too well. Vallabhbhai's trouble causes growing anxiety. Dr. Syed Mahmood's health has all along been below par. Asaf Ali has been ill off and on and just now he has emerged from a mild attack of 'Flu. Narendra Deo has completed the

year like the rest of us, but it is obvious this climate has not suited him and his asthmatic trouble. He has spent the year falling ill and recovering. Maulana has led a life of severe self-restraint with memories of never fading bereavement. Pantjee has towered high over his ailments and conquered them through his sheer will to be well. Shankerrao might have been healthier and happier for all his brawn and build; Prafulla has simply kept all trouble at a distance by his scientific knowledge and practice. Mehtab is afraid of relapsing to his old weight and is hard put to it to keep it down. Kripalani has fought his complaints day and night and kept them at bay. Jawahar, one rejoices to note, has had no disturbance. We have all spent the time joyfully, reading and writing, arguing and discussing, occasionally growing vehement and invariably calming down forthwith.

The Male Pregnant

We have known a sexless state such as that of the amoeba, which simply reproduces by fission. We know also reproduction by budding as in the plantain. We know the male and the female elements in the flowers—both sexes in one—but the male elements have to be carried by the birds or the winds and deposited on the female elements of other similar flowers in order to produce fruiting and seed formation. In the animal world though hermaphrodites are known, yet the rule is sexual differentiation in which the female conceives and bears the burden of bringing up the progeny. In birds, we see how devoted the parents are to the young ones till they take to their wings. In the frogs, there is a variety in which the female frog lays its eggs in a pouch in the male frog's abdomen and the eggs develop thereafter in the male. In the marine world, there is a creature called the seahorse. It is really a sea fish with a head like that of a horse and a tail—prehensile like a monkey. It is a vertebrate but has a second external skeleton which is bony plated. It is called Hippocampus. When we dissected the human brain in our anatomical theatres, we came across hippocampus major and hippocampus minor but little knew that the hippocampus was a sea fish with a horse's head and a monkey's tail. The reproductive point about these wonderful creatures is described in an issue of *Life* (U.S.A.) "Their courtship is an elaborate affair in which male and the female swim in the vertical posture in delicate circles round each other. It is not the mother that has babies, the father has them. The female forms the eggs in the usual female fashion. Then after a courtship, she deposits the eggs in the male's eggs pouch. The male carries the eggs around for 45 days, growing more and more uncomfortable all the time. He spends the last few days of his pregnancy by proxy bumping his swollen pouch against objects in an attempt to hurry his children on their way. Finally about 200 sea horses emerge leaving the male exhausted by ordeal of his fatherhood.

Imperial Blighter

When Lord Curzon was the Viceroy, one of the Secretaries rang up the Viceroy's Private Secretary and asked him whether the Imperial blighter was there. 'Yes' came the answer, 'Imperial blighter speaking' said Lord Curzon who happened to be at the 'phone himself.

Imperial Bounder

Another version of the story by one who heard it at the time when he was quite young, is that one of the Aide-de-camps of Lord Curzon—himself a young scion of the family of an Earl—(note that one of Lord Wavell's Aide-de-Camp is an Earl—Earl Enston) entered a hall and asked his fellow aide-de-camp, "Where is the Imperial Bounder". Lord Curzon who was sitting in a corner came up to the young man and said—"My dear fellow, you had better pack up home at once". I must say I like the former story better but the latter looks truer.

The Sword of Honour

It may be remembered that Mr. Churchill (on behalf of the King of Britain) has presented a sword of honour to M. Stalin. This sword was made by one Tom Beasly, 80 years old, whose family had been making swords for the past 250 years. The interest of the sword of honour is that it is handmade in Sheffield which requires careful tempering. Against a human body, it beheads it. Against a piece of wood, it rings like tuning fork. It bends itself double and springs back astraight. It is a real sword no less than a ceremonial weapon.

House of Commons

An oblong shape and over-crowding at important sittings are inseparable from Britain's House of Commons, according to Mr. Churchill. The chamber destroyed by German bombs had seating space for 368 member below and 82 in the galleries; and this for a House numbering 615. Mr. Churchill proposes to rebuild the House of Commons in its old foundations. When the original Houses of Parliament were about to be built, William IV offered Buckingham Palace and the Green Park as a site. But there was opposition to leaving the river side; the Duke of Wellington maintained that the Houses should be so situated that they could not be encircled by a mob and that the Thames was "a wall of defence". It was in 1837 that Sir Charles Barry began work on the Houses of Parliament. In 1847, the House of Lords was ready for occupation. In 1850, the "Faithful Commons" held a trial sitting. The entire structure was completed by 1857. Mr. Churchill will most probably employ 'blitz' tactics to finish the new-old chamber within his life time.

'Three'

Some figures are auspicious and some inauspicious. Thirteen is , so inauspicious with Christians that they would not have 13 covers

at a dinner table, even as we do not have seven in India. If there are seven to dine, then an eighth leaf is spread and served extra. Three is our favourite number. Brahma, Vishnu and Maheshwara constitute the Hindu Trinity. With the Muslims, it is *Panchoan*,—the Prophet, his wife, daughter, son-in-law and uncle. The Hindu Trinity stands for creator, preserver and destroyer. Life's processes are three and its activities also are generally three. In the Printing Press, one forme is being composed, one is imposed and a third decomposed or distributed. In the weaver's home, one hand is being warped, one warp is being woven and one woven cloth is being sold. In agriculture, you have three stages,—sowing, reaping and threshing. In studies, you read, ponder and repeat. In physiology, you have indigestion, digestion and egestion; feed, work and sleep. In logical syllogism you have the major premise, minor premise and conclusion. In a dialectic you have the thesis, the anti-thesis and the synthesis.

In correspondence you receive, write and despatch. There are three seasons broadly, Summer, Rainy and Winter, though, of course, some places have only two seasons,—the hot and the hotter. The Hindu recites the names of three ancestors in annual ceremonies—“Subrahmanyeswara, Kameswara, Narayaneswara Sarmanam”. Children always start their races with one, two, three. The auctioneer cries, once, twice, thrice—going, going, gone. A familiar form of country swearing is by reciting the words—‘Mummatiki’ in Telugu (by all the three words or times). There are three times in the day—morning, noon, evening. Medicine is generally administered three times a day. The ‘t. s.’ in prescriptions stand for ‘ter-in-die-sumande’ to be taken three times a day. *Sandhyavandan* is performed thrice by the Hindu and orthodox Hindus bathe thrice a day. Children get three meals a day.

Nursery Song

One, two, three,
Mother caught a flea,
Put it in a Tea-pot,
And made a cup of tea,
One, two, three.

Cuckoo Again

Today I have heard the cooing of the cuckoo once again. It is hardly three months since the bird chose to grace the woods around us and sweeten the atmosphere with its sonorous calls beginning from before day break. For a few days past, I have been hearing the soft voice—not unlike that of a cuckoo's young one, but friends differ in the diagnosis. It is still a mystery as to what happened to the young ones, that sprang from the eggs hatched by the crow. It is said that the moment they begin to coo and not *caw*, they are hunted out

FEATHERS & STONES

by the crows. It must be supposed that their destructive 'cooing is synchronous with their capacity to fly. But in the meantime, where are the parent cuckoos? Do they keep watching till their young ones are able to take to their wings? The cuckoo is traditionally beljeved to be a vegetarian, feeding upon the tendrils of the mango in the spring. But how do the young ones get the tendrils when they just learn to fly and are driven out by their foster parents? This is all a mystery of nature on which more light must be thrown.

Avoid Quarrel With The Big Folks

BALA SO KHYAL, BADÀ SO VIRODH
AGOCHAR NARIKU NAI HASNA
KAHE KAVI GANG, SUNO SHAH AKBAR
AGOCHAR NEERME NAHI DHASNA

"Do not take counsel with the young or quarrel with the old. Do not smile seeing an unknown woman nor dip into unknown waters." So said poet Gang to King Akbar. Poet Gang and Jester Beerbal were the two great ornaments of wit in the Moghul Court.

Halal Qors and Harijans

Akbar's tours required elaborate preparations. It was a vast canvas city that they erected for him while on circuit—not a dhobi-khana such as the western tents imply but tents made of cloth of variegated colours, printed and dyed, worked with floral designs, richly embroidered with gold and silver lace, huge dewan-khanas, private apartments, bed-rooms, apartments for ambassadors, for Amirs and personal attachees, servants—male and female, begums, Ibadat-Khanas (places of worship), officers,—all with partitions, doorways and windows, upper stories, domes and domelets, skylights on pillars forty yards high held together by 14 ropes. Finally Sehat-Khanas which was the name given to *paikhanas* or latrines and the sweepers or *khakruh* were called Halal Qors. Thus was the Harijan Movement inaugurated in the latter half of the 16th century. Only they were called Halal Qors—not Harijans then.

Bag-i-Fardous

This reminds me of a phrase in Ahmedabad where the refuse dung heap is called *Bagh-i-Fardous* or the garden of Paradise. This is a long standing name in the annals and the records of the Municipality. But recently an unsuccessful attempt was made by some zealous Muslim Members to change the name.

The Kite and the Shaving Brush

The absence of children in our company is somewhat compensated for by the avine pranks around us. A kite has taken a fancy for a

tooth brush with a white handle which was being dried in the sun. It has come very near the article thrice and while one should have allowed it to purloin the article and be discomfited over its being inanimate—not an animate young one of a sparrow brand, economy was considered the better part of sport. Even so, the poor fellow came once again and found not even a simulacrum of its hoped for prey.

Elephant and Kitten

Akbar once asked Beerbal—his Court Jester (who by the way was an Andhra) what would provide the best protection to one in time of danger. "Wits, Jahan Panah," said Beerbal. 'Oh, is it so' said Akbar and he marched an elephant right against him. Beerbal saw a kitten near by and taking it in hand flung it against the elephant's trunk and the mighty creature bolted.

"Kapda Utaro" (27—10—'43)

While I was about to retire last night, I asked the attendant to lower the green curtain of the window—'Kapda Utaro'. This brought out the fact that in Gujarat when a person dies, the letter of intimation begins with the warning *Kapda Utaro* so that people going to office in full dress may not, on account of the pollution observed by the recipient of the letter as the result of death, have to treat his well washed dresses polluted with him.

Misleading Telegrams

A marwari went to a certain place and asked his clerk to wire home to send certain things. The Telegram ran as follows:

Babuji Aj mar gaye. Badi Bahu ko Bhej do.

It was naturally interpreted as:—

Babuji died today. Send the eldest daughter-in-law.

The telegram should have been—

'Babuji Ajmer Gaye. Badi Bahi ko Bhej do.' i.e., (Babuji went to Ajmere. Send the Big Register. (Account Book)).

'C.I.D.' All Powerful

In Bengal, the power of the C.I.D. is illustrated by the following story. A detenu was ill and wanted an interview with his relations when interviews were not being allowed. There was a politician friend of the C.I.D. Inspector and it is usual for C.I.D. men to befriend politicians and reveal some of their police secrets. They are experts in giving an inch and taking an ell. Once when the C.I.D. approached his friend, the latter mentioned it to him that he might help the detenu. Straightway, he went to his office with an application from the relations and got orders passed allowing the interview on the

application which had only to be shown at the jail and the detenu would have it. Fancy, after the interview was over, the detenu received formal orders on his application to Government that Government were not prepared to grant the interview!

The Sparrow On My Head (31—10—'43)

This evening, I was sitting in the open, watching the Badminton (shuttle-cock) game, and heard the flapping of the wings of a sparrow just behind me on the top of my chair. I asked friends about it to verify the fact. Presently, the sparrow flew forward 6 inches and perched itself on my head which was covered with a white cloth. Will anyone tell me what this signifies?

The Young Sparrow On My Knee (2—11—'43)

This noon when I was writing with my knees upraised and the legs on a chair in front, suddenly a tender little thing flew on to my knee and surveying the place from this height for a few seconds went on to the next stage of its journey according to plan. This is another problem for the Ornithologist.

People say that when the bird *hama* hovers over your head, you become crowned. But I suppose the sparrow on the head indicates a crown of thorns!

Estimates of Crops

The food problem in Bengal has incidentally revealed a glaring defect in the village administration of the Province which along with Behar is wholly a 'Permanently settled' province. The Zemindar pays his Peshkuz or tribute to Government and collects his rents from the cultivators. There are no Patwaris i.e., Karnams (Kulkarnis, menons, shanbhogs) nor Patels i.e., village Munsiffs or Adhikaris. Accordingly, in Bengal one cannot get exact or even approximate estimate of crops and harvests and this has become a serious defect now (September 1943) in the food famine of the Province. In South India even when the tenure is one of permanent settlement, there are the Zemindari Karnam and the Government Karnam in the same village so that their respective interests might be safeguarded.

Cookery

A year's jail life is enough to make proficient of prisoners in any art for which they have an aptitude—and easily for cooking. If in addition, the supplies are not grudging, the critics are not fastidious, and control none, then cooking is bound to fare well. If on the top of this, you have not one, nor two, nor three, but four books as we have on cooking—one in Gujarati, one in Urdu, and two in English, then who is to blame if you don't get on well. While engaged in preparations, we used to wonder how Nala when he became a dwarf and

Bheema in his *incognito* life at the court of King Virata, became excellent cooks. Now a year's incarceration in a Fortress has revealed the secret of a life-long mystery.

Uttarakumara Prajna (11—11—'43)

Today it is 25 years since the armistice was signed. On the 9th of November 1918, the Kaiser who had been in the habit of meeting his Generals in his villa met them all but none of them would speak. He asked why they would not open their lips. There was silence still and then he said, "The Kaiser commands you to speak." One of them broke the ice and another and still another followed. "Your Majesty, the army has revolted and refuses to fight." The Kaiser would not believe it. But they persisted and advised him to flee across the frontier to Holland. "There was only 24 hours time" they said. Thereupon, the crown prince always impetuous and impulsive, said, "I shall lead the armies and they will fight" but this "Uttarakumara Prajna" proved of no avail and the Kaiser fled.

But to us here, all this is of no interest. What is of real interest is the bright moonlight of the Kartika Purnima day—called in Gujarat, Maharashtra and U.P.—Ras Purnima on which day, whole-night dances go on—as already described in connection with *Aswinyuj Purnima*. Both these are regularly observed as both fall in *Sharad ritu*.

Baka Panch

The succeeding five days are observed as a fast in Orissa so far as eating fish is concerned. No one eats fish these 5 days—not even the *Bakas* or cranes. And early morning lights are lighted on floating reed grass and left on tanks and canals and rivers.

The Shikar Night (7—11—'43)

Last night we had an event. The winter has set in in right earnest. Our clock thermometer has already begun to record 62° (minimum) and last year we were told when we had no thermometer that the lowest temperature reached was 48° F. We would not believe it but now we have it. That is for the weather. 'Winter having set in, the summer garden is bidding farewell to us and winter flowers are inviting our attention. We all enjoy but the gardener is the same old *bagban*,—Jawahar, working day and night. You wonder what is the work for the night. Like man and his home, his garden too hath its enemies. By day, the birds eat up the buds and tender leaves. The *minah* being the worst offender, next comes the sparrow. But, by night, it is the bandicoot that uproots the young plant that have just sprouted. Jawaharlal was greatly upset by this vandalism on the part of an unseemly and uncivilised creature. The shape and size, yea, the very name of the bandicoot is news to some here. They

never saw this devil of the night. Is it a rat or a mouse or a mongoose, is the enquiry. It is none of them. It is the bandicoot, long as a mongoose, stouter but with a snout, less prolonged though immensely more mischievous in its activities even as it is more hideous in its looks. It was decided to entrap it and the military supplied a wooden box with a trapdoor. In previous experiments, the bait was swallowed while the door was down and the box revealed no criminal. Putting our heads together, we concluded that a rat must have got in and eaten away the bait, but after the door fell with a thud, surveyed the place up and down, right and left, back and front and found in front the iron bars with sufficient inter spaces through which it made good its escape. Last night, the game was intact. Early in the morning before day break, people rushed to see the victim and saw a pair of bright eyes shining like two amethysts (cat's eye). Yes it was the cat, not the bandicoot that swallowed the bait and was entrapped. The game was not worth the bait. But what to do with the fellow! A reluctant release was the decision after a night's voluntary imprisonment! Verily, Shikaris must be prepared for all sorts of unexpected game in their adventures.

To follow up our adventures with the bandicoot, the next day, the trap was only placed but on this occasion, it was untouched. My own inference is that the bandicoot must have visited the place the previous night after the cat had been entrapped and rejoiced over the arrest and capture of her life-enemy. Accordingly, the bandicoot did not care for the little piece of bread in the box and quietly left the place.

Fiana Fail

Recent Irish Elections have drawn attention to the party Labels. --De Valera's Fiana Fail' which means "League of Destiny" and Cosgrave's Fine Gael which means united Ireland.

See thyself as others see

Most of us have looked at the reflection of our faces in a looking glass. But imagine a denizen of the forest who never did so and present to her a portrait of hers or even her reflection in a fine mirror whose surface is so well polished that she does not see the mirror but sees the reflection. How would she remark on the picture in front? She may quarrel with it as a new comer trying to win her Lord's affection much as a sparrow perched on a mirror, pecks at the mirror and keeps picking on for hours together.

A person may quite dislike herself or criticize her reflection as a devil, "Kill this disgusting animal said one tribesman" writes the *Time* (July 19, 1943).

Hear thy voice

We may see ourselves though in the reverse in the mirror, but how can we hear ourselves? We do, but form no idea of the voice with its individual characteristic features. You hear the voice of your father or mother, wife or husband, son or daughter from behind a wall and make it out at once. Such an idea you have not of your own voice. Once a young friend persuaded me to give a small talk on Gandhi's 71st birthday. I did it reluctantly and when the film was shown, I recognized my appearance but not my voice.

See thy writing

Likewise, when I was confronted with my writing in a court while giving evidence, I was filled with doubt as to whether it was mine. So often turning up old manuscripts and letters of 30-40 years ago, one is dazed to be overcome by doubt about one's writing.

Jekyll and Hyde

But much the most bewildernig picture that you may ever see is a make-up of your own face. *Time* shows in one issue three pictures of Stalin's face but each subtly differing from the other,—one looks quadrangular, a second less so, a third more oval than oblong. Why? The pictures are made-up ones. The central is Stalin's face as it is, the side ones are each of them a picture of the face of which both halves are duplicates of the same half, right or left half. That is to say a full faced picture is split up in the middle into two halves—the right half and the left half. Reverse either half and match it with the same. Thus one side picture is made up not of Stalin's right and left half, but on both sides of Stalin's right half and the other side picture is made up on Stalin's both sides of left half. You have then the Right Right, the centre (natural) and the Left Left. The right side it seems is dominant and gives the face its characteristic expression.

Navroz

We all celebrated the New Year's day. Akbar celebrated it too. Some of us celebrate our birthdays. So did Akbar. On both these occasions, he passed through an elaborate ceremony. One of the Bibis at an auspicious moment duly fixed by the Pandits, took some dall and ground it and then mixed it with Masala, then the *Naubat* began to beat. The Brahmans kindled the fire and assisted at the *homa*, by making Akbar wear new rich dress put a *tilak* (mark) on his forehead and causing him to pour oil and ghee in the *homa*. Mantras were recited. Sweet scented flowers were every where and sweet-scented sticks were lit. Gold almonds, pista, flowers and fruits were raining like hail stones and presented to the Brahmans and the poor. Then came the important ceremony of weighing him

against gold and silver, copper sulphate, iron, zinc, rice, *sapta dhanyams* (7 grains), milk, ghee and so on—altogether twelve articles and these were distributed to the poor.

Dates of Birth

1. H. K. Mehtab	January 1900.
2. Prafulla Babu	24-12-1891.
3. Shankerrao Dev	4-1-1895.
4. Jawaharlal	14-11-1889.
5. Sardar V. Patel	31-10-1875.
6. Pantjee	27-10-87 (Ananta Chaturdashi)
7. Dr. Syed Mahomood	September 1889.
8. Asaf Ali	1888.
9. Maulana	1888.
10. Narendra Dev	7-11-1889 (Kartika Shuda 9).
11. Kripalani	1888.
12. Myself	24-11-1880.

"My Country and My People"—Lin Yu Tang

"If simplicity can keep a family long, it should do the same for the National integrity. To Tsing Ku-fon, it was plain that the official families whose children learn expensive habits of living, prosper only for a generation or two; the merchant families who are industrious and frugal may prosper for 3 or 4 generations, the families who till the ground and study the books and have simple and careful habits prosper for 5 or 6 generations while the families who have the virtues of filial piety and friendliness prosper for 8 or more generations."

'The Late'

In different provinces, different expressions are employed as equivalents of 'the late'. In Bengal 'Iswara' also 'Swargeeya' are used before the name. In Hindūsthani and also in Gujarati 'Mar-hoom' is used but, after the name, to indicate that the person is deceased. In Telugu 'Keerthi Seshu' is employed to imply that only the 'fame survives'—and not the frame. 'Swargavasi' and 'Kailasa-vasi' are used in some provinces.

Devotthan Ekadashi (7—11—'43)

Today in Gujarat, Maharashtra and U.P., the Ekadashi is observed as Devotthan Ekadashi—the day on which the Devas rise from their sleep. And on this day, is celebrated in Gujarat and Maharashtra (also in U.P.) the marriage of Tulasi with Goswami or Krishna, the latter as the bridegroom made lame by the blows of some irate *Gopika*.

Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar

In a humorous article, a Bengalee wrote under the caption "200 Years Hence" thus: "A Japanese scholar came to India in 2140 A.D. and after laborious research established that there was no such person as bore the name Iswara Chandra Vidyasagar,—'Iswara' meant the 'late'. The name then implies—The Late Chandra Vidyasagar—Chandiavith is an astronomer and the scholar made out that there had come to India from Japan an Astronomer named Yasagar, he having been extened from his own country."

Bhai writes in the *Statesman*:

"SARIS are replacing silk stockings as Christmas Gift No. 1 for wives and sweethearts at home of British and U.S. servicemen in India, according to a correspondent.

Stockings are scarce and expensive, in India, as in England and America, and to the soldier, sailor or airman the sari is better value and a more novel present.

The sari (pronounced sah-ree with the accent on the ah) is the national costume of Indian women. It is simply a piece of material about six yards long and 45 inches wide, which the wearer half wraps, half drapes around herself; it may be a length of silk elaborately embroidered, fit for a princess and costing £50, or it may merely be of cotton, costing a few shillings.

Silk merchants have sold thousands of saris to British and American officers and men in recent weeks. Many dealers give the purchaser a printed slip, complete with diagram, showing how the sari should be put on.

An Englishwoman who has lived many years in India says: "The sari is the most beautiful garment a woman can wear. It hides her faults and accentuates her grace. But few women in England or America wear their gift saris in public. One or two may appear in them at fancy dress balls or private parties, and they may keep them for some time as souvenirs, but sooner or later they have them made into evening gowns."

The lock and the magnet

Time (July 5, 1943) publishes the picture of a little urchin—Donald Brown, 5, who is examining a magnet to which a lock is adherent on one side and a rubber band on the other. It is the lock which he swallowed a fortnight ago. Why? He had felt like it. It is a one-inch-iron-lock. Luckily, it was an iron-lock. X-ray photo showed it to be in the oesophagus or the gullet—the food tube running from the back of the mouth to the stomach. The boy went into Brooklyn Jewish Hospital and stayed two weeks during which the doctor—"Dr. Samuel Silber, wishing to avoid operating was looking

for a magnet small enough to swallow and strong enough to lift the lock. General Electric finally saved the day by having a Vice President, fly down from Schenectady with a magnet of a powerful magnate alloy Alnico." Apparently the young fellow was made to swallow the magnet which was tied up to a long rubber band much as one would swallow a stomach tube. Naturally when its other end came into contact it would attract the iron lock and being strong enough, draw it up. It did so. What a wonderful device? Without having to cut down the oesophagus, by no means an easy operation!

Buddha's Stooping Head

In Ceylon by the side of the Vihara of Buddha's tooth in the capital city there is a smaller vihara, ornamented with precious stone. In it, there is a life size golden statue of Buddha whose headdress was ornamented with precious gem. In course of time, a robber cast his evil eye upon the stone, but as the Vihar was guarded by a double door and a balustrate he tumbled down and up the earth and made his entry. Thereupon, the statue rose higher and yet higher so as to make it impossible for the thief to take the gem. Being disappointed in his mission, he addressed the statue thus, says Hiouen Tsang in his travels.

"Formerly when the Tathagata (Buddha) was practising the life of a Bodhi Satwa, he cherished himself a great heart and vowed that for the sake of the four kinds of living things, he would of his compassion give up everything from his own life down to his country and its towns. But now the statue which stands in his place (bequeathed) grudges to give up the precious stone. His words weighed against this, do not seem to illustrate his ancient conduct." The statue then lowered its head and the gem was taken. But when it was offered for sale, the thief was caught and taken to the King to whom he stated that Buddha himself gave him the stone and for proof showed the stooping head of the statue. The King who was till then an unbeliever acquitted the thief, restored the gem and became a man of faith.

Pot and Kettle (Kharik aur Phanas)

We all know the story of the pot calling the kettle black. But if we have to render the saying into our home language, the kettle will baffle the translator. In Hindi, however, there is a fine proverb 'Kharik Phanas ko Kahati hai, "Tumara Chemda Kharbareeth hai". Sureiy there is something comic in the dried date calling the skin of the Jack fruit rough.

Cat vs. Dog

They say that the cat does not leave the home and the dog does not leave the master.

'Aho Rupam! Aho Dhwani' (11—11—'43)

It was rather pleasing to hear De Gaulle speaking in high praise of the British Empire and its wholesome necessity for the good of the world in the new social order! When we were discussing this matter, our Major chanced to pass by and was interested in the talk on the side obviously of the praise of his mighty empire. A friend forthwith cried out 'Aho rupam, Aho Dhwani' which being Sanskrit had to be explained on the occasion. The fact was that two animals which met each other taunted each other, one saying 'Aho rupam—Oh! what a beauty' and the other responding 'Oh! what a voice!' The first was the ass and the second was the camel and France and England admiring each other's Empires, furnished a modern parallel to this ancient fable of the *panchatantra*.

Blind Rule

"Puri Ek Andheri ne Gandu Raja

Takey Seer Bhajee, Takey seer Khaja"

In a kingdom of blind ruled by a fool of a Raja, one seer of *Bhaji* sold at 3 pies and one seer of *khaja* (Sweet) also sold at 3 pies ($\frac{1}{4}$ anna)!

The Telugu proverbs analogous to this are several in number. One is:—

'The male buffalo has given birth to a calf' said one. 'Then tether the calf to the peg', said the other.

An American Family

£996 a week

Granda John—his plump wife have 13 children and 16 grandchildren. The Brankmillers have 15 male and female workers in Henry Kaiser's ship-yard and their average income is £996 a week or nearly Rs. 13,000.

Boy and' Girl

Even in much advanced Europe, they observe a difference in the honours with which the birth of a new child is greeted according as whether it is male or female. Princess Sibylle of Sweden, the handsome wife of 37 years old Prince Justaf Adolf was about to give the Royal Navy cause to fire a salute. The Navy was ready last week (July 3rd week) with 84 shots if a boy, 42 if a girl. Was it because Sibylle had already borne 3 daughters, 8, 6 and 5?

Greetings

In the Buddhist times, the Bhikkus used to greet each other by one saying to the other *Bande* (Vande) and the other replying *arogyam*. Nowadays the Marwadis say to one another 'Jai'. In

some parts of the country, they say 'Ram Ram'. In Andhra and Bengal, they say 'Namaskaram', other forms of which in other areas are 'Namaste', 'Pranam', and so on. The English custom—"Good Morning" has its counter part in ancient India when people used to greet one another saying "Suprabhatam". In Japan, the first person says, "I offended you last time we separated" and meets with the response, "Oh! No, it was I that offended you."

Presbyopia

Rolled gold spectacles and multicoloured vulcanite or ebonite frames are the modern reminders of *Presbyopia* and also *Myopia*, and not seldom of modern artistic taste claimed by the eyes and the nose and through them the face. But presbyopia is as ancient as man. Our elders had excellent pebbles cut into double convex lenses to serve the long sight that people generally suffer from after forty. In Maharashtra, it is known as *Chaleesi* (40), and the Uria *Chalesa* (40). In Gujarati, it is known as 'Betalan' (42) and in Andhra *Chatwar* (4th decade).

Halifax and Jawaharlal (1.—11—'43)

When Jawaharlaljee was in Britain sometime in 1935, he was persuaded by a common friend to see Halifax who felt it deeply that he had not the opportunity of meeting him while he was in India. Jawaharlal was also requested to see the Secretary of State and the Under Secretary. He declined to see and Halifax appreciated his view.

A stainless steel Bridge in Moscow

Most people might have seen all kinds of utensils made of stainless steel. It is costly but beautiful. In Moscow, the Communists built a whole bridge of this metal—an indication of their "shan and shaukat."

Golden 'farsh'

Lenin was asked what should be the destiny of gold if the Communistic ideas of currency and coinage should prevail. "Oh! make it the 'farsh' or pavement on the floors of our Laboratories!"

Mayimba and the Badger

In Africa, there are certain dingy-little birds which are honey 'indicators' or honey guides. One is, however, recorded in the Himalayas and another in Malaya. The mayimba is a typical honey bird in Northern Rhodesia. It feeds exclusively on the grubs of bees and wasps. It does not feel itself equal to the task of attacking the furious bees and, therefore, befriends an animal, the badger as a partner to do the dirty work. The little badger is said to be a glutton for honey. It has very short legs which ill-equip it for a long trek

from hive to hive. So it waits for mayimba and now you have a full partnership. The bird mayimba goes in quest of hives and the beast badger, particularly follows it on a long and arduous trick sometimes. Shortly, the bird halts at a hive and the badger attacks the hive, having a sting-proof hide and coat of coarse hairs and the bird feeds and feasts upon the larvae that tumble down. The badger itself feeds on the repast of honey and goes to sleep while the bird continues to feed. When, however, a badger is not forthcoming, the bird makes for the first native who with the aid of some crude bee-smokers, follows his bird guide and then this new partnership works much as the old does.—“The miracle of life”.

Fate

Human belief in fate, and fatality hanging over a man's life has been stated in a variety of ways and not a few proverbs have incorporated the great doctrine in which both Hindus and Moslems believe. A piquant use of it was made by the Assam Premier—Sir Md. Saadulla when he explained away the problem of destitutes and deaths in Assam by the simple proposition that no one could help it. *Kismet* and *Karma* are well and good in the Musjid or the Temple but the wonder was that they could travel to the Government Secretariat. Apparently, the Muslim Premier is a believer in the proverb:—

“Mare Krishna Rakhe Kon
Rakhe Krishna Mare kon?”

Canine or Human?

In Bombay, I was the guest of a doctor in one of the Working Committee sittings and when my host and I were going to a function in his car, after I got in and before he could, a big animal, a spanial, dark, hairy, shining, jumped in before her master and began to make friends with me in a very demonstrative way. The doctor gave a remarkable story about this good lady. She gave birth to 7 pups one night and nothing was heard till he went to the kennel in the morning when the dam began to weep and moan in the characteristic canine tones. The doctor could not understand the reason. After half an hour's bewailing, the dam came out and in the garden made 6 pits and brought 6 pups out of the 7, one by one, buried each, covered the filled-up pit with green leaves, bitten off the plants nearby. They were all dead and as the doctor was fearing she might bury the 7th as well, she brought the last of the seven which was alive and placing it in her laps began to weep and wail till 3 p.m. when she rose and took her diet. Is this canine instinct or human conduct?

Nowsherwan and Hindusthan

Amongst the great Persian Kings of old were Nowsherwan who was noted for his justice and Hatim Tai for his generosity. They

were as noted for these qualities as Rustom for his valour and Omar Khayam for his poetic talents. During Nowsherwan's time, his *Elchi* or ambassador was in India and he was asked to take to Persia some of the best things that could be obtained in Hindusthan. He took three things,—Chess, 'Panchatantra' and 'Jataka' stories. Chess was known as Chaturanga or the four arms of the army—infantry, cavalry, elephants and chariots. The game was greatly admired in Persia and was named *Satranj*. Then it passed it on to Arabia.

Panchatantra was at once translated into Persian by Bujarg Mehar and became greatly popular in circles high and low. The Jataka stories revolutionized the literary world and formed the centre of Literature in Persia, Syria, Assyria and other ancient countries. Likewise Gul-Bakavali, Tota Kahani and Vetala Pacheesi became equally widespread, famous and popular. The first was the story of the daughter of a King who flourished in the modern Central Province and whose fort was at Dal Dal—still called Bakavali Fort. The second is the famous 21 stories of the Parrot—Sukavimati in which the parrot prevents the wife of a merchant who went abroad on a pilgrimage who was bent upon an amorous sport with the king through the machinations of a *Yogini*, was rescued from the perilous adventure over a period of 21 nights by the parrot reciting 21 stories to show what a great adept she must be to escape from any inconvenient situations even as the 21 women did escape in their adventures by their wiles and stratagem. The third is the 25 stories of *Vetala*. Nowsherwan was really the title given to him. It is a corrupt form of 'anchar ruh'—great soul or Mahatma. He was the son of a King named Qavad who became an ardent follower of a socialist of his day named Mazdak who wanted to abolish property. The King—Qavad wanted to implement the socialist principles but just at the time he died. The Priests were dead against the reform. Nowsherwan when he came to the throne had the socialist Mazdak arrested and executed.

The Arab Socialist

In Arabia also, there rose a socialist named Khazi. He became popular and wanted the Khalif Ali and the king Mawiyah to be put to death. Ali died a martyr but the king escaped.

Alphabets (6—12—'43)

The Sanskrit alphabet is copied letter for letter in Hindi, Maharashtra, Gujarati, Uriya except that *Ksha* is pronounced as *Khya*. Bengal, Andhra, Kanarese, Malayalam, the last language has an extra letter in 'n' which is pronounced with a nasal twang as 'nya'. An interesting feature is that in addition to the regular alphabet used in printed books—three provinces—the Maharashtra, Oriya and

the Punjab have additional scripts of alphabets which are respectively called Modi, Karnhi and Loonde. This is a script in vogue in villages in maintaining village and mercantile accounts. But it is going out of use with the English educated folk. The fact was that the two scripts used to be taught to children simultaneously much as two scripts (print and manuscripts) are taught in English.

Tansen and Akbar

Once Akbar strayed into a forest and happened to hear Tansen's guru singing the tones which wholly enraptured the King. On returning home, he tried to get the guru to the Court but failed. He then asked Tansen—the most famous singer of the court why he could not sing as well as the 'guru'. The answer was a forthright one. Tansen stated that he could not, because he was singing the praises of a mere king, while his 'guru' was engrossed in singing the glories of the very God!

Humayun and Behram Khan

Behram Khan was a great friend and collaborator of Humayun. During Akbar's time, Behram Khan filled many a role. The commander-in-chief of the great King was his foster father who brought the Royal boy in his own lap. Then he became C.I.C. and then his philosopher, friend and guide and then his enemy and again his friend.

On one occasion, when Humayun was talking to him, the latter closed his eyes half in a nap. The King asked Behram Khan why when he was talking to him, the Khan Baba as he was fondly addressed, was closing his eyes. The reply of Behram Khan delivered extempore in sweet Persian is worth quoting in the original—

Bairam, man Bashuma

Mec guvum shuma quar mee kunad

=I am talking to you, why are you dreaming with eyes closed?

Bairam said,—

Qurbanath—I am (all) sacrifice (for you)

Shuam az Buzargan shuneedah Am Ke Dar Sah Magam Hifazat sah cheevam' wajab

From elders I have heard that on three occasions one should guard three things necessarily.

(1) Dar Hazarath Badshahan Hifz chashm=In the presence of kings take care of your eyes.

(2) Dar Khudmath Darveshan, nigah darayi dil=In the service of saints, keep a watch on your hearts.

(3) Dar chashm Ilma pasbani zaban=In the presence of scholars guard your tongue.

(4) Dar zath Huzur siphath sah, guna jane me baneem. fikra me kahanam kudam kudam shahm ranghad adain—In your majesty's presence in whom all the qualifications are merged, I am at a loss to know which of the three I am to guard.

The King was greatly pleased.

Three Legal Cases

(1) Feigned Pregnancy or Death cancels Birth.

In India, there are small States and large. One small feudatory X married a commoner's daughter, a Patel's. While she was still young—after a few years of married life, the husband died and his brother became the successor. Promptly, he entered into an agreement with his sister-in-law regarding her allowances by a registered document. In due course, the young widow returned to her father who, however, wanted to make a bargain out of the son-in-law's death. He announced that his daughter was carrying and intimated the news to her husband's brother (Y) and shortly after, also the news of the birth of a son. The birth was duly registered in his village (Patel's) register. There was consternation in Y's household. They hastened to the village but were refused admission into the Patel's house and equally any opportunity of seeing the new mother and babe. Naturally, the matter went before the lawyers—the bigger ones first who advised a civil suit, or a declaratory suit. The local lawyers were then approached for filing the necessary plaint but they advised that a civil suit would take years for trial and all evidence of faking would be obliterated. If the woman really gave birth to a child any lady doctor would be able on examination to testify to the fact of recent delivery, the signs of which would vanish after some months. Therefore, a criminal case was advised under the section of fabricating false evidence before the first class magistrate. Accordingly, the charge was filed but after some hesitation because after all it was a family affair and no brother-in-law would like to drag his sister-in-law to court. Then arose the question of issuing a process. The Deputy Magistrate hesitated to issue one because respectable people were involved and it was agreed between the complainant's lawyer and the Deputy Magistrate that the matter should be referred to some one for enquiry. Who should be the person to be deputed? The Dy. Magistrate suggested the Tahsildar's name, but it did not commend itself to the complainant as both were friends and for other reasons. In the meantime, the matter was taken to the notice of the Collector for departmental action against the Patel for alleged false entry in the Birth Register. While matters stood thus, the parties and the Dy. Magistrate agreed that the Government Pleader was the best fitted person to make the enquiry and it was agreed that he should start next morning for the village. But

at midnight, news reached the complainant that the Tahsildar had reached the village and been conducting the enquiry. In the morning, the Government Pleader hastened to the village and found that the Tahsildar had already left it after the enquiry which in his view resulted, of course, in the report that the birth of the son was a fact. The Government Pleader conducted his own enquiry and found that the Patel would not agree to a medical examination of his daughter. His report was that the whole story of pregnancy and delivery was false. The party went back and were wondering how the Tahsildar could have put his hand to the affair. The Dy. Magistrate was approached and he explained by saying that he had nothing to do with it but the Collector ordered departmental enquiry into the conduct of the Patel on the aforesaid allegation. The Collector happened to have sent a copy of his order to the Dy. Magistrate for information.

The process was at last issued and served. There was loud weeping and wailing that the *Zenana* should be dragged into court. They applied for dispensing with personal attendance. The Dy. Magistrate rejected the prayer. It went in appeal which was thrown out. Then began the trial. During the trial, the Dy. Magistrate was anxious that the matter should be squared up and pressed for it both publicly and in private. He was threatened that in that case, the complainant would have to move for transfer and was asked to explain his interest which at last he admitted by saying that the Tahsildar was his friend and that the Collector was about to order an enquiry into the Tahsildar's conduct on his report and about the birth of the child. The lawyer would have no such nonsense as a squaring up. If the Tahsildar had erred he must pay for it. If the woman gave birth to a son, she must not object to a medical examination. If she had been carrying at the time of her husband's death, then she could not have executed that registered document agreeing to her maintenance. The whole thing was a concoction. Everybody must pay for his folly. At last, pressure was brought to bear upon the lawyer through more influential quarters and the problem was how to square up. It was a cognizable offence and therefore non-compoundable. So, it was decided to kill the boy and an entry was made in the Birth and Death Register of the death of the new born babe. The court was duly informed. The heir to the babe who was neither born nor died was of course his uncle, the brother of the deceased. And all went well. The Patel escaped from the jaws of prison. The Tahsildar escaped because the English Collector took ill and died. The death cancelled the birth!

(2) Hanging and Insanity

Some of the Princes and Chiefs are patriotic and they often have to pay the price for over-enthusiasm or under-discretion. A

certain chief who belonged to this category planned a small conspiracy—let us call it seditious for the facility of the expression and was in the habit of touring far and wide. Relatively, it may be true that his State got less attention than it might have had. So, he was asked to make room for an administration. His State was placed under a *Japti*. The *Japtidar* became intimate with his step-mother. One night, the Chief was invited to dinner by the Collector and a local missionary was also invited. When they were parting after the dinner, the Chief requested the missionary to lend him his gun and innocently enough, the request was complied with. That very night the Chief shot dead both the lady and the *Japtidar*. Next day, he was placed under arrest and made a clear confession before the magistrate. When the case came up for trial, Government appointed a Crown Counsel as the Chief's estate was under administration, while the prosecution was being conducted by the Advocate General. The Crown Counsel interviewed the accused and sought his co-operation for Defence. "What defence can you make for a man who has made a clear confession before a Magistrate?" he asked. "Still Law needs a defence and defence means defending. Unless you want to be hanged, the defence must be organized and conducted" said the Crown Counsel. The man appeared to be off his head. And the Police Doctor was sent for to examine him. During examination, he developed acute maniacal symptoms with flashes of suicidal and homicidal mania. He made himself stark, naked and looked quite insane. The Magistrate before whom the trial was to take place was duly informed and was requested to grant an adjournment till the accused recovered his sanity, but he declined to grant it. Thereupon, there was an appeal to Government who ordered the adjournment and also ordered the examination by their highest medical authority—the Surgeon General. In the meantime, the Crown Counsel's position became delicate. He was appointed by the Crown and his client's interests appeared to demand occasionally conflict with the Crown itself. All things considered, it appeared safe for the client to have an independent counsel whom, of course, he would gladly assist. So, an interview was arranged with the wife of the accused and somehow or other, she managed to secure the aid of a Barrister-at-Law who was intelligent and resourceful. In due course, the Surgeon General turned up and the examination of the accused revealed acute outbursts of insanity, tendencies to suicidal and homicidal mania—incoherency of thought and speech, uncontrollable temper and so on. In addition, the knee jerk was found exaggerated and other reflexes kept time and pace with the knee jerks.

The Surgeon General declared him to be insane, but the trying Magistrate would not relent. He summoned the Surgeon General into

the witness box and was not merely severe but furious with him. "How old the malady?" asked the court. "About two years." "Why do you say so?" "With a margin of a month or two, it is correct." But blaffing and browbeating are no good against experts. They stiffen the more under these threats. "Have you read the confession of the accused?" asked the Magistrate. "This is the first time I hear about it" said the Surgeon General. "Then read it" and the Surgeon General was given 2 hours time. Thereafter, he resumed his place in the witness box and was asked "Now what do you say?" The Surgeon General said, "I am the more confirmed about the insanity and about its 2 years standing. As the Surgeon General was giving his evidence, the accused was sitting on an inverted chair, trying to jump out of a window and walk heels over head. The Magistrate was intensely upset. He dismissed the Surgeon General and declared he would not believe his evidence and sentenced the accused to be hanged by the neck till he be dead.

An appeal was made to Government who read the Surgeon General's evidence and found it in cold print even more convincing than when he warmed up over it in the witness box. A deposition makes a continued, sustained, consistent, sensible story, but evidence in the box is broken, halting, dilatory, expletive or explanatory, suspicious and artificial. Government were convinced of the veracity of their own Surgeon General, a member of the I.M.S., an ornament of the profession, the highest dignitary of the Department and above all, their own expert. They ordered the acquittal of the accused. Luckily he had been convicted and acquitted. If the trial had been only adjourned on the first medical certificate, the poor man would have been doomed to a lunatic asylum. As things stood, he was sent to a lunatic asylum—nowadays it is called a mental hospital and after two years' stay there, he had every reason to recover—particularly because he had not to face a fresh trial.

In this case obviously the accused took on himself gladly and sincerely a punishment which no court had a right or possibility to impose and escaped the extreme penalty of the Law which the Magistrate very obligingly awarded to him.

3. Barber as Brahman

It is the ambition of a Lawyer's clerk to see his son in the Lawyer's gown and of a compounder to see his son become a Doctor even as it is the ambition of a college clerk to see his son become a Professor and of a road mistry to see his son become an Engineer. But in the court under reference the Chaupdar who carried the silver mace before the judge on his way from the chamber to the Bench, was quite happy to see his son take his own place when he retired. And the day of retirement was fast drawing nigh. He

belonged to the barber's caste and the barbers are a clever lot, sweet of words, soft and smooth running even as their razors, communicative, diplomatic to a degree and having a flair for politics. The son had finished his primary or higher elementary studies and was taken as an apprentice under the Chaudhar. He was burgling up the silver mace and the silver plate of the baton and doing odd jobs for the members of the bar in the Bar Library. The lawyers took kindly to the urchin and were occasionally making fun of him. The sensitive lad did not relish these jokes which based on caste at times, tended to be cruel and were calculated to wound his self-respect. So one fine morning he ran away to a big city where he earned a little money by carrying little errands and became acquainted with the lie of the land, the institutions of the town, the politics of the country and the various dignitaries of Government. The boy pretended to be a Brahman, assumed the name of a well known family in the neighbourhood, pretended to be the last of the brothers and got a job under a contractor where he was looking to the muster roll and pay bills. After a time, he was not satisfied with his own achievement and considered himself worthy of better preferment and conceived the idea of seeking State service. But he was neither qualified nor had patronage. And qualification was a small matter as against that other passport—patronage. He therefore decided to make up by his wits what a cruel nature and a still more cruel society did not endow him with and he struck up the necessary friendships and did a little pilfering. He managed to secure the Letter paper of a Prince with the Letter Press and the coat of arms and forged a letter to the Chief Judge saying, "This boy belongs to a high Brahman family, in which I am interested and I shall be pleased if you can find your way to giving him a job carrying not less than Rs. 60 p.m." That was the measure of the boy's own assessment of his worth. The judge was an acting officer as ill luck would have it and so had not the powers to make appointments. He asked the boy to turn up the next day particularly as he suspected that the writer of the letter would hardly send him such a request. He had met him the previous day in the public gardens—a point apparently carefully noted by the boy and he thought he should verify the whole matter. That evening, he met the writer and ascertained the letter to be a forgery. So, next morning at the appointed hour, the Police who were waiting to greet the boy took him under the charge and in due course the chap was prosecuted. From the subjail came a desperate telegram to the father intimating the sad plight and soliciting immediate help. The fellow had been sending some little money to the old father for some time but lo and behold, in God's good time came this bad message.

II

The father hastened to the place and with him went a number of friends and relations—barbers all—clever and capable—resourceful to a degree like the father himself.

A few days before the trial, they managed to get the boy out on bail and staged a death scene in which with due ceremony the corpse was carried by the father and his barber relations in procession and duly cremated. The death report was also duly registered in the Birth and Death register of the city. On the day of the trial, the court was intimated the 'fact' of the death and the case was adjourned. Shortly after the court received an anonymous petition saying how blind the court was to believe that a person living was represented as dead and the report was accepted for truth. The letter was referred for verification and report to the Police. The Police set about investigating and verified the death from the cremation certificate and register of births and deaths. And when the Registrar of Births and Deaths says that you are dead—you very much so—even more than when the doctor pronounces you dead. The doctor may err but how can the Registers err? Accordingly, the anonymous petition was recorded and the case was struck off the cause list. The young fellow escaped to a big city where he was fashionably dressed and by sheer mischance met one of the lawyers of the bar where his father had been the Chaupdar and he himself an 'apprentice. "Allo—why are you here" was the warm-hearted involuntary query put to him. But forthwith by signs of the hand and of the eyes and by the countenance, he was implored not to raise a pow-vow, was gently taken aside and accounted for his prosperity and his high style of dress and demeanour by saying that he was the trusted and well paid cook of a Bhatia lady. He had been passing himself as a Brahman, and who else could be a better cook than a Brahman!

Superstitions on Delhi

Superstition is not the monopoly of the Indians. When the Government of Lord Hardinge decided upon the shifting of the Capital from Calcutta to Delhi, they at first selected the grounds—'Badli' on which the Durbar camp was planned. Why it shifted from Badli to Raisina which was the name of a village which had stood on the site of the present New Delhi is a matter of conjecture. But it is said that the day on which the capital of India was to shift from Calcutta to Delhi, the Union Jack on the Government House in Calcutta was damaged by a lightning stroke. Then again when they went to Delhi, they opened a gate which had been closed for long in the Fort known as "Talaki Darwaza". This gate was closed after Bahadurshah had left the fort in his fatal exit from it and

FEATHERS & STONES

when he appears to have stated that that gate should be opened only in case of his return to the Fort. So it was a gate over which ever since 1853, a fatality had been hanging. Finally, it was discovered that the original grounds selected whereon the camp for the Darbar of 1903 was pitched were unsuitable as the foundations would sink.

For these reasons, it is said, the original selection was cancelled and Raisina was selected. There is a couplet relating to the original site called Badli which runs as follows:—

“Nau Dilli Das Badli

Aur Khilla Vazirabad.”

The belief was that after the ninth Delhi which is the present old Delhi, the tenth would be on the site of the Badli and would be the final one though it never rose on that site. Thus the prophecy that the 10th Delhi on the Badli would be the final Delhi never came true. The curved building at the end of the Alipur Road wherein the Legislative Chamber was housed as well as the Viceroy's house, were constructed in 6 months in 1903 by Lord Curzon for temporary occupation on the eve of the Durbar of 1903.

Turkish Jurisprudence

John Von Ess says in the columns of “Asia and the Americans”: “According to the laws of that time, if you stole a horse and were caught, you were liable to a sentence of from 1 to 3 years. But if you stole a sheep, you would be liable to from 3 to 7 years. While you are trying to figure that out, I will give you another. If I drew a dagger on you seriously but you recovered, there was from one to three years. If however I drew a dagger but it did not even touch you it might entail from 3 to 7 years.

“Turkish Jurists wondered at my obtuseness in protesting against the equity of the judgment. It is very plain, they said. If I go to steal a horse, the presumption is that I plan to escape on the horse and that I come unarmed. But in the nature of the case, I cannot escape on a sheep's back because I come armed to resist possible arrest and therefore I am more of a criminal and deserve heavier punishment. In the second instance, if I draw a dagger on you and though I wound you seriously, yet you recover, the result is known, you did not die. But even if I did not so much as touch you, I might have killed you. Therefore, the heavier sentence. The lesson is that to deal with the native mind, the occidental should have a knowledge of the people. It is only thus that you can approach an idea in the way they do. In the Turkish language, there is no gender and no relative pronoun, and action is preferably expressed in passive voice. In Arabic, the root idea can be modified according to 15 so-called measures, a system entirely foreign to the

Western mind. But unless you get to know something of the thought pattern of the Arab, you miss what he says. An official who was leaving Iraq after many years of service was being given a send off and all the great and the near great of the region were present, also the representative of the powerful Arab Press. Presumably to gain their good will the official spoke in Arabic for the first five minutes. The result was disastrous. He murdered his verbs, he mangled his nouns and tied up the corpse with 'coolie' words and phrases and flung his ghastly mess at a scandalised crowd of proud Arabs.

John Von Ess was invited to an Arab meeting and was the only missionary (western) so invited. When asked why, the Arabs explained, "He who is true to Allah will not betray Abdullah". It is just because you are a missionary and are true to your faith as you understand it that we invite you.

Ess on Lawrence

Many tales are told of how Lawrence of Arabia was a perfect master in disguising himself as an Arab but Mr. John Von Ess thinks that all tales told of T. E. Lawrence's skill in passing for an Arab are pure fiction. An Arab, he says, will spot any one of a dozen mistakes he is bound to make in the way his head-cloth is arranged, the robe is swung in sitting or readjusting on rising or the sandals are shuffled on and off.

Three cups or one

Among the Shiites, it is said one may not take the three cups of coffee to which one is entitled.

Reason: When one drinks once, the cup is defiled and is put away for special cleaning. But if one takes a second, the steam from the defiled cup defiles the coffee pot and all its contents, and defiles as well all who subsequently drink! Hence, one's courtesy in declining is appreciated.

Not to smoke in the presence of those who fast in Ramzan or in the street is recognized as a kindness.

One may not receive a cup of coffee with the left hand.

An Economic Paradox

The Governor of U.P. Sir Maurice Hallett has spoken oftener than any other Governor during the "Movement" of 1942-43. On August 23rd, replying to the address of the Dt. War Committee and the National War Front and the District Board of Mirzapur, he said, "India is a rich country with a poor population". May it be that in stating this paradox, he recalled what he may have read. Pearl Buck's review of "India without a Fable" by Kate Mitchell (New York) in which she said "with cold clarity, the chapter reveals India as one of the richest countries of the world and her people as the

poorest." "India an Economic Paradox" the author calls it and goes on to prove it.

Count Tolstoi quotes two cases:

"The Emperor Hadrian was an honest anti-semitic. One day, on his journey in the east, a Jew passed the Imperial train and saluted the emperor who, being enraged, shouted—"You a Jew! dare to greet the Emperor! You shall pay for that with your life!"

Later another Jew passed him and warned by this example did not greet him and Hadrian said: "You a Jew! dare to pass the Emperor without greeting him. You have forfeited your life." To his astonished courtiers he replied, "I hate the Jews. Whatever they do, I find intolerable. I therefore make use of any pretext to destroy them." So are all anti-semites.

Anti-semitism

Non Jew is rich, he is successful,

Jew is rich, he is a profiteer.

Non Jew is poor, he is to be pitied.

Jew is poor, he is a parasite.

Non Jew spends his money, he is magnanimous,

Jew spends his money he is wasting—national wealth.

Non Jew spends not his money, he is modest,

Jew spends not his money, he is mean.

Non Jew is an employer, he gives work and bread.

Jew is an employer, he enslaves people.

Non Jew is an employee, he is an honest worker,

Jew is an employee, he takes away job from Non Jew.

Non Jew is badly dressed and has a poorly run home, he does
not care for superficialities

Jew is badly dressed and is dirty.

Non Jew defends his honour, his nation, he is a gentleman, a
patriot.

Jew defends his honour, he is fussy and quarrelsome.

Non Jew does not quarrel, he pardons in a christian way,

Jew does not quarrel, he is a coward and does not care for
his own kin.

Macaulay wrote of the Jews thus:—

In the infancy of civilization when our Island was as savage as new Guinea, when letters and arts were still unknown to others, when scarcely a thatched hut stood on what was afterwards the site of Rome, this condemned people had their fenced cities and cedar palaces, their splendid temples, their fleet of merchant ships, their schools of sacred learning, their great statesmen and soldiers, their natural philosophers, their historians and their poets. What nation ever contended more manfully against overwhelming odds,

for its independence and religion? What nation ever in its last agonies gave such signal proofs of what may be accomplished by brave despair?

War Economy

The war time has enjoined many economies. To us in India, the economy slip of envelopes stands as the connecting link between the policy of War Economy in World War No. I and World War No. II. But we often wondered why a small slip perhaps not more than 5 inches by 8 inches should have been enclosed in an envelop consuming a piece of paper 10 inches by 12 inches, cut, folded and pasted.

Usual Channels

Leave War Economy alone in regard to materials. Let us look at some of the essays in economy of Time and Labour. The tyranny of petrified routine has not abated appreciably despite the war and its exacting rigours. A temporary civil servant narrates in the columns of the "New Statesman and Nation" (March 13, 1943) his own experiences in this behalf. His office had been shifted from London to the district. It was a billeting area in which local householders were required by law to give the officials bed, breakfast, lunch or supper at a guinea a week per head. In his case as in others, the guinea would be deducted from the salary 'at source' and paid to the billeter at the Post office after filling up a form. The officer wanted to live with his wife who was not compulsorily billetable and found a half furnished house. The Billeting officer (B.O.) said "in that case, you will be billeted on your wife i.e. she will have to fill up a form and get her guinea from the Post Office each week. Let us study what this means. The officer's (O) office deducts a guinea from O's salary and passes it on to the Ministry of Health (M.H.) which passes it on to the P.M.G. (Post Master General) which again passes it on to the local P.O. which then passes it on to O's wife, when she has trudged all the way to get it. Surely it would be simpler and cheaper, that is to say, more economical in time and money if 'O' paid the guinea to his wife instead of

O
to
O's wife
to
Health Ministry
to
Post Master General
to
Local Post Office
to
O's wife

FEATHERS & STONES

Second Case

'O' wanted a desk or writing table and chair which could have been got at the second hand shop round the corner and brought on a hand-carrier in ½ hour. No, that would be 'quite out of hand'. 'O' must apply to the local representative of the office of works (O.W.) on a form which would be forwarded to London on another form. Thence it travels to the factory or the warehouse of a somewhat expensive firm on the outskirts of London. The firm made 2 bulky packages of a brand-new desk and a brand new chair and sent them up to London. Then at a time when Railway space had to be left to essential munitions, the desk and chair made a 100 mile journey from London by train and arrived about 6 weeks after demand.

Case 3.

When the office was opened, the staff indented to the Stationery office 600 envelopes. It received 25,000!

Case 4.

At the climax of paper shortage, they needed a few more copies of a book of Regulation forms. At least, the rules said they needed them. An indent for six books brought 72.

The windows

The windows of the office rooms required black out arrangement. The wives of some of the officers were quite willing to make them at the expense of the office. But, no, that would be out of hand, the curtains had to be indented. The office of works could easily have taken and sent the measurements on. But, no. Each tendering form had to send two men to take them. When the tender had been completed, submitted, deliberated and adjudicated on, and the curtains were up, part of the staff had to lose about 1½ hours work every day for some weeks because of the black-out rules.

Case 5.

A colleague of 'O' was attending to a specialized job single handed and asked for an assistant during the air raid season. The Blitz petered out, and for 3 months he had an average of about 1 hour's cumulative work a day. He then received word that he was to be transferred elsewhere, and replaced by four executives with seven or eight clerical and other assistants. The work turned out by the whole of this staff over 3 weeks was equal to the colleague's one day's work at the height of the Blitz. The staff was later reduced to two or three but still bored.

Case 6.

This new units' equipment from the office of work came to 'O'. One consignment measured about 8 inches by 2. An economy label

bound a large, much folded envelope of first rate paper. Inside it was a piece of thin off-white cardboard which unfolded to 16 inches by 12. Inside that was an indent form bearing extensive printed instructions, columns to be filled in, dotted lines to be signed on and dated by way of receipt. They related to the "Enclosed Materials" which were two small pieces of India rubber. The office boy could have got them for 3 or 4 pence a pair at a shop 200 yards away.

Maharashtra Brahmins

Amongst the Maharashtras, Brahmins are the Chitpavans, the Desasthas and the Karadas. The Chitpavans are mostly from Ra'nagiri side. They have no inter-marriages with the other castes but while in jail we have heard of the daughter of Mr. N. V. Gadgil of Poona, M.L.A., Central, being given in marriage to the son of Kemb'havi Madhava Rao of Bijapur who had been for a number of years a member of the A.I.C.C. the union being effected by Civil Marriage.

Names of months

In different parts of India, the months bear different names. For instance in U.P. our Pushya-mas is called Poosh and Asviyuj Aswin. So far there is not much of difference. But Aswin is also called Asouj. Kartik is called Kartik but Margasirsh is called Aghan or Agrahayin (showing the way).

Chaubes, Dubes and Tiwaris

In U.P. the Chaubi Brahmins are the butt of general jokes for eating. It is said that when a Chaubi comes to dine, the mother-in-law of the host's family asks the daughter-in-law to arrange a cot for the guest, so that after having his fill he might roll and rest. Whether jocularly or seriously, it is also stated that these Chaubis are in the habit of carrying their cots with them wherever they are invited to any dinner.

The *Chaubis* are Brahmins versed in the 4 vedas, the *dubes* in two Vedas, while the *Tiwaris* are Brahmins entitled to read three Vedas.

Borsad Brahmins (5—11—'43)

These are a class by themselves who live in Borsad (in Gujarat). There is a *sambhavana* or *Dakshina* which was being given to the Brahmins not in single file but when they came only with their wives. When the Brahmins knew this, they straightway went into the villages nearby and secured the loan of their girls for the 'nonce' with a promise of a moiety of their earnings. As planned, they got the earnings but when as in honour bound, they went to return the girls, the parents—mostly *ahirs* stated that when they

sent the girls, they presented them once for all so that thereafter, they lived as man and wife. The progeny of this community has women who are hardy and go out to this day to the fields for *Kheti*.

The women are so sturdy that one good lady gave birth to her child under a tree and brought it home straightway in her basket. The child grew to manhood and became a lawyer. There was another lawyer in the bar who was a *bhatt*—a bard. Both of them were engaged by the plaintiff in a case and when the Defendant got into the box, he was asked by the Bhatt how much was his indebtedness. The Defendant who was a Patel resented the slight implied in the question and sought the court's protection but the court allowed the question. Thereafter the Patel in an angry mood said —'Yes I have some liabilities i.e. I have some credit. I am not a landless 'bhat' singing songs and making a living.' The bhat was disconcerted and the Brahman Lawyer stepped in and repeated the question the more imperiously whereon the Patel said "Yes I have to meet some liabilities. You must know I have a stake in the village. I was not born under a tree and brought in a basket."

The Wise Lizard

In a forest, the animals saw that they were being rapidly depleted. So, they held counsel on the best method of conserving their ranks. The assembly was composed of the mosquito, the serpent, the eagle, the lion, the bear, the lizard and so on. They spoke each in its turn. Said the mosquito "some animals have bad tongues which by their taste go in for this, that and the other. Let the tongues be cut." The mosquito itself has no tongue.

The serpent said, "What can the tongue do but is harmless by itself. It is the paws that strike and the claws that tear. Let them be cut off." The serpent has a double tongue.

The eagle said, "What have paws and claws to do with this affair, neither can it. It is the teeth that offend. Let them be plucked out." The eagle has claws.

The lion stepped in none too soon and said, "The teeth are harmless. It is the fangs that are charged with poison, they must be plucked out. The snake has fangs. The scorpion has the sting, the honey-bee and fly their tentacles."

Then stepped in the Bear and said, "We should all unite and become vegetarians." Is the bear an exclusive vegetarian? I thought it sucked blood and an's. But perhaps sucking blood and sucking eggs, do not make one carnivorous.

Finally came the lizard with the observation, "Every one wants to disarm his neighbour. That is no good. Let us hold our own

God has not made the Lion our President in order to dissolve our Empire in Forest." Apparently the Lizard has heard Churchill's Mansion House speech (Nov. 10, 1942).

This story is concocted by the *Prajabandhu* of Ahmedabad—a Gujarati weekly, to illustrate the After War Discussions now going on. (October 1943).

The moral

America and Britain have evolved the White Plan and the Keynes plan regarding post-war currency. Russia will have nothing to do with it because this currency business is a tool of Imperialism. Britain wants a balance of power in Europe and the nations of Europe to accept the Anglo-American lead. Russia stands four-square against it. Russia wants socialism but neither Britain nor America would have it.

Standards of Feasts.

1. Kheda Brahmins (Gujarat) like Brahmins all over the country answer the description:

"Brahmano Bhojana Priyah"

Brahmins are fond of dinners. They eat 300 *laddus* each and bring four bags each with a *lota* which he slyly fills with the *laddus*. The father has to be helped to rise from his seat by two persons lifting them by a helping hand from under the shoulders and let to a resting place. The boys are carried in *dolis*—each with his *lota* of reserve *laddus*.

2. The Nagar Brahmins—equally liberal in their rations—do after a full meal, help themselves to a pound of ghee with sugar.

3. In Bengal when Brahmins are invited to dinner, the estimates are made on the scale of $\frac{1}{2}$ a seer of rice and one seer of milk per capita. They easily take 30 cups of 'k'heer' (ksheeranna). In Andhra likewise when subscriptions are sought for a dinner, the enquiry is made as to whether the dinner is for Brahmins or non-Brahmins for the estimates differ.

4. In Chittagong, the scale of hospitality is judged by the quantity of chillies spent and in the rest of Bengal by the quantity of milk and *gud*. *Sandesh* or *Ras gulla* are the favourites.

5. In Gujarat, the test is how much ghee has been spent.

6. Of course, in all places, the primacy of rice or *ata* as the criterion of estimate is recognized as almost a universal proposition.

7. In Andhra, amongst the Vysyas—whose custom it is to feed the guests on both sides (bride and bridegroom) the test is provided by the question—"How many leaves today?" The reference is to the leaves in which the dinner is served to the guests as *thalis*

are never used in South India in dinners or even in private home life—except by children.

Jefferson (7—10—'43)

Jefferson was born on April 13, 1743. His mother was a Randolph. Father was a democrat Governor of Virginia, twice and declined a third time, and entered Congress 1783. He was the 3rd President of the Republic in 1801—declined a 3rd chance in 1809 and settled quietly on his Estate in Monticello bought for Napoleon for 15 million dollars everything between Mississippi and Rocking—the Louisiana purchase which was reviled at by his enemies. He doubled the size of the U.S.A. He thwarted the claims of Canada, Mexico and Russia to our pacific N.W. He was the author of the third phrase in the expression—"Life, Liberty and pursuit of happiness", original versions being Life, Liberty and 'property', though he was a man of property.

His height of spirit, and breadth and depth of mind are immeasurable. Jefferson, though a Philosopher, Architect, Law maker, Inventor, Farmer, Writer, Naturalist, Bible-student and Moralist, had faith in the students and founded the University of Virginia. He abolished the decree by which the eldest son inherits all—though he was himself an eldest son, and finally he separated Church and State.

Whisky and Cigarette

How prices have shot up may be judged from the fact that Scotch Whisky now sells at Rs. 70 a bottle and 555 cigarette tins at Rs. 10 each. The latter sold this time last year at Rs. 1-8-0 and soon got on to Rs. 1-14-0.

(17—10—'43)

Today is Chathurthi before Deepavali—a great day for the *Sohagins* (Saubhgyavathis) of the Punjab who observe a fast and perform puja. The Pournami that has just preceded is equally important. It is the finest day of the year. On the sea coast, it is one of the four Pournamis—(Ashada, Kartika, Magh and Vaisak) compendiously described as अ. क. म. व. on which a seabath is prescribed. Gujerat celebrates this Pournami by having the Ras Dance in the night while in Baroda the dance lasts the whole night.

Triphibian Supervision (18—10—'43)

For some time I have not noted any changes in the Home affairs of our abode—only because there is nothing to change. Lately however the charge of the kitchen has changed hands, Shankerrao having given place to Prafulla Babu. Hitherto the vegetarian and the non-vegetarian section were under their respective charges. But the two portfolios are now combined so that the new incumbent

might hold Triphibian charge (of the vegetable and curry section) covering Land (vegetables), water (fish) and air (murgi) for a year or until further changes,—whichever should be later.

Grass in Bed

It is said that a certain king of Udaipur swore that he would drive the Moghuls out of India and that until he achieved his object he would not sleep except on a grass bed.

As time passed, a few blades of grass came always to be laid under the head as symbolical of the old vow which had failed of its purpose. To this day, they say the semblance of the vow is kept up.

Detenu vs. Security Prisoner

In speaking of the political prisoners, both these terms are being promiscuously used. And when this evening the conversation turned upon their distinctive features, Sirdar said, "Oh! the Security Prisoners are there as of right, while the detenus are there under sufferance."

The Mule

It is perhaps well known that the mule is the product of a miscegenation—born of the horse and the ass—so that it inherits the strength of the dad and the patience of the dam. There is no reason, however, why it should not inherit the stupidity of the dam and the restiveness of the dad—as the famous story told of Bernard Shaw goes—when a beautiful lady went to him and asked him to marry her saying the progeny will have your intelligence and my beauty to which the redoubtable Shaw is said to have replied—supposing the progeny gets my beauty and your intelligence! Anyway, the point about the mule is that a mule cannot breed its own kind. That is a strange curse indeed. Whether, however, a horse and a mule can breed the mule kind is not known. In any case, the horse as the dad is the indispensable factor. Many cases, however, are reported of the foaling of mules which have given birth to a colt.

The Beard or the Tuft

A burglar—got into a *banya* house and sat upon his chest and was stroking the banya's beard somewhat violently. The banya begged to be released. But the burglar would not listen. So the banya thought out a device and said, "Mea, Dadhi Dedh so, Choti Charso". The beard is worth 1½ hundreds while the tuft is 400. The burglar taking the hint, released the beard and was in search of the tuft, but the banya had a bald head and having got off the burglar's release bolted, leaving the burglar to stew in his own juice.

Akbar's wonder world

1. Akbar was informed that a dhobi's son—a child who was sleeping on a pial rolled down into a stream below and was taken

FEATHERS & STONES

away by the current in the night to a distance of 20 miles where he was rescued by another d'lobi, a relation who identified the child and restored to the parent, the boy.

* * *

2. A blind man was taken to Akbar who was able to read poetry by placing his hand under his armpit. They said it was due to practice and exercise. Akbar tested and found it so.

* * *

3. Twins: In a campaign, two twins enlisted as soldiers and one died in battle. There was a dispute between the wives of the two as to whose husband the deceased was, for both wanted to c. . One was born a few minutes earlier than the other and the wife of the elder when asked to support her claim stated that they have lost a grown up son of 16 and that the grief was so severely felt by the deceased that if only his liver was laid bare, it would show the mark of an arrow which killed the boy. This was done and to his great wonderment, Akbar found the mark.

* * *

4. A child was brought to Akbar whose head was big and boggly and was growing more and more. He presented a tight fitting leather cap to be worn day and night and it ceased to grow.

* * *

5. An elephant was crossing a river and the 'Mahout' stated that the iron chain became golden. It was verified but no second experiment succeeded and thus was disillusioned Akbar who at first thought that he discovered a philosopher's stone in the river.

On Money

"If a man runs after money, he's money mad; if he keeps it, he is a capitalist; if he spends it, he is a playboy; if he doesn't get it, he's a ne'er-do-well; if he doesn't try to get it, he lacks ambition; if he gets it without working for it, he's a parasite; and if he accumulates it, after a lifetime of hard work, people call him a fool who never got anything out of life."—*The Times of India*, 13-10-43.

Green Horses

All army horses are, if white, painted green in China to camouflage them against air craft.

God protects the Tiger and the Reptile

Food and famine have proved the tragedy of India, notably of Bengal. Sir Azizul Huq wanted to hunt the hoarded and speculator but failed. This has given birth to a story in a Gujarati Weekly, the *Vrajabandhu* of Ahmedabad. There was once a master who

engaged a servant named Abdulla who was a good-shot. Master and servant went out a-hunting to a lake where there were plenty of white cranes. Abdulla aimed at them and the shot went right to the target but the crafty cranes flew in a jiffy. Then they decided to try their chance in the jungle where there were animals and birds but likewise they too escaped being shot. Then Abdulla said, "Master, your gun is excellent, the cartridges are first rate, my own marksmanship is not bad but there is God above who is determined to protect the animals and the birds. The master is Sir Azizu' Huq who wanted his man to shoot the hoarder and the speculator but apparently God is protecting them for not one fell to the 'Huq' guns.

Beggar pays for the operation

A beggar in Karachi was operated on. When the abdomen was opened, they found in the stomach Rs. 200 and the doctors thus received perhaps a better fee than from a rich patient.

* * *

15th of August is one of those tragic days which will for ever live in world's memory, for that day in the year 1943 marks the first anniversary of a noble soul who had lived the life of Gandhi along with him, and lived as full and fruitful a life himself as he helped Gandhi to lead. Gandhi ended his autobiography with the year 1919. There was but one writer who could cover the later period and that was Mahadev from whose knowledge there was not one event or incident, in Gandhi's life, that was kept a secret. There are volumes of manuscripts in Gujarati, Hindi and English in Mahadev's hand which might not be easily deciphered by any one else, much less elucidated and elaborated into a connected story of anecdote and achievement of Gandhi's life. The treasures are there like archaeological inscriptions but archaeological of a living age and of a living person. May Mahadev's spirit inspire and hover over him whose sacred and ennobling task it may be yet to piece together those infinite and unfathomable details of the life of the greatest man of the contemporary world.

Sravan

The cycle of season brings with it the cyclic renewal of festivals—once again the Naga Panchami comes and once again the first day of Sravan marks the day of rejoicing over the normal outbreak of the monsoon and the transplantation of crops or their sprouting. Never has the proposition of India being self-contained for her food and crops, been more critically tested than today when the second city in the Empire witnesses hundreds and thousands of people starving, grovelling in the streets with passer-by helplessly looking on; and if any sympathetic onlooker took pity and removed a boy in quest of an asylum, he had to return disappointed, only to place him back where he was picked up and where he is now left

—to die. India is the land of cultivators, of food and self-sufficiency. It is no use challenging this proposition. Even now if there had been transport and talent, there would have been adequate supply of food.

Burning or Burial

The following note in the Press (21-8-43) provides another study in contrast in India:

“A piquant situation arose today when Hindus and Muslims claimed the body of Dr. Mangobind Sahu, who died this morning, for disposal according to the rites of their communities. The matter was referred to the District Magistrate and ultimately it was agreed by both parties to entrust the task to Khan Bahadur Mushahib Khan, Sub-Divisional Officer and Pandit Motilal Ticoo, Chairman of the Cuttack Municipality, who disposed of the body with the assistance of the A.R.P. staff. The body was taken out from the doctor's residence amidst cries of “Ram Nam Satya Hai” and “Allah Ho Akbar”. It was carried in an A.R.P. van and was buried in the public place between the Hindu cremation ground and the Muslim burial ground. The situation thus being eased, the crowds which had collected at Dr. Sahu's residence dispersed.”

This tragic event terminating the life of a man full of years and good reputation as a doctor has given rise to a comic aspect. Was it not ludicrous to have disposed of the corpse in between the Hindu cemetery and the Moslem burial ground? But could there be a compromise between burial and burning? As a Muslim, he had to be buried and as a Hindu, he had to be burnt. It is lucky that the District Magistrate's arbitration did not go the length of suggesting a bisection of the body—one half to be buried and the other half to be burnt. The A.R.P. Force and the A.R.P. van came to the rescue of the arbitrator. It must have comprised a Muslim and a Hindu section both of which must have assisted in putting the corpse into the A.R.P. van and taking it out of the A.R.P. waggon. But where, in the midst of this tragic-comedy was the family of the deceased doctor? He was a popular physician and one with strong Congress sympathies. He had a Muslim friend and both went to Jail in 1921. In 1928, he took the Muslim faith against the advice of his Moslem friend but was forthwith reconverted to Hinduism by the Arya Samaj. Apparently, the Muslim friends would not recognize the reversion either in fact or in theory. Was it their contention,-- “once a Muslim always a Muslim”? If so, why could not the Hindus plead likewise? Anyway, the District Magistrate grievously erred in the arbitration, for it was the family that had to decide the matter and once the decision was taken, it had to be implemented with the aid of Section 144 and an adequate Police Force.

But coming to the relative prevalence of Burning and Burial amongst the Hindus, the practice in different provinces differs in this as in other customs. In Andhra, the vast bulk of the population bury their dead, but the 'Dwijas' burn. Nevertheless amongst the Aradhya Brahmins or Lingadharis as they are called a question of perpetual interest (one might say, a burning question) at the conferences of the community is whether it ought to encourage cremation or burial and many a hardy annual has been fought over it in the Kistna District. In the North, the practice seems to be what as a rule, all are burnt. Burial is the exception. Of course, to complete the picture, one may add, the Sadhus are neither burnt nor buried but are thrown into a running river.

12 Faces and one body

A certain King was informed that a Sadhu was able to fly. The King ordered that he be arrested and brought to his presence. The *fauj* went duly armed to his residence, which was the topmost storey of a high tower having 12 windows and when the soldiers looked at the Sadhu from the bottom through each of the windows, they saw twelve faces and twelve Sadhus. They naturally were perplexed and prayed to the King to state which of the twelve had to be arrested. The King in despair threw up the job and left the Sadhu unscathed. This reminds one of the story which Mr. Edwin Samuel Montagu narrated in his diary about Mrs Besant. Lord Chelmsford complained that this old lady was giving trouble after her release from internment in Ooty (1917 June to September) and wanted to take action against her and consulted Mr. Montagu who was then touring India. The latter said, "Do what you like and I will support you but don't consult me beforehand. Only I warn you. Your proposal to punish Mrs. Besant reminds me of Siva cutting Parvati into 50 pieces and he saw 50 Parvatis before him."

Thakalluf

The observance of ceremonial manners is always associated with the cities where kings reign. The Court atmosphere is charged with the courtesies of society. The Lucknow manners, even today, are considered highly polished. When you call a Chowkidar, you get an insight into those manners. You order him to do a thing. He receives it with a polite 'achcha'. When you reiterate it, he says, 'acha-a-a' and finally when you add any further instruction, he says 'achcha-a-a-a.'

In each provincial area, there is the Provincial idiom of manners—if one may say so. But it seems to be common that the dependents, servants and subordinates, all refer to the master in the third person. In Andhra, they say 'Elinavaru (=the rulers) corresponding to the idiom in Lucknow described earlier, in well-

FEATHERS & STONES

mannered society—notably among the Kshatrias of the Godavari District who are very pink' of manners, when you say something, they say *Chitham* (your) pleasure. When you emphasise your point as if it were a reminder, they say in quick succession—*Chitham Chitham* twice and when finally you admonish them to remember the matter, they receive it with *Chitham-Chitham-Chitham*, and say this with such quickness and courtesy that we cannot possibly bring it out in writing and that too in a foreign language.

The Mewathis

The Mewathis are a particular tribe of people in Alwar and Bharatpur who are a few lakhs in numbers, and who are both Hindu and Muslim in faith. They have a *Dhanka* on the hills and when it strikes, it is a call to all the people to gather together for a fight. Ten or fifteen years ago, there was an internal quarrel and the call of the *Dhanka* gathered together the people, and they had a free fight with weapons resulting in a fairly heavy casualties of dead and wounded. A few hours later, the Police repaired to the place but all their enquiries resulted in no evidence whatever forthcoming. That was the *Jatha banda*.

The Lunar Eclipse

The second year of our confinement has witnessed the lunar eclipse. We have all seen the lunar eclipses at sometime or another. While the English educated section merely looks upon them as astronomical phenomena, the sepoys and the prisoners here are excited over the event. They want to know its exact time (11-28 p.m. in this case). They must fast in the day. But the nature and degree of the fast are variable. In South India, they observe the fast the whole day and can feed only after the release of the moon from the grip of *Rahu* or *Ketu*. But in Maharashtra, the fast is to be observed only for 3 hours before the beginning of the eclipse.

Janmashtami

Almost the first festival of the official year of Ahmednagar Fort is Janmashtami. Here the day of observance varies for the Vaishnavites and the Smarthas. In India, the anniversaries of great men and *Avatars* are observed on the birthday—not the death day. *Rama Navami* and *Janmashtami* are both birthdays of Sree Rama and Sree Krishna respectively. The observance consists in a fast in the day and a feast by night. The feast strictly speaking covers 64 preparations but to us here, it is all in theory, remembered with all the greater zest only because we are bound, not free.

Rakshabandhan

Bhai writes in the *Statesman*:—

Last month was the gayest in the Hindu calendar and some of

you might have noticed festive crowds in the streets and in the villages. But for the distress food shortage has brought to some parts of India, the celebrations would have been on an appreciable scale.

I have written before on Rakshabandhan, the festival of brothers and sisters. Another event was Janma Asthami, marking the birthday of Krishna, one of the many incarnations of God according to the Hindu religion and one who is said to have inspired a great work on philosophy called the "Gita." However in popular imagination Krishna lives not as a mystic and recluse but as a gay character who laughed his way through this world, one who in himself had all the human attributes and demonstrated how they should be blended to produce a harmonious pattern of life.

He is held as the embodiment of the cult of Bhakti (devotion). As a child he brought happiness to his parents, as a youth he was the gay lover and as a man mature in years he showed the way of correct action—deeds without fear or hopes of gain, but as a matter of duty.

Krishna was born while his parents were in captivity in his uncle Kansa's capital at Muttra. Kansa had already killed, the story goes, seven of Krishna's brothers, as it had been foretold that he would be punished for his misdeeds by a son of his sister. On the night of Krishna's birth, however, a storm occurred, the gates of the prison were thrown open, and while the guards slept Krishna's father fled across the Jumna with the child.

It was raining heavily. The Jumna was in flood and Krishna's father was unable to get across, but a snake with seven heads appeared and gave Krishna protection from the rain. The flood also subsided and Krishna was safely taken to the opposite bank and left there with a friend of the family.

A feature of this festival is the bathing of idols of the child Krishna. These are taken from their customary places in the houses to the river by the devotees, who immerse them and then bring them back after they have been blessed at the temples.

Throngs of gaily dressed Hindus visit the river for a bath early in the morning. This inaugurates the fast which is broken after midnight. After the bath the worshippers go to the temple. As they enter the temple they strike the large temple bell and then advance and lay their offerings before the idol.

The temples dedicated to Krishna are decorated and the images are draped in expensive new clothes. Devotional singing continues on until midnight when the birth of the god is heralded with the blowing of conches and a special worship.

Janma Asthami is an occasion of great rejoicing in Muttra and Brindaban, where Krishna is believed to have spent a good deal of his early life.

Road Accidents

In the 1st two years of the war, accidents and casualties in the British armed forces were 1,45,012. In 1942 one war-year only, casualties on the road were 1,47,544. Of these 1/6 were of children under 15.

16 annas in the Rupee—dead

A learned Pandit was crossing the Padma river in Bengal. The Padma at Comilla is very wide and in the flood season extends over a broad expanse of 10 to 15 miles. To cross such a long distance on a country boat takes hours and one never knows when a storm may not develop. The Pandit asked the boatsman whether he had studied the Nyaya philosophy. "No" he said, "I am a poor illiterate being. What do I know about philosophy or studies?" "Oh!" said the Pandit, "8 annas in the rupee or 50 p.c. of your life is wasted." Then the Pandit asked him whether he had studied Sankhya, Vaiseshika, Mimamsa, Bhagavata and Vedanta and with each 'no' that he got for answer, he declared 'so much more of your life is wasted' until the aggregate loss amounted to 14 annas in the rupee. As the conversation was developing to the 14 anna limit, dark clouds began to appear in the skies and the weather became stormy and the boat-swain in turn asked the erudite Pandit a simple question, "Mahasaya, do you know swimming?" "No", was the answer and Pandit added, "why do you ask me the question. I am not a boat-swain. I am a Brahman and Pandit." The boatswain coolly replied, "No, there is nothing particular, you see the dark clouds in the sky. A storm is brewing and it may mean that the boat sinks and if you can't swim, your life is ruined 16 annas in the rupee."

Even so the moderate politician asks Congressmen whether they worked the Minto-Morley Reforms and when they hear the answer "No" they say Congressmen's lives are wasted 8 annas in the rupee. Then they ask why they resigned their ministries in 1939. Another 6 annas is wasted making up 14 annas. But the Congressmen ask whether these estimable men and the loyalists know how to spend a couple of years in Jail. And when they say "No", they little realise how they are bound to sink (16 annas in the rupee) in the ocean flood of subjection because on these high seas, one has to give fight to the Britisher who firmly holds what he has.

The Kites Again

The lapse of a year has begun to repeat past experiences. The 9th of August, almost synchronised with the disappearance of the

cuckoo—no longer do we hear its sweet voice early in the morning invariably at 4 a.m. The traditional belief is that the cuckoo is a visitor in the *Vasant ritu*. But we can vouch for it, the bird was here long before the season had set in and remained long after it—altogether not less than four or five months.

Again the two kites of last year have begun to settle themselves on the crests of the ventilators of our terraced buildings. One little knows for how many decades, they have established this right, but one may be permitted to ask why this couple alone choose to beguile their time thuswise while the rest are perched on the tree. The explanation is simple. Do not, while the pick of a city's population frequents clubs in the evenings, some rare couples drive in a carriage to outside the city, far from the madding crowd?

King Fisher

We have already said that the crow attacks the kite for the former flies faster than the latter. The King Crow attacks the crow. But the king crow is the friend of the cultivator for it attacks a certain insect which devastates the crops in Bengal. The bird has a long tail and it whips up the insects from the stalks of the corn and when the insects begin to fly about, the birds catch them and eat them. They are busy the whole day. There is a law that anyone who shoots the king crow or the vultures would be prosecuted.

The vultures are protected because they are the unpaid scavengers' of nature that feed on carcasses which otherwise would rot and ruin public health.

If you went to Lahore or Delhi some years ago—(it is not likely that they have markedly improved) and put up in the old city and asked where the latrine was, you would be directed to the top floor—perhaps the sixth in Lahore or a lower one in Delhi which is open and has no roof. That terrace is used as a latrine and the scavenger has the advantage of climbing up by one stair case and then skipping from terrace to terrace in a whole row of buildings which are contiguous with each other at the top and then climbing down by the same staircase. For this purpose, it is said that the end-house has a special staircase. Of course in the meantime, birds clear the area. The additional tragedy and the disgrace, however, consist in the fact that in summer the inmates of buildings sleep in that very open space with the stench around them. This must be put an end to at once.

Genius

Once Sir J. C. Bose had described genius as planned determination and we may add—on the subject of a man's special aptitude. The addition is hardly necessary. Genius is not merely quick understanding or ready wit or power of repartee, or fine presentation of

a case, or imaginative perception, but all these are required to constitute a genius. Laborious pursuit of a theme, an enquiry or a research, hard thinking, light dreaming, a daring peep into the future, an indomitable striving to unravel the riddle—these alone make for success. We have amidst us F.A.S.s and Nobel prizemen and by a comparison of their habits, we can easily tell who is a genius and who not.

Kunti Putra (13—9—'43)

For some time past, a film has been on view in Poona entitled the "Unmarried Woman's Child." It has drawn large houses and the organizers have instituted a debate on the subject with prizes ranging from Rs. 25/- to Rs. 5/- in two sets—one for boys and the other for girls—making an aggregate of Rs. 100. This may be shocking to some because so delicate a subject is sought to be made the subject of a public debate amongst boys and girls. There is no use drawing the blind eye before our vision and shutting off such questions on the ground of their delicacy. If their discussion is delicate much more delicate is their occurrence in life. In our country public opinion has come to view with abhorrence the cases of unmarried girls conceiving and begetting. But look at the termination of these accidents, criminal abortions not seldom attended with death or infanticide or abandoning a babe which may be picked up by an institution. True that organised help in regard to the confinement and care of the mother and babe is apt to place a premium upon errors in life. But those who think that such errors are less common now are wilfully ignoring the realities of society. It is high time that public opinion revised its trends and afforded help to these striplings who have lapsed in life sheerly out of their ignorance or the wickedness of some aggressive male companion or seducer. The child widow's fate in our country deserves commiseration. And again, how often may not the young wife be so victimised in utter innocence but when her offences are condoned and she is taken care of, how often does she not prove a truly loyal and loving wife!

Jabali and Satyakama

This episode is relevant to this subject. Nothing is left out in our Upanishads, which is worth knowing about. They treat of the story of Satyakama and Jabali whose details may well be recalled from the Chhandogyoopanishad and restudied in this context.

Satyakama Jabali addressed his mother saying, 'Mother, I wish to lead the life of a religious student; for what family am I?' Really Satyakama is the son's name and Jabali is that of the mother. The boy asks the mother to tell him to what family of Rishis he belonged: "I do not know my child, of what family thou art. In my youth when I had to move about much as a servant, I conceived thee. So I did not know of what family thou art. But I am Jabali by name and

thou art Satyakama. So mention thyself as Satyakama Jabali." In the commentary however, there is a further question and further answer referred to. Being asked as to why she did not know it, she said, "In my husband's house, I had to move about much in attending upon guests and constantly moving about, I had no time to ask about and know the name of your family. In my youth i.e., that was the time when I conceived thee and it was then that thy father died." The son went to Gautama, and told his future Guru as he was instructed in the Sanskrit text quoted. We do not know why the commentary speaks of the husband of Jabali when she was not married. Was it a euphemism for the man by whom she conceived Satyakama? Anyway the boy was received by the Guru because he spoke the truth. The young pupil was duly initiated because he had not flinched from the truth.

Here we have a remarkable story which we may well cherish as a guide to us in life.

Upa Karma (13—9—'43)

Today is Ananta Chaturdashi for the Maharashtra and they perform *upa karma*. The courts have a half holiday and open only at 2 p.m. In Andhra Desha *upa karma* is performed on Sravana Purnima. But this has nothing to do with the Maharashtra practice. Here on the Chaturdashi, they worship a silk string which they later on tie on their wrists. On this day, the Ganesha idols are consigned to the river.

The spider and the Ant (15—9—'43)

Nature's provision of food for all is a mystery. Why it creates life only to destroy it for supplying food for other 'lives' is what puzzles us. The spider weaves its web and catches its prey—mosquitoes, ants, flies and other insects. The black big ant is a common prey and is so often seen entangled alike in the big spider web, and the small cobwebs on walls and in the corners of rooms. Today I have witnessed one such ant climbing up to the top of a wall where there were two big spiders and a young one perched in royal style in their mansion. I watched the ant creeping up to its destiny and when it was as yet 2 inches from the frontiers of the spider's fort, the big male spider leapt up, as it were, on to the ant and covered it with its legs on all sides and forthwith began to weave the web on to its body, at the same time giving the poor ant a few knocks with its leg points. The ant became dazed and motionless and the web was fast increasing in size and tangle—when the ant recovering balance—vigorously sought to wriggle itself out of the meshes which were as yet wet and weak and for which the ant was too weighty. In its kicking against the network, it came off the wall and lay suspended in mid air for a tenth of a second and by sheer gravity fell

FEATHERS & STONES

to the ground, recovered from its dazed condition and shook off the shock and forthwith began to march along the wall but this time diverted its course away from the web and at right angles to it. What is the spectator to do? Is he to rescue the ant and deprive the spider of its prey or allow the victim to reach its doom, and satisfy his scientific curiosity? In this case, I had the satisfaction that I had both.

It is strange how the spider—a big one is able to entrap a winged insect twice as big as itself. Last night, I witnessed the latter just being captured by the former and struggling to be free. Its legs and *antennae* were furiously at work and the more that was so, the more the spider was weaving its web round it, moving one of its legs up and down ever so fast and drawing its victim closer and, closer to itself. But all the while, the timely struggle of the victim to liberate itself having resulted in freeing its wings, it made a desperate effort to fly on to the tyrant and give it a sting and in this commotion was merely hanging by a single thread of the web, which in recognition of its heroism, I thought it fit to snap. The spider was deprived of its prey almost from its lips but the insect became resurrected and free.

The Blind Folded Chess Player

Time—March 15, 1943, writes about Koltz—the Yogi. He is the world's blind-fold chess champion 39 years old, Belgian born, Georges Kotanowsky—who is not actually blind folded, but sits backing the chess board, is told their moves and makes his own orally, is recognized as the world's blind-fold champion since 1934 when he played 34 opponents at a time without losing a game. The match lasted 13½ hours with time only for meals. Seven years ago (in 1936), he undertook a series of exhibitions in Switzerland. He played 10 game matches in 26 different centres on 26 consecutive days and won in each contest more than a majority of games. In March '43, he played 6 unblindfolded club-members simultaneously, won four games and drew two.

When friends insisted that he must be a yogi and called him so despite his protests, he explained, "I suppose I have an auditory memory. It is as though I have a gramophone record in the back of my head. I record the moves on it. If I forget, I play the record." He was a Manhattan diamond cutter.

100,000 Tons of Rice From Bose

The food situation in the country is baffling and as if to show up the weakness of British Rule, there comes an offer published in the "Peoples's War" Calcutta—from Sree Subash Chandra Bose of 1 lakh of tons of rice for Bengal and it seems that the Bengal Ministry did not respond to the offer. Could not the Red Cross Society

be made the medium of acceptance. Verily starvation relief is beyond the boundaries—of friend and foe.

Government's Economics

"Do as I say, not as I do" is a poor maxim in life—but it richly illustrates the conduct of Government and if you are in doubt about the correctness of the statement, read the following excerpts from the *Statesman's* correspondence column:

"We receive much instruction from Government how we should conduct ourselves and our affairs in war-time, but do we always receive example from that source? It is my duty as a planter to forward a monthly Vital Statistics form to the appropriate officer. The form is 67" long, 18" deep (this is not a joke) and on an average the information conveyed is that two people died during the month (giving age and cause), and that three came into the world (giving sex). The form is $33 \frac{1}{3}$ times the size of the ordinary commercial half sheet of paper which is commonly used, and which would easily contain the required information."

Temperature

From a study of our Thermometer we recognize that low temperature and cold don't go together. We almost have the Shillong temperature, 72° and 65° in September. One would expect 72° to be cold—but no—not always. At 80° it may be colder than 72°. Cold depends upon other factors obviously.

Hobbies (19—9—'43)

Where there are birds, there are feathers. We have all read in our geography about the soft down of eder duck. Such soft down you see, shed by the *minah*, the swallow and the sparrow. Whenever these birds fly, they shake off some of the tender feathers from their wings. I have taken a fancy to these feathers and begun to gather them every evening and when asked why, I casually said—for a pillow. A pillow! it takes a decade, they said. "Yes as we remain here for more than a half a decade, we shall get more than half a pillow" I replied. And from that day almost every friend is contributing to the pillow in the hope the sooner the pillow, the quicker the release!!

Paper Wrappers (24—9—'43)

Paper has become scarce during the war and has not been available for love or money. Occasionally a sheet is sold for an anna. But my practice for the past 37 years in life having been to write all notes, memos, articles and books on wrapper paper or opened out envelopes or the reverse of letters received and of account books and

registers, I thought it right to continue this healthy and unflinching resource without making a complaint of the war scarcity. And friends have been obliging—both Sirdarji and Jawaharlalji as well as the Superintendent. But I have found a strange competitor in the Bombay Secretariat—now at Poona. For the last few weeks, we have received papers addressed to Sirdarji—copies of the *Tribune* without the wrappers and a diligent enquiry has shown that the clerk in the Secretariat at Poona must have been using up these wrappers because they are white and decent to write upon. Apparently, he has a son or two. Nowadays, daughters too require huge exercise books and volume of paper who are at college and the father under the pinch of war conditions must have thought that of a better system of economy.

Hitler and the Jews

Some years ago, Herr Hitler and Dr. Schatt were reported to have had a conversation on the Jews. Hitler was unwilling to admit that the Jews were cleverer than the Germans, while Schatt nothing lacking in his anti-Jewism, realized they were cleverer than the Germans. It became a matter for test and both went to a German shop where they asked for a tea set suitable for a left handed person. The shopkeeper searched the whole shop, consulted all his colleagues, looked up the whole lot of invoices and regretted they had not any of the required character. Next they two went to a Jewish shop and the shopkeeper began to appear to think over the problem altogether a baffling one, scratched his head, went aside into the stores, made a vigorous search and produced a set carefully brought to the two distinguished customers for approval.

"Oh! yes, that is just the stuff required," said they and they desired to know the price. The Jew said it was a rare set, the only surviving one out of a quarter dozen specially manufactured to order long ago and, gave a price three times that of the ordinary set. The money was paid and both came out. "What do you say to this?" asked Schatt. Replied Hitler, "Oh! what could the German do? He simply had not the set." "And the Jew had it. Is it?" asked Schatt. "Yes" said Hitler. "My dear fellow" said Schatt, "the Jewish shopkeeper went inside, took a common set whose handles are to the right when usually exposed for sale, turned them all leftward, put them in a beautiful tray and produced it before your eminence!" It proved not only that the Jew was clever but that the German was stupid—not excepting Hitler who tried to excuse the German shopkeeper by saying "He has not got it."

Bahaism

One of the most fantastic pieces of architecture in U.S.A. is on Lake Michigan shores in suburban Wilmette. It is a melange of

ancient style sparkling with tons of white Quartz crystals represented eleven years labour was just completed in spring of 1943, has nine sides, stands in a nine acre park and is supported by 9 concrete piers. Nine is a significant figure with Baháism because it is the last digit. The Bahai faith was founded in Persia in 1863 by Mirza Husayn Ali who took the name Baha-ul-Allah (the glory of God). Unity of mankind, universal peace, abolition of inequalities of wealth and a world absorbing all religions now extant of which it believed there are nine which the nine pillars represent. But there is no unanimity of opinion as to which 'these nine' are. Amongst the religious symbols in the temple are the Swastik—the circle, the triangle, the Jewish 6 points star, the Greek and the Roman cross.

Time, May (11, '43—18).

Burial Customs

The point of debate is whether the dead bodies taken in coffins are buried with them or without them. The general Christian practice seems to be to bury them in the coffin as is indicated by the expression 'drive the last nail in the coffin'. The Mussalmans have both systems—burial in coffin and burial of the body itself without the coffin. The Parsi practice of lifting the corpse on a platform on to a height in the silent Tower—there to be eaten up by eagles and vultures and the bones to fall into a deep well below—is well known in outline, but no one other than a Parsi is allowed to see the face of a Parsi dead body—not even, say, a Hindu wife of a deceased Parsi husband! There seems to be another custom regulating the disposal of the Parsi dead body of the four staircases that lead up to the *Tower*, the one in that direction is selected which is just the opposite of that which he faced at birth.

Ducks' Eggs

Whether eggs come under meat or vegetable has been a long debated point. There are those who call themselves vegetarians who however allow themselves eggs and fish but not meat. But amongst these who take eggs, there are two divisions—those whose menu is limited to hen's eggs and those who eat duck's eggs as well or exclusively. For one thing, the latter are said to be cheaper. But why the duck should be held in contempt as compared with the hen is a mystery. In Bengal, we hear, duck's eggs are eaten by the commonalty.

A Funeral

In Egypt long ago, to bury men in State,
They hired out women folk who followed this vocation,
To walk behind the hearse and utter lamentation.
One day then while they bury some one great

FEATHERS & STONES

A weeping crowd with groans that never cease,
The late lamented from this life so short
To his last home escort
To rest in peace.
A stranger watching, thinking that sorrow of this sort
None but the Kinsfolk of the dead could show:
'Tell me' he asked them, 'would you soon forget your woe'
Were I bring him back to you,
I am a wizard, that is a think I can do.
We have but to apply a charm most efficacious—
To life the dead man starts.
'Good Father,' they exclaim, rejoices out weeping hearts,
Only in this beside me pray you to be gracious.
In three days time or four, the dead might die once more,
In life men looked for God, in him in vain.
'Tis hardly likely he'll be better now
So kill him off no matter how!
And then they'll hire us out to mourn for him again,
And many a millionaire won't help the world a bit
Except by leaving it.

(Russian fables of Ivan Krylov)
Penguin Series.

Tambola (24—9—'43)

This word sounds very much like 'Thum bolo'. Doesn't it? In fact, it is a variant of this expression, being the soldier's rendering in naming a game which goes on every night by the side of our rooms in the Ahmednagar Fort. The soldier's life, it must be admitted as a hard one and some relaxation is necessary and no game or avocation has the element of relaxation which has not the excitement of speculation. And the only form of gambling allowed in the military is this Tambola. In it a Sergeant Major—generally so selected in order to keep orderliness and discipline amongst the soldiers, is the central figure round whom gather a number of Privates varying between 50 and hundred. He distributes cards on each of which certain numbers are given and each soldier takes in hand a card and watches the numbers as the Sergeant Major goes on reading the numbers in his own list like this.

Seventy-two

Eighty-four

Forty-five

Twenty-nine and so on—not in any particular order except the order marked in his list. As the Sergeant reads them in a loud drawling and sombre tone, he intersperses humorous remarks associated with certain numbers such as 26 which is two and six—pills for pur-

gatives given in the army and known as "two six" which excites a loud laughter and a continued applause. As the sergeant reads his numbers, each soldier ticks off the particular number that the sergeant reads which happens to occur in his card. And he wins whose number's on his card are all struck off earliest. Of course, sometimes, there is faking and so there is an assistant by the side of the sergeant who makes a note as each soldier stops the sergeant whenever his number and the number read by the sergeant happen to coincide. The verification of the winners numbers is an elaborate process sometimes attended with wanton attempts at faking. But where is the speculation in all this. Here it is. Each soldier places a sum of money—generally 6 annas on the table and if there are a hundred, the hundred six annas are pooled into Rs. 37-8, which sum goes to the soldier whose numbers on the card are the first to be struck off and the identity is duly verified. The prize is a big one undoubtedly and as no skill is involved, the excitement and relaxation—two incompatibles physiologically speaking—are all the greater.

Seven Sisters

With the change of season we have a change in the avine visitors. I have not studied ornithology but friends say that the birds making a shrill, screeching noise on the trees round about in the afternoons,—just when you are having or about to have a nap and in the evenings when you gather together to have a chat—belong to the order of "seven sisters". They are small birds with a long tail, altogether smaller than the green parrot but slightly bigger than the common sparrow. You find them always not in pairs as you do the *minahs* and the sparrows but in groups of seven or eight and therefore they are called the seven sisters.

Ancient Geniuses

Certain names are quite familiar to us but we know nothing more about them. Perhaps that is proof of their greatness. It is only recently learned that Sankaracharya's birth place is Kaladi in Malabar. Panini comes from the Punjab and belongs to the village of Sanatur as described by Cunningham or the village of Lahore in the Punjab Province as described in a Buddhistic work. Whether the Lahore village is the same as Lahore town, we know not. Bhaskaracharya, the great Mathematician belongs to Vijayapur or Bijapur. His *gothram* is *Sandilya*—the same as that of the Banerjees in Bengal and his father's name is Neela Kantha. Nagarjuna, the great Buddhistic scholar has a hill named after him—Nagarjuna Konda, where recent excavations have shown the basement and ground work of a monastery (Buddhistic seat of learning). Vidyanarya flourished in the Kingdom of Vijayanagar. Thus a random and rapid survey of the great men of the past assigns—Sankara to Mala-

bar, Ramanuja to Tamil Nadu, Madhavacharya or Vidyatranya to Andhra and likewise Nagarjuna and Birbal of Akbar's Court, Bhas-karacharya to Kannada Desa, and Panini to the Punjab.

Modern Geniuses

Coming to modern times, we have a new order of eminent men—the F.R.S.s, the Nobel prizemen and the recipients of various other prizes. Sir J. C. Bose was our first F.R.S. Ramanujan, the clerk in the Madras Customs House was the second. Later, we have had F.R.S.s in Meghanath Saha, Dr. Bhatnagar and Dr. Krishna and Birbal Sahni (Punjab) the son of Prof. Rishiram Sahni and Bhabha. The two Nobel Prizemen are well-known—Dr. Rabindranath Tagore and Sir C. V. Raman. Knighthood has recently to be conferred on savants in greater profusion than before, Sir P. C. Ray, Sir S. Radha Krishnan, Sir C. V. Raman, Sir J. C. Bose, Sir S. S. Bhatnagar. These represent Tamil Nadu, Andhra, Bengal and Behar. Young Bhabha has recently received the Adam's prize and Sir C. V. Raman, the Franklin prize. Bhabha may be assigned to Kannada, though a Parsi as his father was long connected with the Mysore State as D.P.I.

Travelling far afield both in time and distance, we may as well review our recent and earlier great men. Undoubtedly Bengal has contributed the largest number—one of the widest categories of eminent men who have built up modern nationalism. Chaitanya of old will abide for ever in India's national life. Raja Ram Mohan Roy who died in Bristol in 1833 was a master of 18 languages, the first great modern Religious Reformer, Educationist, Statesman of world outlook and protagonist of freedom for India, Keshub Chandersen. Iswarchandra Vidyasagar, Siva Kumarasasthri and Seethanath Tatwa Bhushan have all canalized his culture in its many charms. Rama Krishna Paramahansa who died on Sunday, August 15, 1886 and his disciple of world-wide reputation, Swami Vivekananda, struck a line all their own.

In the domain of Literature,—Rabindra Nath Tagore, D. L. Roy, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, Sarat Chandra Chatterjee and C. R. Das; of Science—J. C. Bose and P. C. Ray; of Art—Abanindra Nath Tagore and Nandalal Bose; of Administration and Law—Sir Ashutosh Mukherjee; of Politics—the 12 Presidents of the Congress and of Freedom the thousands of young men that sacrificed their lives, raised the fair name of Bengal to an altitude seldom reached by any other Province.

In other Provinces, we have had great men old and young. Gnaneswar of Maharashtra born in Alandi, Geeta Commentator and father of the school of saints has held the field for nearly five centuries and latterly Ranade, Gokhale, Bhandarker and have carved

out for themselves their niches in the *Valahalla* of national leaders. From Guzerat has come Nanlal Kavi in Poetry, Dayananda Saraswati in religion, "Khabardar" in Literature and in the present day eminent men like K. T. Shah, Pheroazshah Mehta, Vittalbhai, Vallabh-bhai, Mahadev Desai, S. N. Desai and Amarnath Jha. Sind has produced Vaswani, Dayaram, Gidumal. Modern Sind has produced Harischandra Roy Vishudoss. South India has produced a spate of religious reformers in Sankara (Malayalam), Ramanuja (Tamil) and Madhwa (Telugu), eminent Musicians like Thyagaraja, Dikshitar and Narayana Batt (Andhra), Judges like Muthuswami Iyer, Bhasbham Iyengar (Tamilnad), Sankar Nair (Malabar), Subbarao, Ramesam and Venkata Ramanarao (Telugu), Lawyers like S. Iyengar and A. K. Iyer, Educationists like Sir R. Venkataratnam, Sir C. R. Reddi (Telugu), Administrators like Raja of Pungal, C. Rajagopalachari, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer, Prof. Rangachari, Ranganadh Mudaliar, Politicians like Anandacharlu (Telugu), Lawyers like T. Ramarao Venkatappayya, Prakasam (Telugu), benefactors like Annamalai Chetti, Alagappa Chettiar. U. P. has given mighty stalwarts like Ayodhya Nath, Raja Rampal Singh, Madan Mohan Malaviya, Gangaprasad Varma, Motilal and his son Jawaharlal. From Behar have come Mahendra Narayan, Sachidananda Sinha and Rajendra Babu. Punjab produced a Harikishenlal, Dr. Bahadurji, Ganga Ram, the benefactor. C. P. could justly be proud of benefactor Lakshmi Narayan, (donated 46 lakhs to Nagpur University), R. N. Mudholkar even as Orissa of Gopabandhudas and Assam of Toramram Phookan. From Karnataka hailed Sir K. Seshadri Iyer, Sir M. Visveswarayya (Andhra), Gangadhara Row Deshpande, and from Uriya—Chendra Sekhar Samant—astronomer, Pandit Viswanadh.

At the end of this long list where shall we place patriarch's like Dadabhai Nowroji (Navsari—Guzerat), Gandhi (Porbander), Jamsetjee Nusserwanji Tata, Bal Gangadhar Tilak of (Ratnagiri)?

Tribute to Indian Scientists' Work

'THE NEW REPUBLIC' points out that Indians have contributed important inventions which are used in the United States. For instance, American troops have been greatly aided by an unbreakable container which can be dropped safely from airplanes, devised by Dr. Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar, while Mr. Jagan Nath Sharma, Indian chemist living in Los Angeles, has developed a process for preserving melons which has increased the income of growers in Florida by 45 millions dollars a year. The deadly new flame-throwers which the American Army used against the Japanese at Munda undoubtedly benefited from the work of another Indian, Dr. Alamjit D. Singh of the University of Illinois. He has also made important contributions in the field of camouflage. Camouflage also received the attention of

an Indian chemist of Detroit, K. N. Katju, who collaborated with Hexter and Shephard in developing green and other paints that cannot be told from surrounding vegetation even under infra-red photography. Dr. V. R. Kokatnur is making important contributions in chemical warfare. Dr. Beram, D. Saklatwalla is working on metal technology. Dr. Sharat Kumar Ray, Dr. Yellapragada Subbarow, Professor Subramanyam, Chandrasekhar and many more are doing valuable work.

Pulse and Music

The story is told of a certain young Nawab who is obsessed with the thought of his own superior capacity to mark time in music so much so that he felt and stated that it was not his mind and hand that marked the time but that his pulse beat in tune with the changing *Thalam* of the song. In this view and to demonstrate it, he has cultivated the habit of offering his hand to the friends about him so that they might note the change of rhythm in the radial pulse so as to keep time with the changing *Thalam*.

Urdu Alphabet

In Akbar's time, he made an endeavour to introduce what he called 'Haruf-i-muksha' so as to facilitate the writing of Urdu in spite of the four Ze's and two d's, two th's and so on. It may be that Ze, Zal, Zove and Zwath have to be pronounced differently either in order to help the amanuensis to write the letters correctly or to indicate the source of the words but nearly 3½ centuries have elapsed and it is but right especially when Hindusthance has become the national language of India that the alphabet should be remodelled. The one way of achieving the reform is to reform the alphabet—not put it before Pendantic Scholars who would never allow it.

Akbar (30—9—'43)

In Fatehpur Sikri, there is an exquisite little building in the centre of which there is a column from which at a height of 9 or 10 ft. from the floor emerge in the four directions four pathways—North, East, South and West leading to a balcony which runs all round. The Visitors are told by the guides that that was the place where Akbar held his religious discourses. Jalaluddin Akbar was the third of the Great Moghul Kings whose rule over India began in the 16th century and Akbar, more than any of his predecessors or successors contributed to the right understanding between the Court and the subjects. Recently, his 400th Anniversary all over India and in Britain as well, was duly celebrated.

Reverting to the story of Akbar's discourses, we learn that the saints and scholars were assigned their due places on the balcony while Akbar was seated on the top of the central column. The

scholars were divided into four divisions,—(1) Umra (Amirs to whom the East was assigned), (2) Sada (the descendants of the prophet—West), (3) Ulema (Pandits—South), and (4) Ahil tharqath (Saints—North). Akbar spent his time in the company of great saints. Shaikh Salim Chishti was (Shaikh-ul-Islam) the saint in whose honour and memory the fine structure (Maqbara) in Fatehpur Sikri Fort, (with latticed marble walls on the four sides) was constructed. It is a marvellous piece of Art universally admired. Kwaja Moiddin Chistie is the great saint associated with the sacred place of Ajmere.*

AKBAR'S ORDERS

General Orders addressed to the Officials of the Kingdom

1. Be acquainted with the conditions of the people.
2. Don't go into privacy, lest affairs may not be known to you which it is but proper that you should know.
3. Meet the elders of the nation with due respect.
4. Keep awake in the nights and turn your attention towards God in the mornings and evenings, in the noon and at night.
5. Keep under your eye books of history and morals.
6. Give good treatment to the needy and people in 'purdah' sitting at their doors closing them against traffic, so that they may not be inconvenienced for want of the necessities (of life.)
7. Keep always serving the people of God and good people and the mystics and seek their blessings.
8. Give deep thought to the sins of criminals so that (you may know) whom to punish and whom to overlook because there are certain people whose crimes are such that you cannot even utter them.
9. Give great attention to spies (messengers) and whatever you do, do after due investigation (enquiry).
10. Hear the petitions of the suitors of justice in person.
11. Do not leave all work to the subordinate officials.
12. Treat the people with sympathy.
13. Take care of the cultivators and help them. As well take care of the population of the villages.
14. Give attention to the state of ryots individually.
15. Do not take any presents.
16. See that soldiers do not visit homes of the people by force.
17. Always conduct affairs of the country with due consultation.
18. Do not run counter to the Religion and the Law of the people.

19. Note that this world is temporary in which man does not tolerate loss and how will he tolerate (encroachment) in matters of religion.

20. He must have understood somewhat. If he is in the right, you will be running counter to what is right. But if you are in the right, then poor man he is miserable and deserves pity.

21. Take pity and do not deny a helping hand.

22. Befriend the friends and well-wishers of every religion.

23. Make strong efforts in spreading literacy and perfect learning.

24. Keep on appreciating perfect men so that learning may not be wasted.

25. Keep your thought on the support of ancient families.

26. Do not be negligent of the needs and requirements (accompaniments) of the soldiers.

27. Go on exercising the archership and gunmanship of soldiers.

28. Do not always engage yourself in hunting.

29. Yes. Recreation will be a relaxation of the rigors of soldiery.

30. Let the drums be beaten at the rise and fall of the sun and also at midnight (because) then the morning really begins.

31. Let guns and canons be fired whenever the sun passes from house to house of the Zodiac so that all people may be aware (of the fact) and thank God.

32. If the Commissioner of Police or Magistrate is not available, attend to those duties in person and make all arrangements. Do not be ashamed of these duties. Pursue them holding it to be the worship of God, for that is the service of his followers.

33. The 'Kotwal' must prepare inventories of each town, village group, each village and each villager so that each individual may be safe and secure.

34. Each 'Muhalla' in a town shall be under a head thereof.

35. Maintain also spies, so that they may send news of the condition of each Muhalla day and night.

36. Keep yourself acquainted with events of joy and sorrow, marriage, and births and keep people in lanes, bazaars, on bridges and river fords. Let the arrangements on public ways be such that if any one fled, he might not go untraced.

37. If thieves break in, there be fire or any calamity happens, let the neighbours render aid at once and the head of the Muhalla and the message bearers hasten at once to the spot.

39. If any one sits, saving his life, then he will be considered guilty.

30. Let no one travel without informing the neighbours, the Mir Muhalla and the informers (Khabardars) nor let any one come and lodge.

40. Keep an eye on every kind of person, trader, soldier and traveller and let people who can give no guarantees, lodge separately in caravansaries and let trustworthy persons determine punishments then and there. The *Raees* and the gentlemen of the Muhalla will be held responsible in such matters.

41. Keep an eye on the expenditure and income of each individual. Whosoever spends more than he earns, there is something wrong with him.

42. Regard these, as matters, concerning public good, but not with a view to extract money.

43. Appoint commission agents in the bazaars (Dalals) so that no sales and purchases may be kept from the knowledge of the Mir Muhalla and the Kabardar.

44. Let the names of the buyers and sellers be registered in the Day book.

45. Impose a fine upon those who transact (business) secretly.

46. Keep Chowkidars in the Muhallas and suburbs.

47. Keep a persistent eye upon strangers.

48. Do not let there be traces of thieves, pick-pockets, vagabonds and petty thieves and his (Chowkidar's) duty will be to get hold of the criminal along with the property (stolen).

49. If any body, dies or goes away without any heirs or successors, let the tax to Government, if any, be a first charge on their property and give the remaining of the *Varas* (heir). If no heir is present, then give custody of property to the Official Receiver and inform (in writing) the Durbar of the same so that if the claimant comes, he may recover it and in this respect also do your work honestly. Let not the tradition of Europe (Rome) be repeated here which attaches all property that comes the way.

50. The Mulla adds that no corpse should be disposed of unless the permit of the office in charge of the public treasury is received.

51. Keep strict control in respect of *Drinks*, let not even its smell come out. He who drinks and he who sells and he who taps—all are guilty.

52. Award them such punishment as will open the eyes of all, but (yes) if any one uses it for treatment or revival of consciousness (Hosh afzayi) don't object (math bolo).

53. Strive hard to keep down the prices of articles.

FEATHERS & STONES

54. Let not the wealthy fill their houses with stores of provisions.

55. *Id.* Keep in mind the pleasure parties at festivals.

56. The new year day is the biggest of all festivals because the Sun passes into the House of 'Mesh' (Goat). That is the first day of the month of *Ferverin*.

57. The second festival is on the 19th day thereafter and that is the day of the noble position of the Sun.

On both these festivals, namely—New Year day and the Sun's noble position, there must be illumination by lights as on the *Shab-i-Barath*.

58. On the first night let drums be beaten, let the ordinary festivals be observed according to tradition and let the auspicious 'bajas' be held in all towns.

59. Let not women unnecessarily ride horses.

60. Let the ghats on rivers and canals be separate for women and men for bathing and for carrying water.

61. Let not merchants take away horses from out of the country without permission.

62. Let not the slaves of Hindusthan be carried elsewhere.

63. Let the prices of things be according to the rates fixed by the King.

64. Let no marriage be celebrated without notification.

65. Whenever the marriages of commonfolk are celebrated, let the bride and bridegroom be present themselves at the Police Commissioner's and Magistrate's offices.

66. If the woman is more than 12 years older than man, let there be no connection between them, lest it should become the cause of debility and want of strength.

67. Let no marriage be celebrated, of a boy less than 16 years old and a girl less than 12 years.

68. Let no one marry the daughter of a paternal or maternal uncle lest attachment be too little and the progeny be debilitated.

69. That woman who knocks about the bazaar openly or without veil or who always quarrels with her husband, should be sent to the *Saithanpura* (prostitutes' quarters).

70. If circumstances compel, the progeny may be pledged and when money becomes available, the pledge be redeemed.

71. If a Hindu lad becomes a Muslim in his boyhood, let him adopt the religion of his choice when he becomes a major.

72. Let any one adopt any religion, of his choice and not be obstructed therein.

73. If a Hindu girl happens to be lifted into a Mussalman house, she should be restored to her claimants.

74. Whatever is required—Mandir (temple) of Shiva, Fire place (Parsi Temple), or Church, let it be constructed. Let there be no obstruction. (For the rest, see *Ain-i-Akbari*).

Temperance

During Akbar's time, drink was prohibited but for purposes of medical treatment and to revive consciousness and stimulate it, it was allowed. Gradually, however, the rigidity was relaxed—although the prohibitory rules remained. The person taking drink was required to register himself—give his, his father's and grandfather's names and his religion. The Drink shop was located by the side of the King's palace and people used to send their friends to the Tavern under false pretexts. The officer in charge was himself a drunkard and used to abuse his position!

Jazia

Jazia is condemned as a poll tax levied on Hindus, but really it was a substitute for non-registration in Military service owing to no fault of the Hindus themselves. The origin of the tax is interesting. In olden times, in Arabia, it was a contribution levied on definite tribes, who having entered into agreements with the new converts to Islam of not fighting them or their allies, broke them, in the hope ultimately of breaking the converts themselves, because their change of Faith was not countenanced in the first place by the Tribes. A story is told of Timur that when he levied Jazia on Christian tribes and refused to permit them to ring their Church-bells, his agent quelled a rebellion by them by conceding to them both these; and this was approved by Timur himself.

Akbar (11—10—'43)

We have recently celebrated the 400th anniversary of Akbar's birth. He was a remarkable person who studied and followed Hindu Religion, maintained Pandits, believed in Astrology, got performed *Hom* hearing *mantras*, learnt philosophy, wore a caste mark, removed his beard, instituted shaving of the pate and married a Hindu, built her a separate palace in Hindu style of architecture at Fatehpur Sikri, fashioned her bedrooms likewise in Hindu style, prohibited cow slaughter in certain years in each cycle of twelve, interdicted drink, abolished 'Jazia' and octroi duties, excelled in elephant catching, patronised arts and crafts—in laying of stone in stone, calligraphy and geometrical design in architecture. The Moghal custom when

a person died, was that he who succeeded would touch the corpse with his toe and then take his seat on a bench that was by. Akbar prohibited excessive dowries at marriages, (for they would only lead to breaches of promise, and break of relationship) forbade alliances amongst blood relations, reformed the alphabet, permitted widow marriages amongst Hindu and prohibited Sati to Hindu child widows, made circumcision voluntary at any rate till the age of 12. Akbar had the translations of numerous works into Pharsi by eminent scholars. Encyclopaedia, Dictionary, Astronomy, Philosophy, Poetry, Epics,—(Ramayana, Mahabharat), Geography. Harivamsam, Panchatantram which was originally rendered into Persian, Unani Medicine, Memoirs of Babar, Rajatarangini, Nala Damayanti, Lila-vati, Akbarnama commentry on Qoran. Certain compositions were extraordinary in that they were all of letters in Persian without *Nuktas* or points.

There is a parallel to the custom inaugurated by Akbar in worshipping the Sun, in the story of the Pharaohs. Akbar observed the Hindu custom of not eating, drinking or even cleaning the teeth before seeing the Sun. He encouraged the esteem of the Brahmin and the cow (the Go-Brahmana Rakshana). Akbar, in fact, was made an Avatar by the Brahmins that surrounded him. Vishnu and Krishna and Ramachandra were all being worshipped. This naturally exasperated the Mullas and the Maulvies. Whether Akbar had heard of the Egyptian history or not, we know not. He had before him an ancient piece of paper bearing a *shloka* by Mukund Brahmachari who cut his body and made *hom* and who states in it that he would be born a great King. There was only difference of 3 or 4 years between his death and Akbar's life. Why Mukund should be born in a *Mlechh* family was explained by the fact that at the place of the *hom* there were bone and iron burnt and the place was unholy.

Amongst the Pharaohs was one Akhnathun. The original religion in Egypt was that of Aminra—the Sun. But one man was born who took a larger and international view. He was called Aminaraten. He thought thus:—"Persia is a sunworshipper. Why not I make the sun the sustainer? There is a picture of the God of sun whose rays are the hands that stroke every bit of creation and laid the foundation of the city—Akhinathen. He was a poet himself and died at 32. But the priesthood was so powerful that they made his life hell for, old temples suffered on account of the new temple. And too, the priests lost influence in Government. The tombs are so constructed that they have an aperture through which the sun's rays enter.

Ghúngh Mahal

Few thinking people would have failed to ask themselves and others how man would develop if brought up in a state of isolation,

free from all contact with life or touch, with its vocal and sensual activities. Akbar had the same curiosity and he caused a building to be built which was named the 'Ghung Mahal' or the mute palace where 20 children were brought up by people who were charged to be silent. Of course, the children never developed the power of speech and only made animal noises to signify their animal needs and wants. A further question is raised whether sex consciousness would dawn upon such children. Of course, it would. There are certain primæval passions born with life which seek expression and satisfaction, as when the new born babe when put to the breast sucks mother's milk or cries when feeling hungry or laughs in joy or weeps in pain. As age advances, as the sex organs emerge, the corresponding passions also develop. They are not a cultivated longing. Eating and drinking, defecating and urinating, sleeping and reproducing are common to man and beast.

Census

China is believed to have had the oldest census. The British began the Indian census in 1871. Akbar began his census in 989 Hijri (1581 A.D.). Orders were passed that all Jagirdars and Awildars and Shikdars do help in census being taken of people by name, occupation and literacy. Every town had a *khairpura* for Muslims and *Dharm-pura* for Hindus for feeding and resting. In 990 Hijri (1582 A.D.) *Saitanpura* was built for prostitutes. There was no purdah vis-à-vis the King and the Shahzada and in the Fort with relations.

Pigeon Army

In Akbar's time and even earlier, the pigeons were trained and drilled into an army so that they performed various duties connected with war and love. When the King started out, they formed the advance guard, and formed avian canopy in the high skies.

A story is told of Shah Alam's time when in the course of a pigeon's adventure, the Shahzada happened to see the face of a feminine beauty next door, but separated by an old crumbling wooden partition. And to establish contact, a whole army of pigeons was set in motion. Their movements are guided by whistles—which mean—go up, turn to the left, recede, advance, then to the right and then forward. The whole army perched on the wooden partition which, on account of their momentum, gave way and while the object was achieved, the pigeons themselves perished under the wooden wall. The person that trained them committed suicide over the loss of his army.

Akbar's Injunctions

The promotion of public good was with Akbar a civic duty and a means of personal salvation and he prescribed 12 classes of such in each of the 12 Lunar months.

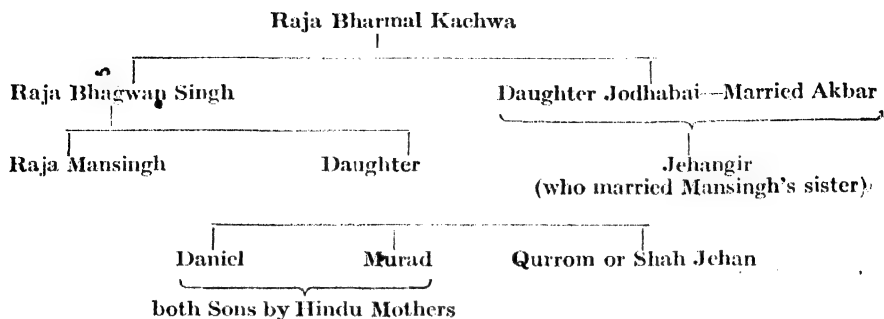
Duties

- | | |
|--------------------|--|
| 1. Muharram | ..Don't oppress living beings. |
| 2. Safar | ..Release prisoners. |
| 3. Rabi-ul Avval | ..30 good virtuous needy beggars should be given food. |
| 4. Rabi-ul Shani | ..Bathe and be of good cheer. |
| 5. Jamadi-ul-aval | ..Don't wear rich dresses or silk garments. |
| 6. Jamadi-ul-shani | ..Don't use leather goods. |
| 7. Rajab | ..Lend a helping hand to your neighbours. |
| 8. Sha'ban | ..Do not be harsh to any one. |
| 9. Ramzan | ..Feed and clothe the cripples. |
| 10. Shawal | ..Mention the name of God 1000 times. |
| 11. Zaliqar | ..Keep waking in 1st night and do good to certain men of other religion. |
| 12. Zajiha | ..Build houses for the convenience of the public. |

What to see in each month (Persian Usage)

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| 1. Máhe Muharram Zar bibeen | See gold in Moharrum—1st Moon. |
| 2. Audar safar bee āgina | Look into a mirror in the 2nd month. |
| 3. Avval rabi āb a rava | On seeing the Crescent see running water. |
| 4. Rabi-ul-Sani | Akhir ganam Imash Nigār
See a goat. |
| 5. Avval Zamadi nukrabi | See Silver. |
| 6. Peeri bibqen dar akharin | See an old man. |
| 7. Maher-i-Jab, Musahaf been | See Quoran. |
| 8. Sha'ban gyathe sabsthar | See Green Grass. |
| 9. Shemsheer dar Ramzan bibeen | See a sword. |
| 10. Shevval-i-jama sabsthar | See green cloth. |
| 11. Zee Qhath beeni Kodake | See a boy. |
| 12. Zil Hez Dukhthar Khibthar | See a pretty daughter. |

Moghul Geneology



Sheikhs and Syeds, Pathans and Moghuls

The learned men in Arabia are Sheikhs. In India the converts were called Sheikhs. Sheikhs are neither a tribe nor a sect. Syeds are leaders of a particular camp in Arabia, the term now means those who are descendants from the prophet or his immediate relations. Pathans are from the Frontier,—a tribe, so are Moghuls. Thus two are tribes, two are titles.

Hindus and Muslims

In 1880, people knew each other's religion, almost every other house, knew, the neighbour, they lived together and had a common structure of society. Leading Hindus mixed with Muslims but 3 things were observed.

1. Pan was not given from the Muslim Pandan. It was sent for and given in a *Thukka*.
2. Water was obtained from a neighbour's house.
3. And *Khana* likewise.

All these were consistent with intimacy and toleration. But this was a phase of the Moghul period since the days of Akbar who wanted to weld the different elements into one cultural structure of society which, however, was knocked on the head by the English. The Hindus were the first to take to English Education. Muslims lagged behind.

The Face and the Nose

Lord Vansittart published "The Lessons of My Life" after forty years of service and in it narrates how Lord Curzon and M. Poincare could not stand each other. One night at a conference which began at 10 p.m.—a late hour particularly bad for incompatible tempers, the inevitable dog fight began, says Lord Vansittart even more speedily than usual. "At Poincare's opening gambit, Lord Curzon bridled—the only time that I have ever seen that verb. Poincare bit back. "Lord Curzon, vous me reez an nez!" French says, "You are laughing

FEATHERS & STONES

at my nose", where English says "you are laughing in my face." Hot and slow denial emerged from Curzon and turning to me he snorted in a puzzled bent but penetrating undertone. "There is nothing funny about the fellow's nose!"

Greetings and Courtesies

A high placed Chinese Official (Governor) a Colonel, greets a distinguished visitor and says to him, "My poor house is honoured" and the guest replies, "Our feet are quite unworthy to rest upon your honourable doorstep,"—on which the host says, "If my doorstep were gold, it would hardly be fit for your distinguished shoes." But in Modern China all these are being dispensed with just as among Mus-salmans the old greeting extended to a guest by a host saying, "You have given pain to your auspicious feet by setting them on my dark house" is no longer common.

In China you are offered a roast dog.

The host is perfectly willing to discuss anything when you are a guest—Chinese music, the war, and his wife! The host and his wife had been affianced to each other you may be told, at the age of two for their respective fathers were friends and wished to perpetuate the memory of their affection. Since childhood the Colonel (the host) had not seen his fiancée till 26.

Marriage by Proxy

It may not be widely known that in Britain, Government had decided that marriages by proxy for men serving abroad in the armed forces are undesirable. It was inevitable that this question should arise in war time and the advocates of a change of principles which would allow such unions have emphasized that the lack of this facility might cause special hardship and sorrow and the lowering of the morale of many of the fighting men. That there might be tragic case, was admitted by the Home Secretary, but he pointed out that in the opinion of the Government if marriages were made less serious, there might be even more tragedies as the result of proxy unions. The issues, he said, were important and far-reaching but the desire to deal sympathetically with cases of hardship would not justify such large changes in the Marriage Law.

The Huma (The Eagle)

"Agar che Huma nazar na ata

Uska Saya sarpar hai"

'Huma' is an eagle, a phoenix, a bird of paradise, a bird of happy omen, of which it is said that the person over whose head it flies becomes a King. In all ages and in all climes, some animal or other, or some one bird has been associated with symbols of Royalty and

their pictures typify empires, dynasties or Houses. The eagle is one of these. Call it eagle, white eagle, *Baaz* or *Cheel* or *Huma*, there it is. Kings have always kept before them the auspicious bird—and wanted to see it the first thing in the morning, much as a pious Hindu would like to see the cow's face as the first thing in the morning. The bird is often the companion of kings and the object of their amusement, as it is the bird of sport for them. Its crossing the way when a king sets out is considered of good augury and if the bird is not there, at least its shadow is on you. That is equally auspicious. Akbar had a *Baaz*. Timur held it in reverence. The Roman Eagle is a classical expression. To Rome and later Germany it was the symbol of Royalty as also Russia, Bulgaria and Rumania.

Lord Ripon

Lord Ripon's name is a household word in India. His biography is published by Marquess of Crew, his successor in 1908-09 as the Lord Privy Seal. Ripon's ancestry on the paternal side of his father is traced to Oliver Cromwell and the maternal side of his father to John Hampden. No wonder that he had liberal ideas in his brain and was the author of the epigram that the best test of fitness of a nation for self-government is to give it self-government. What else could he say when he favoured the chartist demand for Universal suffrage in those days. He was George Frederick Robinson when born in 1827 and he died as Marquess of Ripon in 1909 at the age 82. He changed his father into Roman Catholicism.

Numbers and Knowledge

It was Pythagoras who said, "He knows all who knows his numbers." This applies in particular to the study of stars and nebulae. All the hazy objects seen through a telescope that could not resolve into stars are called nebulae. Whether these two are stars that could be seen with more powerful telescope or only masses of gas as yet unorganized into stars, one cannot say. Perhaps, they are both as can be revealed by the spectroscope. Many of those nebulae belonging to the former category (stars) display a spiral structure—two curved arms streaming from a more or less compact mass at the centre. For such stars to present such amorphous cloud like masses, they must be really at an enormous distance from us. Whether the universe is a single agglomeration or different aggregates is still a debated point. The milky way, however, it is agreed, marks the rim of our stellar system. It forms a great circle in the sky and one part of it—towards the Scorpion and the Bow is much brighter than any other. The spirals of the nebulae have a definite and systematic arrangement with respect to it. They move faster than the stars and their velocity and direction are determined by the spectroscope. Such velocities depend on the masses or on the distances of the spirals from us. The

FEATHERS & STONES

mass of the stars seem to determine their brightness. The spirals and their related objects are called gallaies. We live in one of these gallaies.

Now we come to the units of distance which are curious as employed by the astronomers. A convenient unit is the 'light year'—the distance light can travel in one year. The velocity of light is 1,86,300 miles per second and in one year there are $1 \times 60 \times 60 \times 24 \times 365$ seconds. There are 3,15,00,000 seconds in a year and a light year is equal to $1,86,300 \times 3,15,00,000$ miles. Our galaxy is 1,00,000 light years in diameter. At our distance from the centre or nucleus of our galaxy about 25,00,00,000 years are required for one circuit. The galaxies are 10,00,000 years apart from each other. Each galaxy comprises about 100,000,000,000 stars (the number of separate crystals in 21 tons of sugar). The galaxies appear to be sprinkled (roughly) uniformly out to a distance 500,000,000 light years i.e., 500 million \times $31\frac{1}{2}$ million \times 186,300 miles. The sun is about 30,000 light years from the centre of the galaxy in which it is immersed.

One light year=66,103,568,000 miles.

The Rich and the Poor

No man in society is generally reconciled to his state and status in life. The poor pity the rich who feel still poor in their thousands and lakhs. The rich envy the poor, because all their riches have not supplied their wants.

Knowledge and Humility

We used to be told in the medical college by a Major that when a medical student enters the college he thinks he knows everything, in the middle of his course he feels he has something yet to learn. When he leaves the college, however, he realizes how little he knows.

Theatre

In India for long we have witnessed men acting the part of women. Only lately, for less than a decade have women begun to play the part of women. There are some theatres in which women play the part of women. In China, Lin Yutang tells us that 'the great and most enduring art is that of man acting the role of woman on the stage . . . The best part about men acting as women is that the men in the audience see the men are acting as women and the women in the audience see that the women are being "acted" by men.

Reckoning of Time by Arabs

The Arab world comprises Arabia, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Egypt and all North Africa. The Arabs offer their Namaz five times in the day. Their new day begins at sunset which constitutes 12 o'clock and in the night falls their evening. Thursday night is the evening

of Friday and Friday night is the eve of Saturday. You invite friends to Tea at 5 o'clock and what will be your surprise when you see a stream of visitors shortly before noon. Five o'clock Arabic is about eleven in the forenoon and thus they come for tea at luncheon time but a little delay in getting the tea does not matter at all. Indeed it is customary.

Ramzan is there called Ramadhan in which they fast from dawn to dusk. The exact moment of dawn is when a white thread can be distinguished from a black one.

Arab Calendar

We have discussed our calendars in India in different provinces so often—the lunar and the solar and in the lunar—the month end from new moon day or the full moon day. The Arab calendar follows the lunar system and begins 10 days earlier each year, and in a cycle of 33 years they save up 330 days.

Once again our Ramzan has begun this year on the 1st of September. Last year, it began for our friends in the Ahmednagar Fort on the 12th September.

Spitting in China

Anden and Isherwood were travelling in a Chinese train and found spittoons in the Dining car which were made use of by the passengers unceasingly clearing their throats before doing so with most unappetising relish. In China it seems children learn to spit from the age of two onwards. The New Life Movement discourages it but without any visible effect, even high Government Officials have hawked and spat without any the least restraint. This story recalls to our minds the practice in India of spitting on the roads and on the staircases of big buildings in cities (coloured stuff—due to betel chewing) which is an abominable practice. Many people hawk and retch after food in washing their mouths—making a hell of noise—much to the disgust of those still “at the table.” With the Hindu custom of all rising together from a dinner, there is not much difficulty but in the new-fangled civilization where each is a law unto himself, they rise as they finish and this hawking and spitting is a practice that must certainly be abandoned.

Chinese and Opium

These two travellers met an old man of eighty whose body looked no worse than that of a man of 25. He said he never smoked or drank and in answer to question as to what he attributed his wonderful health to, said, “Twice every day I take a little opium. There is nothing like it.” Well, we must pause after this answer for a minute, for I know that in the Godavari District (Andhra) next to Assam, the largest number of people take opium. After 45, it is very common.

FEATHERS & STONES

One in every ten or 8 takes it for rheumatism of old age; Diabetes, Asthma and some form of indigestion or merely because it is the custom of the country.

Shops In Canton

The commonest shops in Canton seem to be those of barbers and apothecaries. Their windows exhibit deer horn (to cure impotence) and strange twisted roots, like mandrakes, in glass cases. The food shops are fascinating and one may gaze in horror at the edible black beetles or at the tubs of live swimming snakes which of course are meant to be eaten.

The New Life Movement in China

Two travellers in China,—Anden and Isherwood narrate to the world Madame Chiang Kai Shek's description of the origin of the New Life Movement in China. When China became a republic, people had very little idea of how to govern themselves. The definite moral code of the old imperial order of officials died away with them and the period of chaos which ensued and which proved a fertile breeding ground for communism. The Generalissimo himself inaugurated the New Life Movement in a speech in 1934. He was moved to speak by the sight of the desolation wrought by the Communists in the Kiangsi Province and the feeling that something must be done for the peasants.

The authors give another version. The New Life Movement was an attempt to compete with the Communist platform of Economic and Social platform, substituting a "retreat to Confucius" for "an advance to Marx." And this was inaugurated when the Nanking Government suppressed the Communists. In a sense, we are told Madame herself admitted this when she said, "We are giving the people what the Communists promised, but could not perform."

The New Life Movement is based on the practice of four virtues, --Reason, Propriety, Moral Judgment and Conscience--instilling into people ideals of civic responsibility and social service. Checking of corruption and raising the standards of public health, Hospitals and relief work, the forbidding of *Mah-jougg* and opium smoking and of Government Officers visiting brothels are some of the methods adopted. To the question whether after the war the Government would co-operate with the Communists, the Madame replied, "The question really is will the Communists co-operate with us?"

The Indian Parallel .

Does this not all sound very much like the Gandhian movement --the same ethical note, the same spirit of social service, the same economic self-sufficiency, the same duty to the oppressed, down-trodden and disease stricken. In one bound both the movements elevate

politics from its scurvy levels of old to exalted altitudes of high religious fervour and ethical idealism.

Chinese feet

We have all heard more as a fairy tale than known it as a tangible fact how Chinese women have their feet bound while in childhood. A girl's feet are generally bound at the age of four or five and the two authors Anden and Isherwood took an opportunity to examine a girl's feet. All toes except the big toe were found to have been turned under the foot, and fastened in this position. Subsequent growth would only have the effect of raising the arch of the foot forming a deep groove across the centre of the sole which therefore is liable to sores. It may be a relief to the reader, however, that the custom of binding the feet in China is gradually dying out.

The Dog with a Religion

A nice little story is narrated by these authors of a dog which had a religion. A missionary, Mr. White had a young Fox Terrier. He put a small piece of cake on the table and asked the dog, "Do you want it?" The dog it seems cocked its ears but did not move. "Are you a Catholic?" Mr. White asked it. There was no response. "Are you an Anglican? Are you a Presbyterian? Are you a Seventh Day adventist? Are you a mormon?" Mr. White then proudly turned to the authors and said, "Now Watch". "Are you an American Baptist?" The terrier jumped for the cake at once.

Chinese Cement

Most people know how modern cement is made. It is a composition into which clay, lime and powdered stone enter. But ancient Chinese Cement has its own composition. It is a mixture of lime, sand, glutinous rice and pig's blood.

Pathological Enormities

All pathology is diseased physiology. Disease is monstrous looking. One who may not be familiar with a smallpox face on the 8th day of the eruption may be stunned and shocked on seeing one. But strange cases are reported from China. A patient had a nasal polypus which was pedunculate i.e., had a neck and it was so long that you could wind the pedicle round his neck. And another had a stone in the urinary bladder which was three pointed—one point sticking into the naval, a second into the urethra and a third into the rectum. The third case reported is one of a tumour weighing 60 pounds on the back which, when the patient sat made his feet kick up into the air. This is not really much for we had read while in the Medical College, of a woman whose tumour weighed more than herself (without it)!

Copper and Silver (9—9—'43)

The whirligig of time has brought back the 9th of another month but there is no one to think of the day. The ninth of August had completed a year of our confinement and prior to it every ninth of the fast progressing months was a day to reckon. Within the year, every month counts, beyond the year only years count and the poor ninth of September has come and gone like a thief in the night. This recalls our experience of the common prisoners who count their months' incarceration in weeks, their years' imprisonment in months and their terms in years, by the year. The millionaire counts his wealth in lakhs the 'lakshadhipati' in thousands, the man (Sahasrapati) who owns a thousand in hundred, the 'Shatapati' in tens and the 'Dashapati' in units. And I know the young man who earned coppers in the day count his Savings Bank account in annas and even so swelled it to hundreds of rupees. That is why it is said, take care of the coppers and the silver will take care of itself.

Ganja and Brahman Cooks

How few of us know the customs prevalent in our vast country? If in South India (Tamil) a Brahman smokes, he is accursed. But he snuffs and occasionally or even often, chews tobacco by itself or with *pan*. This is more common in Malabar. In Andhra, Brahmans don't mind smoking—though not in the priestly sect. But Tamil or Telugu, Malayalam or Kanarese, if any one said that a brahman smoked Ganja, he would be condemned to the hades.

In Northern India, however, in U.P. and occasionally in Maharashtra, we are told that if you engage a brahman cook to cook for a big dinner, you are expected to pay him extra for his Ganja so that he may put all his zest into his culinary art. This is enough to drive the South Indian Brahman mad with rage and disgust.

'Aurangazeb and the Benares Temple

There is a popular belief that Aurangazeb was a bigot in religion. This, however, is combated by a certain school. His bigotry is illustrated by one or two instances. The building of a mosque over the site of the original Kasi Visweswara Temple is one such. A like mosque in Mathura is another. The revival of Jazia is a third but of a different order. A story is told in extenuation of the first event. In the height of his glory, Aurangazeb like any foreign king in a country, had in his entourage a number of Hindu nobles. They all set out one day to see the sacred temple of Benares. Amongst them was a Ranee of Cutch. When the party returned after visiting the Temple, the Ranee of Cutch was missing. They searched for her in and out, East, North, West and South but no trace of her was noticeable. At last, a more diligent search revealed a *Tah khana* or an under-

ground storey of the temple which to all appearances had only two storeys. When the passage to it was found barred, they broke open the doors and found inside the pale shadow of the Ranee bereft of her jewellery. It turned out that the Mahants were in the habit of picking out wealthy and be-jewelled pilgrims and in guiding them to see the temple, decoying them to the underground cellar and robbing them of their jewellery. What exactly would have happened to their life one did not know. Anyhow in this case, there was no time for mischief as the search was diligent and prompt. On discovering the wickedness of the priests, Aurangazeb declared that such a scene of robbery could not be the House of God and ordered it to be forthwith demolished. And the ruins were left there. But the Ranee who was thus saved insisted on a Musjid being built on the ruined and to please her, one was subsequently built. That is how a Musjid has come to exist by the side of the Kasi Visweswar temple which is no temple in the real sense of the term but a humble cottage in which the marble Siva Linga is housed. Nothing is known about the Mathura Temple. This story of the Benares Masjid was given in a rare manuscript in Lucknow which was in the possession of a respected Mulla who had read it in the Ms. and who though he promised to look it up and give the Ms. to a friend, to whom he had narrated the story, died without fulfilling his promise. The story is little known and the prejudice, we are told, against Aurangazeb persists.

The Jazia is a poll tax—be it a pie, payable by every head in lieu of his exemption from Military service. If it were mere exemption, there was nothing to comment upon, but it was exclusion from the army as the army under the Islamic rulers was not thrown open to Non-Muslims. Akbar had put an end to Jazia but Aurangazeb revived it. The complaint really was against not the levy of the poll tax, but against the exclusion of a class of people from the army. On the contrary, Aurangazeb was considered a heterodox man because he voted grants to Mandirs which the Mulla deeply resented. And what was worse he demolished a Masjid under the following conditions.

Aurangazeb's Heterodoxy

Tanesha of Golconda could not account for all the revenues collected and when pressed to state what he had done and where he hid them, Tanesha stated that they were buried under a certain Musjid which Aurangzeb ordered to be demolished. Even so, the treasure was not forthcoming—only because it was never placed there. And when questioned why he thus misrepresented matters, Tanesha said that he wanted to measure the orthodoxy of Aurangazeb.

These two instances, it is claimed, show that Aurangazeb was not at any rate an orthodox or *Kattar* Mussalman for both the acts had greatly provoked the ire of the 'Ulemah'.

The Well of Death (9—9—'43)

The dull monotony of life is today broken by a post-card which has reached the inside of the Ahmednagar Fort, addressed as follows:

Ahmednagar,
Killa Chand Bibi,
Nehru Chowk,
Maut Ka Kuvan,
Muravvat Hossain.

The contents of the card were that a certain Doctor died on the 3rd August. Why it was delivered here was a mystery but a little investigation made the following explanation probable. Ahmednagar is all right. Killa Chand Bibi is the name of the Fort where we are confined. Chand Bibi herself was supposed to have been buried in the quadrangle enclosed by our halls. So, that is one reason why probably it was delivered here. There is a chowk called the Nehru Chowk, but it is in the Town. The additional detail in the address is Maut-Ka-Kuva—the well of death. As there is no such well in the city, and as Nehru Chowk is associated with the name of Nehru who it is by this time well-known is in the Fort, the postman must have considered the well of death also must be here and delivered here the card accordingly.

All is well that ends well

The beginning of the new month would have been quite uneventful but for the little tragic comedy enacted by two of the children of the Jailor. It has already been remarked that the Jailor is not allowed to spend the nights away from our fortress, with his family who live outside. Today, they intended changing their house and amongst the children a girl of 6 and a boy of four chose after tea at 10 a.m. to visit the new abode which is only a furlong from the old. They went out and didn't turn up. It was two o'clock. When the Jailor went home to assist in the transfer, the news was broken to him, but it was taken for granted that they would be in a near neighbour's house which they were in the habit of frequenting. But when they went there, the lady of the house was found to have gone out and it was easily presumed that she must have taken these two children along with hers. When she turned up at 5 p.m. however, it was discovered that these children had never gone there at all. Then began a period of anxiety—enquiries, information to the police, Dhandhora in the four corners of the city. In the course of search a party happened to meet a 'beat' constable, right opposite the new building to which the transfer was to have taken place and on enquiry, he said that he did see two children straying and that they could not say where their house was, but simply lisped the word

Killa and not being able to trace their home, he left the children in the Police Station of the Cantonment area to which the place of their perigrinations belonged. At last, the children were traced at the Police Station but when the sepoy went there with a tonga, the policeman on duty (there were no officers at that time—5-30 p.m.) declined to part with the children unless the man brought a letter from the father and with it Rs. 5/- for feeding charges of the two children since 10 a.m. The first condition was duly complied and as for the second, a bill was asked to be sent and the children came back home.

The points to be noted on the comic side were that left to themselves the children could have easily enough found their way to their old house for the girl knew the way to and fro. But when the constable interfered, thinking he was doing his duty by the missing children and the bemoaning parents, they were prevented from so doing. And they readily accompanied the constable because the girl said "Killa" and expected that the constable who wore the same dress as the sepoys serving under their father—and whom the girl took to be one of that order, to take them to the Killa where her father was serving. The constable on his part could not make out what the girl meant by Killa nor would he be allowed inside the Fortress where the Jailor was the whole day and whole night officer having charge of us. The fact was the constable is a Maharashtra while the children are Punjabis. They could not understand each other. The result was a miss which was as good as a mile from the home. The children were duly restored but the father has not received that tell-tale bill for Rs. 5/- for the formidable meal given to the two urchins.

At the end of a year's stay it may not be inappropriate to give some quotations from Toller's life in prison which extended over five years and at the end of it he was externed from Bavaria. We have been here for a year. Yet we have had no infirmary. Ours is not the only prison without one.

Toller writes:—

"Because there was no Infirmary at Niderschonenfeld though by now the fortress has been run as a prison for four years."—page 232.

A friend of Toller's Hagemaster was suffering in that fortress prison from pleurisy. He was thought to be malingering and exaggerating. At last, the stitch in side became unbearable. The doctor was sent for and he straightway said "Owing to the mental condition of the prisoners, it is impossible to treat him here. In the afternoon, he was taken to the sickroom of the fortress—"a mere cage converted again into a cell of the entirely insufficient dimensions of

this vacant floor of the Prison." Bed at the wall, a bucket in the corner for a commode, otherwise yawning vacancy. On the first night I had a night-watch at my door. On the second they gave me instead an empty shell case on the table by the wall. I was told that if I needed help or anything I was to knock on this shell-case with the blade of my knife, the sound would be heard, throughout the whole building and someone would come immediately. The doctor has hinted that we gentlemen, through continuous intimacy mostly talk ourselves into being ill. "On Tuesday the 16th January to our great astonishment, Musham and Duttu were summoned to the Governor's office. Herr Hoffman was waiting for them. "I am obliged to give you the melancholy news that your fellow prisoner August Hagemaster has quietly passed away in the night."

Luckily in the Ahmednagar Fort, we have fared better. We are all alive though not very much kicking. So often in count we missed one but on a recount, all the twelve were accounted for. Here too a sick room was intended to be improvised but it is not a cell. It is a magnificent hall—90 feet by 25 feet with 6 electric punkhas, three windows on one side and two on the other and a door way. But the hospital has not materialized although the hall was washed and swept and disinfected. As for a companion we have been given one whenever absolutely necessary and had not to strike a tin with a knife. We had, however, to shout at the top of the voice and yet could not awaken the poor warder. He snores and sleeps ever so hard that he disturbed our sleep. But that was not the worst, for he brought his own bed and with it his bugs. So, we decided not to have a companion. "What had happened in the Needer-Schonenfeld Fort was that August Hagemaster was found dead in the arm chair when the warder unlocked the door. He had got up in the night because he could not lie down for pain. He had sat in the armchair and had died there in final loneliness."

—p. 235 Toller.

The Second Year—A Review of Birds and Flowers

Our first year has passed and we begin the second year of our sojourn here in the Ahmednagar Fort. Think of a prisoner's lot in the Jail. He cannot stroll about in the evenings in glade or glen, in forests or mountains, by the riverside or the seabeach. He has the same neem and babul trees facing him, the same companions each with his peculiar tastes and temperament, with his particular idiosyncrasies, the same routine of shorthanded play or longhanded gardening, the same expectation of letter and disappointment, the same routine of daily duties within the confines of the one acre of site, the same moaning call of the Siren and the rattling sound of the Tank, the same buzz of cars and buses one cannot see, the same hum of the radio one cannot hear, the same yearning for the sight of women

and children, the same want of emotional *up surge*, the same attention and avidity to strengthen the body and enrich the intellect, the same helplessness and impotence to enrich the soul or uplift the spirit, the same mechanical life—the same petrified routine, the same dull monotony which are enough to make Heaven itself an intolerable bore and certainly Hell an insufferable penalty. One almost learns to feel that loneliness is far happier than company. But one thing the prisoner is not always deprived namely, the beauty of the spangled Heavens and the stars that bedeck by night the skies and tell their tale of inconceivable sizes and distances, the tails that they sometimes wear, the feats of fall that they at times perform, the tireless twinkling that they ever display, the game of hide and seek that they play when assailed by the passing clouds, their eternal quarrel with the moon whose company they keep for one fortnight and eschew for another, their fear of a radiant sun—immensely smaller than their mighty orbs but before which they pale and vanish. Then we have as further compensations the living and equally enlivening presence of the swallow and the sparrow, the cuckoo and the crow, the Minah and the Kite, the Bull-Bull and the wag-tail. They are intensely human in their parental anxiety and grief for the dead, in their instruction to their young ones—teaching them how to fly. As the wings of the latter develop, the parents fly before them, execute whirls and circles and somersaults—now fly up like a rocket and now come down like a dive bomber. At last the young ones manage to descend from their olympian heights to the terrestrial depths, sit on your table and shed their leavings, make a detour into the garden and flee from the wrath of the Kites above—and under the umbrella of their parents hop and jump and fly and fall. One of the two young ones is smart and pushful and flies away. But the other is perhaps rickety and soft-boned. It flaps its wings but is unable to fly. The parents get to either side and spread one its right and the other its left wing underneath the poor young cripple and flapping their other wings bear the young one on to the nest. After this first aid, the little things pluck up courage and strengthen and fly. In addition to these avine companions, we have the flowers of the garden raised by Jawaharlal—the one indefatigable worker of the group. The winter garden faded away and hath yielded place to the summer garden. And with the onset of the rains, the *balsam* and the marigold, the chrysanthum and the sun-flower, the jasmine and the rose, the geranium and the Zenia, the nystacium and the Holly hock, the saliva and the morning-glory have made the lawn a richly coloured carpet of green and gold—bright yellow and dark red—light blue and deep violet.

The new year has brought before us a new garden. Yesterday it was all sprouting green. Today it is all gold full of flowers some

of the winter season, some new of the summer. We have the familiar *merigold*, the beloved of our girls at home, growing in all their glory—shining—yellow and gold like balls with a gentle aroma. The *Petuma* has again put forth its sweet smelling flowers. The *cosmos* has grown to twice its height and is surmounted by dark red four petalled flowers. The *Balsam* is full of rose and red coloured, loose lying flowers covering the plant and spreading on the ground as if with a carpet. The *Begonia* is an addition of the summer. Its flowers are a poor competition to its leaves which have such lovely light shades of Turkey red colour. The spider flowers are superb. Indeed they are called *superba gloriosa*. The *Holihocks* is rather poor in show just at this time of the year. The *Zenia* has a formidable rival in the baby *Zenia*. The *nystacum* is resplendant in all its glory—yellow and orange. The morning glory of last winter is replaced by the Heavenly blue. The *vibrena* is ubiquitous and irrepressible. Regardless of season or soil, it grows almost wild putting forth its lovely purple flowers which sprout up erect and single on vertical stalks. The *mogra* or *Jasmine* has its spotless white flowers—the beloved of Indian women, with their fragrance carrying a thousand associations. The dark red roses have emerged in dozens from a plant which looked a babe. The *gladiola* is a marvellous flower rising in tiers in their salmon pink. *Dalia* and *agarata*, are two additions, the latter bearing flossy flowers sometimes called *Button flowers*. The *Queen* of the night holds court after evening. Its magnificent fragrance permeates the whole compound and penetrates the fooms. The very distance at which it is planted lends charm to its aroma which from near is too strong. *Tuberosa* is yet to flower. Its growth has been slow. Perhaps this is not the season for it. We shall bide our time. We have enough of it before us.

. Flowers Speak

“Perhaps you don’t believe that flowers are able to talk. Of course, they cannot speak as we do. But they have their own way of speaking. Only you have to understand them and to have patience when you are listening to them. They know the gayest stories about the earth out of which they grow; about their neighbours—the other flowers; about the dew which pays them a call in the mornings and about butterflies and beetles, to whom they have given hospitality. Also they have stories about their friends, the trees. Do you know that there are flowers that are faithful to their Tree friends, that they fall ill and die when one cuts down the trees in the shadow of which they are growing. Nothing in the meadows and the wood lives by itself. All things live together, meadows and flowers, hedges and birds. Where thistles are growing you will discover chaffinches and where plantains are growing you will find white people.”

Every day the sparrows come now and then and "take tea" and tell us of their party struggle, their jealousies and their State news.

On September 17, '23—the Governor—Herr Hoffman read this communication! In accordance with Section 22 of the house rules, the Swallow book has been confiscated as it contains a good deal which if it were published, would bring the prison discipline into contempt.

The first poem. A friend died in the night was propagandist in the use made of the death of the late prisoner Hagemaster. In one poem there was a reference to a hole with bars and similar things. That would have a propagandist effect. In one poem, there was a statement which misrepresents the ordinary cleaning of gutters. In this also, the warder's behaviour was maligned. They were represented as behaving callously at the cleaning of the gutters. In one poem, the line appears: "A sacrifice in deadly battles render dauntless Barriers." That was political incitement. Then speaking personally Herr Hoffman said, "The book is so full of propagandist material that its whole effect is provocative."

—Toller, Page 319.

One becomes sick of men when one has had to live for five years with others in a place of iron bars and cells when one has not had an hour alone, always consuming and consumed, thrusting and thrust, stabbing and stabbed—have been at a performance of the great human comedy on a tiny stage without footlights, without an orchestra and with no proscenium.

Much bitter personal experience I have had to ponder to its utmost conclusion. And the school of common imprisonment is a school of life where one meets humanity in the raw.

—(Toller)

Great men bring me gifts—Aeschlyn Sophocles, Eckhart, Shelley, Milton, Goethe, Kleist, Holderlin. Never are we poor as men want to make us. Always we have the wealth. We are the beauty where we live.

—Toller, Page 159.

10—2—'22

To

The Authorities of the Fortress,
Neiderschonefeld.

I ask for an increase in my regular weekly allowance. With the rise in prices of all daily necessities and with the trebling of the postage fees, I cannot manage on 35 marks a week (Letters before the 1st January cost 60 P fening; after the 1st January—2 marks. Registered letters before the 1st January 3-10 M. after the 1st of January M 12. Today a small piece of soap costs M 8, a roll 65 P fening,

a tooth brush 8 Marks, a dentifrice 7-30 M. one cigar 2.50 M. a pound of coffee 70 M. a pound of sugar 9 M. and so on).

Keeping my weekly allowance at 35 M. results in an essential restriction on my freedom to write. Today, I can't without borrowing money from comrades, send my necessary business letters, stamps which I had, posted to me from outside, have not been given me.

"There is a pain in the life of a prisoner which is almost worse than all the others. It is the enforced living together."

—"House of the Dead", Dostoevsky.

Censoring

Toller complains of the prohibition of his play *Masses and Man* being enacted because the Jewish money-lender raised a furore about it and he asks:

"Tomorrow I expect the hangman will protest because some author has not properly appreciated Decapitation!"

Mr. Amery's answer that it is dangerous to allow outsiders' contact with Gandhi reminds one of a letter of Ernest Toller to the Authorities of the Fortress of Neiderschonefeld in which he was imprisoned serving a term of 5 years and the answer given to him:

"I ask that one of my cardboard boxes should be given to me, by your instructions, so that I may keep my hat protected from dust."
--Toller.

Answer

Declined for reasons of safety. The hat can be wrapped in newspaper or the like. If it is not wanted here, send it home!

—Hoffman, Public Prosecutor.

Baptism by a Fire-Hose

One day, the two travellers—Auden and Isherwood, were given a tea-party at Hankow (China) in order to be able to meet the leading Chinese intellectuals. The gathering, we are told, was certainly most distinguished, particularly owing to the monumental presence of Feng Yu hsiang, the "Christian General" who is said once to have baptized a whole regiment of his troops with a fire-hose.

Anglicized Names

Few young men of the rising generation know that late in the last and early in the present century it was fashionable to convert Indian names into allied English names,—Kate, Bob, Bill, Pattison, were not uncommon forms of addressing one another amongst young men. More loyal citizens who were high officials and sincere admirers of English Culture, gave their sons the names of either their

patrons in service or their favourite public men. Thus we had a *Hume* Shastri named after A. O. Hume, a Venkata Sivarama *Ross* named after a District Judge Ross and a Ripon named after the Viceroy, Lord Ripon (George Frederick Robinson) the young men have continued to be known by these names. In China this westernization of names is quite usual amongst intellectuals. A young journalist had the exotic name of Macdonald anglicized from Ma Tong-Na.

Beauty Fashions

War has introduced, we are told, a new concept of beauty in China. "Girls with pencilled brows like moths, powdered face, manicured finger nails and toe nails and above all with "permanent wave" in their hair no longer command admiration. They are often considered unpatriotic. In present-day China true War-time beauty, it is said, must carry a martial air with no cosmetics on the face and with the hair pressed backward under a smart cap that matches the army uniform. And in India, women have passed through a passing phase of bobbed hair but have all grown their lovely black hair and the fashion is to make a long braid hanging loose behind on the back. The college girls have never fallen victims generally speaking to the perverse fashion of bobbing.

Vacant Laughter

The Chinese guides and servants have the habit of laughing at War, Victory, Defeat, the Japanese, in fact, everything. This reminds me of the habit of even some high placed men—for the matter of that—women in society who laugh before they describe a joke or a story, who laugh in the middle, who talk laughing and laugh at the end of their narration whether the hearers laugh or not. This is rather trying to the hearers to be sure! The best way of describing a joke or a story is for the speaker to keep mum after its completion and not to laugh before or during the narration.

Conscription

In China conscription is hardly necessary. The population is so extensive and the patriotism so intensive that recruiting is beset with no difficulty. Only the carrying on of the family is such an important article of Chinese religious feeling that the eldest son never becomes a soldier.

As in India, in China the dialects are many, but in China the written language is understood almost universally and so it seems that the country people believe that English is yet another dialect. Therefore, the Chinese talk to Englishmen in 'sign' language expecting them to understand their own signs, making the signs of Chinese characters with their fore-fingers on the palms of their hands.

The D.S.P. in a Fright

The war has given rise to many funny incidents. Government's instructions to District Officers are believed to be that they should vacate the places of their abode if the Japanese came, while the subordinate officers are to continue. In one District, on the East Coast there was a D.S.P. who one day took fright over some loud noises emanating from a distance and took them for those of Japanese explosives. So in the absence of the Collector, he ordered certain records to be burnt and himself hastened to a place some 20 miles off. The Collector, an Indian returned and having heard the story, ascertained the cause of the sound which was traced to the fireworks of a marriage party at a distance of 6 miles. Then he instituted a diligent search and found the D.S.P. dressed in a dhoti in a hut at a distance of some 20 miles!

Suicide of the Japanese

Ten Japanese soldiers committed "suicide" in a temple, but suicide, we are told, proves nothing. It is the national reaction to all life's troubles—an officer's reprimand, a love affair gone wrong, a quarrel, a snub.

The Centipede and the Spider

Here is an extraordinary insect story. A Chinese boy had been stung by a centipede and was very ill. The Father could do nothing for him until their Chinese catechist produced a certain kind of spider which he had found crawling about the roof. This spider, he told him, would suck the poison from the wound. And suck it did. When the spider had finished the sucking, the catechist put it into a bowl of water so that it could eject the poison from its own body. The boy recovered immediately.

No Bitterness Among Japanese

The two travellers—Auden and Isherwood, had a dinner at Shanghai with four Japanese at the table,—a Consular official, a businessman, a Banker and a Railway Director. When the travellers told these friends that the Transport and Living conditions were not *primitive* as hinted by them but extremely efficient—"Kindness, politeness, everywhere." "Every body was charming." The Consular official agreed in an indulgent tone "the Chinese are certainly charming, such nice people. What a pity, yes, what a pity." The others chimed in. "The war could so easily have been avoided—our demands are very reasonable. In the past, we were always able to negotiate these problems amicably. The statesmen of the old school—they understood the art of compromise. You could deal with them. But these younger men, they are dreadfully, hot headed. Most un-

fortunate." "You know" continued the Consular official, "We really love the Chinese. That is the nice thing about the war. There is no bitterness. We in Japan feel absolutely none towards the Chinese." "This was really too much" say the authors. "Why should they? Had they ever their towns burnt and their children raped? Had they ever been bombed? Our four gentlemen had no answer ready. They merely blinked. Only one of them said "That is certainly a most interesting point of view."*

The Japanese have destroyed 70 per cent of the Chinese Industry.

Overcrowding

Since Japan occupied the outer city of Shanghai, the International Settlement became overcrowded. When the British wished to clear a single street a hundred yards long, for defensive purposes, they were told this would mean evacuating 14,000 people. Under the existing conditions, it was estimated that 40,000 refugee children must die during the next 12 months.**

10,000 Rickshaws

The number of rickshaws in the International Settlement is limited to 10,000. One could buy a rickshaw for 50 to 70 dollars. The registration plate costs officially 5 dollars. But these plates being limited in number change hands repeatedly and cost a lot, —fetching 500 dollars a piece at times! The coolies' life may be imagined from a statement made by one saying "Our life seems to be fastened down with live hooks."

Why they join the Army in China

An enquiry by the Hospital authorities amongst military patients showed that out of 142,—36 join for economic reasons, 26 join for economic reasons and admiration of Military career, 23 join for Patriotism, 23 for family difficulties, 16, owing to conscription, 9 being homeless, 7 to suppress local bandits, 1 deceived by promises of rewards, 1 vanity. Thus 4 per cent of the recruits join for patriotism. In India it is not even that much.

Carving and Chopping

As a rule, it is said, the Chinese do not carve a chicken. They chop it transversely into slices so that the tiniest morsel contains a fragment of bone.

Costly Cormorants

In China, they fish on boats with tame cormorants. Some of them fight a free lance kite for a fish. A well trained cormorant, it seems, costs 25 dollars.

* *Journey to a War*—by Auden and Isherwood. Faber & Faber,

** From May, 1938.

Total War

In olden days, the Kings and their armies fought each other during wars. The villages and village-crafts were safe. Agriculture was running its normal course. Later civil population came, to be attacked for loot. In this war, no matter whether between the Germans and the Russians or between the Japanese and the Chinese, the war seems to be wholly devastating. The other day, we were told that in Kharkov, there was but one old Russian, when it was recaptured by Stalin's armies, to tell his tale of woe, and when he was called 'old', he wept and said he was 24 years old, and he was the sole surviving one out of a population of 9 lakhs. A like story we hear from China. Mr. Wang was the Civil Governor of 6 Provinces in 1938 and he prepared an exhaustive report of the atrocities of the Japanese against the civilian population. In Mr. Wang's area, the authors tell us, 80 per cent of the houses had been burnt. Out of 1,100 houses in Sioping, only 200 remained. Out of 2,809 in Tsinan only 3. Three thousand civilians had been killed during the past four months (1938). Children were being kidnapped by the Japanese and sent to Shanghai for forced labour or the brothels. Out of 110,000 refugees, only ten per cent had been able to leave the district. The rest were returning to their ruined homes with money from Government to buy seeds for the spring sowing.

No Parachutes to Japanese Pilots

A plane went out of control and suddenly a white parachutist baled out of the machine while the plane plunged on into a lake—Wuchang. "This must have been" say the authors, 'a Chinese, for the Japanese pilots, it is said, are not allowed parachutes. They are even rumoured to be padlocked into their cockpits."

Madame

Two authors describe Madame Chiang Kai Shek as a small, round faced lady exquisitely dressed, rather than pretty, and possessed of an almost terrifying charm and poise. Obviously, she knows how to deal with any conceivable type of visitor. She can become at will the cultivated westernized woman with a knowledge of literature and art; the technical expert discussing aeroplane engines and machine guns, the Inspector of Hospitals, the President of a Mothers' Union or the simple, affectionate, clinging Chinese wife. She could be terrible, she could be gracious, she could be businesslike, she could be ruthless. It is said that she signs death warrants with her own hand. She speaks excellent English with an intonation faintly recalling her American College training. Strangely enough I have never heard anybody commenting upon her perfume. It is the most delicious either of the two authors have ever smelt.

The Bilasia 'Murder' Case

The Bilasia murder case in which Mr. B. B. Singh, I.C.S., Secretary, Local Self-Government, U.P., has been arraigned as the accused, makes interesting reading as it progresses. At first, the news was flashed as if the whole thing was proved without even that much of caution which is generally associated with Press Reports of alleged murder cases. Eleven Prosecution Witnesses have been dropped or held over as being hostile. The Medical evidence says that a bag of bones was sent on the 4th of June to the doctor for post-mortem with a covering note which purported to say that they were the bones of a girl of 18, murdered on the 26th May, 1943. The statements of men since joined as accused are to the effect that they picked up a bone sticking from the sands of the river, one lying on the bank, another elsewhere and a rib from another spot. The doctor from naked eye examination, testified to their belonging to a young adult female between 17 and 19. He did not examine the bone chemically or by x-ray and this was the first *post-mortem* of the kind he had had to perform in life. So far, there is only the evidence of the Railway gate-keeper and two cartmen to the effect that the former saw a car passing the level crossing with two or three persons, and the latter that one of the carts conveyed the passengers, four in number, including a Sadhu, from a bridge to the village to which Singh's brother-in-law belonged. The astounding part of the evidence is that of the Deputy Superintendent (Singh) of the C.I.D. who visited the village on the 31st May for investigation and when it was put to him to contradict the fact that Vasanti a cousin of Bilasia (alleged to have been murdered) told him in the presence of another that her cousin Bilasia arrived there on the 27th alive and since disappeared, the Dy. Superintendent said, "I cannot confirm it"—but the next day being reminded, he admitted the fact and also that the statement was made in the presence of another person.

An Interesting Case From Gujarat

The case reminds one of certain past occurrences of which one might be cited. Long years ago, when Vallabhbhai was practising, there was a (murder) case against a wealthy and influential mahant of murder of his maid servant who was pregnant and with whom he was alleged to be carrying on. The Police after due investigation discovered a corpse lying in a well, 30 miles from the mahant's place. It was *post-mortemmed* and contained a foetus 6 months old. The case excited some sensation owing to the position of the accused. A special magistrate was appointed,—a European who was somewhat whimsical and before whom few respectable pleaders cared to appear for he was given to insulting the Bar. Vallabhbhai was dissuaded from appearing in the Lower Court as the case would in any case be

committed to the Sessions. But, Vallabhbhai thought it his duty to appear and did so appear.

In the course of trial, seven Police Patels (Village Magistrates) from 7 villages on the way, were put up as witnesses all testifying to the fact that each of them saw, each in his own village, a double bullock cart going one night with the mahant carrying a woman in his lap who, it was said, was bitten by a snake and whom he was taking for treatment to a certain village where the well was situated. But amongst them the Police Patel of the village itself was not one. All the seven Patels gave their evidence without variation or a flaw and when the 8th Patel appeared who was not present in the parade held (originally) to identify the accused, the Magistrate perhaps under the belief that he must have been won over by the accused and therefore expecting him to lie, ordered a mirror to be brought and caused it to be placed before the witness who was asked to watch his own face in the mirror and answer the questions. The Magistrate's idea was that when the witness saw the colour of his face coming and going with every untruth he spoke, he would easily betray himself. The chief examination was over and suddenly Vallabhbhai who had reserved the cross-examination of the other seven witnesses, wanted to cross-examine the 8th witness. This unexpected procedure unnerved the magistrate who asked why this witness alone should be cross-examined when the cross-examination of the rest was reserved. "That is my look-out. That is none of your business" was the sharp reply which unnerved the magistrate the more. The cross-examination began and the 1st question was, "Look here, you have given your evidence all the while with this mirror of the magistrate before you and you have given evidence looking all the while at your face as instructed by the court. Isn't it so?"

"Yes."

The magistrate lost balance altogether and asked why this question should be put.

"Because I want to cite the mirror as an exhibit and yourself as a witness in the Sessions Court."

Immediately the magistrate adjourned the case for an hour for tea, went to his tent and sent the special public prosecutor appointed in the case, to invite Vallabhbhai to tea with the magistrate whereupon Vallabhbhai replied saying that the case had been going on for a fortnight in which the magistrate had been heaping upon *himself* (Vallabhbhai) all manner of insults and now because he himself was in a fix he (magistrate) invited him (Vallabhbhai) to tea. No, he was not responding and on the contrary, he was going to summon him, the magistrate and the Public Prosecutor as Defence Witnesses in the Sessions Court!

After the hour was over, the Magistrate came to the Court and began to parley with Vallabhbhai at length and when the latter repeated all that he had said to the Public Prosecutor, the Magistrate got upset and asked, "Look here, you have not disclosed your defence so far. I must know what it is."

Vallabhbhai answered, "You are not fit to hear it. You will know it all in the Sessions Court where you and your mirror and your Public Prosecutor will have to figure in due course."

The Magistrate losing his wits altogether adjourned the case to the next day.

The next day, the same entreaty and pacification and the same threat in reply repeated themselves.

The third day the Magistrate changed his tone and requested Vallabhbhai whether he (Vallabhbhai) could not spare him (Magistrate) all this complication. Vallabhbhai said, "You have brought it on yourself." In the end, however, Vallabhbhai told Magistrate that there was only one way for the Magistrate to save himself all his bother. If he would release the accused on bail he had a chance.

"How could I do it after so much evidence?"

"Do you mean to say all this cock and bull story of seven people giving the same evidence is believable? Apparently, you are bent on giving credence to this faked up evidence! I am not going to leave any of you. I must prosecute these 7 witnesses who have perjured themselves to bear false testimony against a person who is being tried on a charge of murder punishable with hanging. Let us see who is going to be hanged."

Then the Magistrate came round and gave bail to the accused holding the evidence, so far tendered, as thoroughly unbelievable and committed the case to the Sessions.

When the case was reached in the Sessions Court, the Public Prosecutor there was astounded on reading the committal order and told the Judge that he wanted to withdraw the case and the Judge thereon wanted to know what Vallabhbhai had to say. Vallabhbhai said he would rather see it through, for seven people had perjured themselves against an accused who was liable to be hanged and if he could prove the perjury, he would like to see them hanged rather than the accused. The judge retired to the Chambers and sent for Vallabhbhai who there explained all the tomfoolery of the special Magistrate and the withdrawal of the case ended what otherwise would have proved an interesting and instructive commentary on the procedure adopted in this country in the process of investigation and the somewhat palpable concoctions of evidence which prove too much and therefore too little in the end.

Snakes vs. Ants

The ants, it is believed, have no eyes but only ears through which they sense sight as well. They have the sense of direction well developed. Apparently they have some occult powers like the blind man *hearing* colours which are supposed to have each a sound of their own. The snakes have on the contrary their eyes but no ears nevertheless have the sharpest hearing—enjoy music and are generally caught by snake charmers when they are under the spell of the *Nagaswaram*. They are thus just the opposite of ants.

The differentiation of the sense organs in man is attendant also with an attenuation of the potency of their power which compares unfavourably with that of blood hounds and even ordinary dogs.

'Vinayaka Chaturthi'

The Janmashtami is soon followed by Ganesh Chaturthi. In the South, it is known as Vinayak Chaturthi—observed on the 4th day (bright half) of the Bhadrapad month. In Maharashtra the feast is observed with great eclat and excitement for ten days by worshipping the idol of Ganesha which sometimes is 2 feet high, richly ornamented, and having Shivaji's image on one side in a worshipping posture. In the South, the belief is that no one should see the moon that day without hearing the story of Samantaka Mani which was stolen and Krishna was wrongly accused of being the offender. Not to hear this episode from the epics that evening and not to take the *Akshathalu* (coloured rice) on one's head, is to court false accusations in life. Here in Maharashtra and in U.P. the story of Samantaka Mani is not thuswise associated with the festival but people (children) invite abuse by their neighbours on themselves by throwing stones on their houses and stealing fruit from their trees. It is therefore known also as Dahlia Chaturthi.

The story of Ganesh as the son of Parvati and the Lord of Hosts of Shiva is well-known. In South India the Vaishnavites do not observe the festival, but have a substitute in the worship of Vishwak Sena—the Lord of Hosts of Vishnu.

One interesting point may be mentioned. This year this festival fell on Friday, the fourth of August, but the court and postal holiday is observed on the fifth—a Saturday. How perverse—to get two continuous holidays—Saturday and Sunday together, the day of festival is changed! For the convenience of the denationalised officers, the convenience of the public is mercilessly sacrificed!

Pigeons and War

A note was published by Government in July 1943 that no one should shoot a single pigeon flying in the air or if by chance it happens to be shot, the fact must be reported to the Police.

Three lines in the newspapers recently announced the arrival of a draft of pigeons at an African base for the Middle East pigeon service. They have gone to reinforce the Army Carrier Pigeon Post which has done great work with the Eighth Army in North Africa. Specially trained men of the Royal Corps of Signals have worked with mobile lofts and the birds have flown as truly and faithfully in the desert as in the more temperate climate of their English birth-place. Many have fallen victims to shells and bullets in the air and on the ground, and it is no doubt to replace these as well as to meet the needs of an expanding army that the reinforcements have gone out.

All the ingenuity of inventors has not made the carrier pigeon, one of the oldest methods of speedy, long-distance communication, obsolete. Telegraph and telephone wires can be cut; wireless transmitters can be damaged and, in any case, do not ensure secrecy. But the carrier pigeon will take a message quickly and secretly over a distance up to several hundred miles with almost unerring certainty. It was found that only 5 per cent of the many thousands of messages sent by pigeon in the First Great War failed to arrive.

The greatest enemy of the carrier pigeon is really bad weather. The homing instinct is so powerful that birds will struggle home against wind and rain, even if they fall dead in the loft. But sometimes they are beaten, and even in peacetime pigeon-races a percentage of birds was lost through bad conditions.

The other enemies of the pigeon are hawks of various kinds, not very serious, and men with guns on the ground, whether enemy or friendly. The "friendly" man with a gun is usually a careless sportsman or a man with *trigger itch* who must shoot at anything that moves. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the greatest care should be taken in shooting at pigeons to make sure first that they are not carriers. They are easy to distinguish. The wood pigeon is grey with a white ring round its neck. The carrier is light brown, blue or red and white. The carrier flies on a straight course and does not even deviate at a man with a gun, whereas every experienced shot knows that a wood pigeon will swerve away at anything strange on the ground. The carrier rarely alights to rest or feed. It is also a smaller bird.

There is really no excuse for mistaking the bird that is carrying a vital message for the pest of the countryside. But the error is made only too frequently, and casualties from guns in our own country are far heavier than from enemy action. Every person who goes shooting should know that thousands of carrier pigeons are flying over Britain every day. They are training, carrying messages between the various headquarters or from aircraft or raiding-parties round the coast.

FEATHERS & STONES

It is a crime to shoot a carrier and, I suppose, the average man when he finds he has made a 'mistake' almost instinctively buries the evidence of his "crime". But by doing this he may imperil operations and lives. Anyone who shoots a carrier by accident or finds one dead or injured should take it to the police immediately. If it was an accident, no more will be said and, in any case, the police will be more concerned with seeing the message delivered than with anything else. Undoubtedly airmen have lost their lives through carrier pigeons being shot down and the message never delivered.

When a pigeon has to fly over a battlefield there is always the chance of it being hit by bullets or splinters. But it takes a lot to kill a pigeon, and many struggle home with serious wounds. A curious fact is that they seem to take little notice of gunfire or—as in the Great War of 1914-1918—clouds of gas.

The first news of the Dieppe raid last August was brought to Britain by a carrier pigeon. For reasons of secrecy, it was inadvisable to use wireless; and two pigeons were set free on Dieppe beach, each with the first news of the operations. One pigeon was almost immediately shot down, but the other, Beachcomber, flew through the hail of fire and reached H.Q. It averaged 50 m.p.h. Beachcomber was bred by Mr. E. King of Ipswich.

There have been many instances of birds being badly wounded and living to fly home. Most famous of First Great War pigeons, Mocker, lost an eye by a shell fragment in the Battle of the Argonne in 1918, but delivered the message and lived for another 20 years! An R.A.F. pigeon named Sam was "mentioned in despatches" for courage when wounded in a Halifax bomber over Berlin. A shell fragment penetrated the metal container and tore the bird's beak, but Sam behaved well while being given first aid and will be on operations again soon.

Coastal Command aircraft have all carried pigeons since the outbreak of war. The success of the pigeon service led later to birds being carried on all bombers, and thousands are now engaged on this active service. Many pigeons, of course, make operational flights without even spreading their wings. They are not released except in emergency. Some have made up to 80 flights in aircraft, and are still fit and working. Others have been unlucky and killed or wounded severely by shell fragments while in the plane.

A typical incident showing the work of the birds with aircraft resulted in a bird called Winkie being awarded a bronze plaque. A Beaufort was forced down in the sea. As the crew scrambled into the dinghy, the wireless operator picked up the cage containing two pigeons. Somehow in the confusion one got away before a message had been attached. The other was released a few minutes later

with a message giving the position. The bird carrying the message did not reach home. Perhaps it was shot down, perhaps it succumbed to the weather.

But the first bird reached its loft. When its owner, summoned by the tinkling of the bell rung automatically as a pigeon alights, found there was no message, he telephoned the number of the pigeon to the nearest R.A.F. station. They quickly identified the aircraft which had carried it, already overdue. Some clever calculating of the aircraft's probable course and the time of arrival of the pigeon resulted in an approximate area being marked on the map. Reconnaissance aircraft very soon spotted the dinghy; and less than 24 hours after the accident the crew were safely ashore.

Many thousands of pigeons were "demobbed" after the First Great War but the R.A.F. maintained a nucleus of birds through the years of peace, and they did good work in bringing aid to disabled planes.

How many pigeons are now in service can only be guessed, but the number available is probably not less than 250,000. Early in 1939, when the threat of war began to loom the 50,000 British pigeon fanciers (including H. M. the King, who has fine lofts at Sandringham) offered their birds to the War and Air Ministries through the National Homing Union. Young pigeons are hatched in the spring, but require careful and expert training before they are reliable "homers". The present extensive pigeon service would have been quite impossible without the help of thousands of enthusiastic amateurs.

The most recent development of the Carrier Pigeon Post Service is with parachute troops. The pigeons, in special containers that prevent them being harmed, are dropped with the men, and can be immediately released with news of the landing or other operations. Here again they have the great advantage of secrecy, as wireless might reveal to enemy the position of troops whose landing was still unknown to him.

International Smuggling

Sometime ago there occurred a famous case of smuggling of cocaine and opium by persons richly clad, aristocratic looking travelling 1st class, with huge luggage of which one box contained opium. The profits were fabulous, a quantum costing a rupee in Malwa was sold at Rs. 120 in Rangoon. There was a whole organization of agents, representatives, shareholders, profit sharers for the nonce and all having dealings with the different departments of Government Excise, Salt, Police and Revenue. They had their own police, their own Lorry Service from Malwa to Calcutta and any policeman suspecting was told by the people on the lorry that it was not his busi-

FEATHERS & STONES

ness and he had better not meddle, of course, he would have his prerequisites. Ultimately, it turned out that it extended as far as Egypt through Arabia, Iraq and Syria. We little know what goes on around us, who all frequent our own houses and why!

The Blind Beggar and his 15 guineas

Recently we were told by some researches in the College of Sociology in Bombay that the beggars of Bombay are well organized, that they pool all their day's earnings and render account to their head who would distribute the total among them perhaps on the principle "From each according to his earnings and to each according to his needs." The head takes 10 per cent of the whole. A confirmation of this is to be found in the following story of the blind beggar, folks of Bombay which dates back to many years ago.

The blind beggars had a leader who was begging himself while being the captain of the team. His headquarters was at the Flora Fountain and he used to make a good pile. His cry was "Baba Maja Potala De" which in Marathi means "Father, give my stomach (something)." Every evening all the constituent members would gather round him and he would take account and distribute the pooled resources equitably. One evening a certain Marwari who won a heavy case was passing that way and having heard the cry "Baba" paused and thought fit to give him a coin out of his great joy over his success in the suit and asked the blind man to hold up his hand. But the tough and chronic beggar that the blind man was, he was not impressed with the uniqueness of this demand of a passer-by donor asking him to hold up his hand and he curtly replied—"Sir, put it in this bowl". "No—hold up your hand" said the Marwari persistently. "Why" asked the blind man, "everybody is putting his coin for me in this auspices bowl of mine. Why not you put yours also there?—be it a copper—a half anna or a two anna piece or even a quarter of a rupee." "Oh! no", said the Marwari, "Mine is none of these coins. It is a special one." You hold up your hand and you will know what it is by the weight and then feel. At last the beggar deigned to break his tradition and received it personally and realized it was none of these coins he had enumerated nor even a silver half rupee or rupee but was big and weighty and learnt from the Marwari that it was a guinea, a gold mohur worth some Rs. 16/- "Ah!" he said "may God bless you, my blindness will certainly disappear if only I handle a few more coins like this."

Ek guinea hath me anese, khul ja yesa hota hai to das pandra dekhnay ko mile to ankhe khul jai".

"By having one guinea in hand I feel as if my eyes are opening. If I can get 10—15 to see, my eyes will open."

The Marwari taking pity on his pathetic statement handed to him 14 more coins for handling and return. The beggar who had already placed his first guinea under the gunny bag on which he was sitting, rejoiced over the lot of 14 and quietly put them one by one under the bag and continued his usual slogan "Baba . . ." as if nothing had happened. The Marwari was aghast at the affair and demanded the return of the 14 coins now gently, now sternly. But the blind beggar would not only not pay heed to the demand but in due time began to attack his benefactor—saying "Why do you worry a blind beggar and prevent people giving me a coin? What are you talking? Please go away." These demands and denials, protests and retorts, growls and counter growls, brought round the two, an ever-growing crowd of spectators whose sympathies lay with the poor blind beggar and whose ire began to be turned against the fat, blood-sucking Marwari, as they thought. The position was becoming gradually—nay, rapidly threatening; and apprehending the danger in the situation, a lawyer seated in a Tea Restaurant opposite, hastened to the place and took the Marwari aside with him into safety at a Restaurant saying that if he continued there, he might be mauled, assaulted, hanged, drawn and quartered. Such indeed is the fury of crowds—"inflammablest, immeasurablest material" as Carlyle would say. Poor Marwari for the sin of giving to a blind beggar Rs. 16/- he lost $14 \times 16 = 224$ in addition. After a time, it was evening and the Captain-Beggar's loyal constituents came in as usual and tended their earnings before him,—some two, some a rupee and a half, some twelve annas. "Oh! you incompetent wretches, you have only got this much. But see what I have earned here in a minute and with perfect honesty which is the badge of the tribe, he produced the 15 mohurs and each of the hundred constituents was eager to handle them. When the pile was going round—and no one knew the captain's secret, the Marwari under the advice of the lawyer came forward himself also to handle the pile. All being equally blind, no one would know that a stranger was receiving the pile from their hands and with rare courage and presence of mind—born out of despair, the Marwari joined the crowd, wanted to feel the pile himself, received the 15 mohurs and made away with them. What the lawyer received by way of fees according to the Legal Practitioners' Act, is not known, but it would not be less than the blind man's single mohur of which the latter was thus duly deprived. Apparently, the Marwari thought the blind men don't deserve it and he quietly appropriated to himself what he gave and perhaps sought solace in having given to the lawyer.

That is why the proverb says:—

"A squint-eyed man can answer a hundred. A one-eyed man can answer a thousand. A dwarf is much worse than these. But if

FEATHERS & STONES

it is a cat-eyed person be ever so watchful. If, however, you have to do with a blind man, may Seetaram save your honour!"

Take Back a Gift

Of all sins in the world to take back a gift once made is considered a most heinous one. On his way to Lanka, Shri Rama gave his ring to Jambavan and after recovering Sita, he returned and asked for the ring. Jambavan is one of the nine Chiranjeevis in the Indian tradition—Jambavan was surprised and said that he was old—very old as the mountains with wings, as the oceans which had sweet waters, as Shiva without a dark ring about his neck, as Vishnu with a white body and so on. The Sanskrit verse on the subject says:

"Oh! Raghupati, I know when Indra had only two eyes—not a thousand as later, when the ocean was not bridged as after you had constructed the Setu, (Bridge) when Brahma had five faces not four as latterly, the oceans had sweet waters not salt as now, when Shiva had a yellow neck not a black one as after swallowing *Halahala*, when Vishnu's body was white in colour not blue as now, when Manmatha, the God of Love had a body—was not bodiless as after it had been burnt, when mountains had wings and likewise horses but I have never known a king who made a gift and asked for it again."

Patience Wins

The old generation of Zamindars is fast running out. It is a pity as the following story shows. A zemindar in an Eastern Province in India, gave occasion for certain,—indeed many grievances in his administration. Some of these cover civil and criminal powers wrongly assumed, although they are only Zemindars owning permanently settled estates. A high placed congressman sponsored the cause of some of the representations of the tenants and saw the Dewan beforehand. He was advised that he could see the Zemindar profitably if he had the patience to listen to him for 3 days. Nothing better. When the Zemindar was approached with the request for an interview, the same answer came up and the proposal was agreed to. He was a great hunter and the moment the spokesman saw him, he was taken round the menagerie of his own making for he was a good huntsman and he was told by the Zemindar how he could make the animals—from a *chua* (rat) to a *bagh* (tiger) dance to his orders. And at the end of the 3rd day after showing various feats by his animals the Zemindar asked whether it could be true that he who knew so much and had such talents could not have known about these grievances that he was representing. "Oh! yes," was the prompt reply. "Apparently, the Dewan has not brought them to your notice! Else you would not let them continue." "Just so" said the

Zemindar, who passed immediate orders giving relief in respect of one and all.

Our sole companions in our *unknown* fortress have been the following birds:—

Sparrows and minahs, swallows and robins, eagles and wagtails, parrots and cuckoos, doves and pigeons, crows and cranes, the seven sisters and the hammer (or coppersmith) bird.

Platypus—the Egg-laying Mammal

Mammals suckle their babes but do not lay eggs. But if there is a mammal which suckles and yet lays eggs, it must be considered a transitional animal and such is the platypus of Australia. It has blackish brown hair, a ducklike bill, legs whose movements are those of a tortoise and growls like a puppy. Its front feet are webbed and sharp spurs on the hind legs of the male secrete a poison. At the base of its bill lies a loose fold, which protects its eyes when it burrows for food in the mud of rivers and fresh-water lakes. The female lays two eggs in her burrow which she seals with a thick plug of earth during the third week of incubation. Though she has no teeth, she suckles her progeny. The platypus as a transitional form of life is protected by Law and none can be exported alive or dead. Platypus which has to concentrate, closes its eyes while listening and its ears while looking.

The Mermaid

The Dugong is a cross between a whale and an elephant and lives in shallow waters off the continent's north coast, and it has given rise to the sailor's legends about sirens of the sea—half-fish half-human. Between the foreflippers of the female is a breast somewhat like that of a woman and the mother lifts herself half out of the water with her baby held protectingly at the breast by one foreflipper. The Dugong has an ivory tusk.

The Bower Birds

The Bower Bird is a wonderful creation. The male builds a bower or theatre in which it gives elaborate song and dance performances as well as the courtship ceremony. It clears the ground and constructs a dome-shaped gallery a foot long with a floor and an opening at each end. He festoons the outside of the bower with gaily coloured objects, flowers, scraps of cast-off snakes skin, bits of coloured fungi and berries. On the ground he exhibits shells, bones, feathers and other bright trophies including empty cartridge shells since the war. Some dislike red but all of them include something blue.

Their Courtship

The female takes her place in the bower and her suitor struts around before her with feathers ruffled and head and tail outstretched, contriving to keep his beautiful crest constantly in view of his lady love by moving sideways. Soon he picks up a choice berry which he deposits before his sweetheart and then resumes his dance. The lady accepts his homage coolly, but attentively watches her actor-lover through the gates or the interstices in the walls. Ultimately, she ends the show by flying off. The suitor confident of her return does not follow but stays to tidy up and rearrange the bower for the next performance.

Australian Curiosities

Australia's earth worm is 10 feet long and is brittle. Australia's turkey builds up an incubator for its eggs from which the chicks emerge in time and forthwith fly away to forage for themselves without ever having seen their mother—not to speak of papa. Australia is the home of a black swan, a lizard that barks—a termite which builds a nest 18 feet high.

One World, One Weather

We are now accustomed to think of one world, let us also think of one weather "Human life is the consequence of the 16,000,000 tons of rain and snow-fall on the earth's surface every second.. And as for the air, its behaviour must be taken as a whole, as a 5,633,000,000,000-000 tons atmospheric whole warmed by the sun it expands and floats upward. When cooled, it contracts and sinks downward. As air rises, its moisture condenses into clouds. As air cools in the atmosphere, the air sinks to earth. Air moving aloft at tropics is drawn North and South into voids created by downdraft over poles. From poles, the cool heavy air floods back again along ground into void created by updraft in tropics.

"North and south circulation resolves into easterly and westerly winds. Under the influence of earth's rotation and physical geography, the atmosphere and the solar heat circulation cycle breaks down into separate air masses and zones of circulation which assume the character of their region and tend to difference in quality. These air masses meet in ceaseless conflict. Long rippling waves travel from West to East for thousands of miles on the polar point. These waves are the storms which bring the bad weather.

Life,—August 23rd, 1943.

Love Strike

For the sixth time, the sparrows have begun their sport in my room. As usual the male bird has come earlier and this time has

called to her spouse for 12 days. It was only on the 12th day that the female sparrow has come. The two have had their *pranaya kalaha* (love quarrel) the male catching the female's beak by his own and executing a dozen rounds. Then they separated and I was hoping that they would settle down to honest domestic life. But the female disappears and has not turned up.

It is 10 days since I wrote the first paragraph but the male sparrow has been left to its own sobs and sighs, moans and storms and strife. I see in other rooms also the same misery is being witnessed. Apparently, there is a love strike by the female sparrows on the lines of the one adopted by "The Impregnable Women", by Eric Linklater. More days have passed, yet the female sparrow has not turned up. But I notice two male sparrows in the two halves of my room chirping to the fugitive female. Apparently, there is a competition between the two former for the female sparrow. Equally apparently the genteel lady sparrow says "Unless both of you agree on a common programme, I will not part with my virginity."

Clouds (12—1—'44)

A cloud is made of water droplets or ice crystals, so small that an 1800 c. ft. block of dense fog contains only $1/7$ of a glass of water.

Cuckoo Once Again

The cuckoo has come once again. It has just cooed its sweet melodies 3 or 4 times in the afternoon and lapsed back into its mystifying silence. I said the cuckoo has come—yet it continues to remain here so early as late December and January and with the cuckoo has come the coppersmith bird—that which hoots 180 times per minute and tries the patience—especially of Englishmen, some of whom would rather shoot it down than tolerate its most irritating hoot from Sunrise to Sunset. Why does the bird not recognize the susceptibilities of these foreigners?

Travels of the Sun

The sun does not travel in the helio centric theory in relation to the earth any more than the trees by the side of a Railway track, in relation to the fast moving passengers in the Railway train. But that is how we talk in spite of our graduation in science. *Sankranti* has passed and the sun has begun to move from the South to the centre so that in the coming 6 months, his rise will swerve towards the North. Sitting at the same spot and spinning away, we watch how the much coveted sun in the winter who was away from the charkha and the spinner nicely begins to shine against us only to move aside shortly. For decades the sun rises and sets before our very eyes and we do not notice the deviation.

The Puzzle of Character

There are varieties of character which nowhere conform to a type nor is each variety of a single uniform or homogeneous type. Take for example the man who has given up a lucrative job in favour of service of the country. He may be a miser or a spendthrift within the range of his possibilities. That does not matter. Despite having given up money, he still judges eminence of men by the amount of money they possess or still make. Oh! he is a millionaire and has 47 lakhs in the current account alone in one bank. Or he charges Rs. 2,500 a day for legal works! Do these not show an unregenerate nature at bottom? Or take another example. There is a person notoriously given to losing temper and another well-known for his patience and long suffering. The former despite his irritability and excitability to the point of indecent outbursts against friends, subordinates and servants, is cool and pleasant in argument, strictly abides by the canons of debate, takes up argument where the opponent leaves, meets it with reason, fact, law, authority and so on but the other friend—usually calm and tranquil becomes obstinate and assertive in debate, does not allow the opponent to speak, overbears him, calls him names and bluffs, badgers and blusters. What a contrast!

Pollution

In India pollution is observed as is well-known, with scrupulous attention both for birth and death. In some parts of the country, birth pollution is not observed as in Bengal, but in South India, those who are intimately connected with the parturient woman, observe pollution—the near ones for 10 days and the less near ones for 3 days. They bathe off the pollution on the 11th or 4th day as the case may be. One friend on hearing this asked whether during the period, they don't bathe. That is not the point. They do bathe daily once or twice—according to habit or season but the period observed is there equally for deaths and births, and bathing thereafter is a technical term which means full purification of body and belongings. The period varies however with castes. The aforesaid period applies to Brahmins. The other castes observe it for 15 days. In Bengal, the Mochis and the Namsudras rather a strange coincidence—observe pollution for deaths—for 13 days—also the Kayasthas, The Vaidas observe it for 1 month or 13 days according to the degree of propinquity. In regard to births, while no pollution is observed, no marriages are permissible for a month after a birth in the families of kinsmen. In Bengal the Sastra that guides the people on *achar* and *vichar* is *Manusmriti* according to Raghunandan's commentary.

Some Anglo-Indian Worthies

Sir John Malcolm—a great celebrity in the early years of the 19th century in the history of the East India Company, "arrived in India

and was his own master before he was 14, an age at which the majority of boys of his station are drinking weak milk and water and being whipped into Latin hexameter," Kaye John Malcolm had appeared for his Ensign's commission when he was 12 years of age. "Well little man, and what would you do if you met Halder Ali?" he was asked and he said, "I'd cut off his head."—(Edward Thompson). In India Malcolm joked and accepted jokes on equal terms with every one—of whatever race or religion. Charles Metcalfe, afterwards Lord Metcalfe, arrived in India—desperately in love, his passion unreturned. He lived and led officially an unmarried life but Edward Thompson however says, "He had 3 sons" but the whole story is obscure. In the opening year of his career, 1804, he was not yet sixteen, Colonel Lake was the General that fought the 2nd Anglo-Maharashtra war. To him war was like fox-hunting to which he went meticulously dressed and powdered. To his soldiers, he had but one advice to give:

"Damn your writing

"Mind your fighting".

—the only poem he was ever known to quote! There was not a book in the army. The Commander-in-Chief did not patronize literature. Scindia had French officers but the latter were short of French Lieutenants and Subalterns; so they imported a lot of Swiss, Portuguese and German young men to join them. What a fate in 1803! Oh Scindia—Oh! India! what a fate!

Bribery

When Elphinstone was Resident at the court of Nagpur, a task he had in 1804-7 reluctantly undertaken, the Resident's duty was mainly to act as a spy bribing the Bhonsle's Ministers, "as the Spanish Ambassadors at the Court of our own James I bribed the Cecils and Howards".—Edward Thompson.

Smuggling Narcotics

The following account taken from *Life*, July 19, 1943, p. 91, is of profound interest.

"Concealment of drugs in false heels, a standard fiction device is considered *oldhat* by most smugglers. More favoured places are coffins, Bibles and even tombstones. A few years ago, the Egyptian Government reported that the Mt. Sinai Police had found 40 pounds of hashish (mari huana) and 140 pounds of opium in the water compartments inside camels. Local smugglers had conceived a metal capsule small enough for a camel to swallow but too big to pass through its digestive apparatus and they intended thus to transport a quantity of narcotics to Cairo. Thousands of camels passed through Mt. Sinai to Cairo every week. They watched each passing herd looking for the slightest hint and at last there came a herd that looked scraggy and underfed.

FEATHERS & STONES

These animals, the owners said, were being driven for slaughter. The police impounded them and debated nervously for a week. At last, the chief of Police ordered a sample camel killed. Out of its water compartments were taken a number of drug filled capsules. Nearly every other animal in the herd on being cut open, was found to be a narcotic carrier.

Sparrow and Butterfly



This evening I saw a female sparrow hunting a butterfly. The latter was too quick and crafty and too evasive for the poor bird which was foiled in its *Shikar*.

Buddha and the Bereaved Mother

How few are the mothers that are not grieved over the death of their children! One such mother went to Buddha with her dead child in her arms and asked him to help her. "I have gone all over the place and found none could help me" said she in doleful and pathetic tones. "Oh! is that so?" said Buddha. Now then you do what I suggest. Get me some water from a home in which no child died!" The poor mother bethought to herself that at last she chanced upon some "Sanjeevani" that would revive her dead child's departed life; and blessing the name of Buddha, went about the place in quest of the prescribed object under the prescribed conditions. She went North, East, South and West and found not a single home which was not blighted by the sorrow of a dead babe. It did not take her long to realize that Buddha did not prescribe a remedy for the dead child but a remedy for her dire grief! She hastened back to Buddha and prostrated herself at his feet, laying aside her dead child and saying, "Lord, I now realize what thou meanest. There is not a mother and not a home that is not bereaved and darkened with grief like myself and my home. I realize that death is but a phase of life—an inevitable phase." With these words, she took away her dead child and buried it and her understanding was opened.

This evening Major has pointed out in my room the young one of a sparrow in one corner on the floor directly below its nest—really a niche scooped out at the top corner between the wall and the terrace. I noticed it and said that it was learning to fly but having come down, could not fly back to the nest. The parents would come next morning and help it on their wings go thither. When I went near, it flew a few yards to another part of the room like a practised flier but not to any great height. So, it began to hop for a while. But we feared the cat might do mischief overnight and one of us—braver than the rest—Kripalaniji carefully caught hold of the little thing and confined it in the meat safe. Some rice was placed inside for the night ration. The meat safe, however, was in the next room connected with mine by a doorway across. It was day break and our first concern was to release

the little fellow. The moment the doors were opened it began to chirp and the sound brought two parent birds thither. But neither would the young one come out nor the old ones enter, though both sides were willing to talk to each other. After a while the latter left and the young one was brought back to my room and in another five minutes, the real parents, the denizens of my room—turned up—talked—exchanged greetings and congratulations. But before the real parents turned up a fine little incident had happened. The young one began to hop and fly on to the cot, the window and in the meantime when Pandit Govind Vallabh Pantji came to see the joke, the little fellow flew on to his shoulder. That was a wonderful sight which one could not command for all one is worth—be it even the premiership of the biggest province in India! After a while the parents having come, all left into the open and the minor became a major.

Broadcasting Made Easy

Changes, both technical and administrative, in the post-war system of broadcasting, are under active discussion. "The Post Office is said to be hankering after control over the whole of the technical side. If it had its way, the effect would be to restrict the function of the B.B.C. to that of a supplier of programmes. The Post Office cites in its support an Act of 1870 which gives it a monopoly of 'Communications.' Under the system private houses would be wired as for telephones, programmes would be relayed over the wires and the loud speaker would replace the radio sets. The electricity companies are also credited with the desire to capture the technical side of broadcasting—and research is actively proceeding with a view to the possibility of relaying programmes over the electric supplying system. You would plug in as for the electric light and the voice would be heard through a loud speaker, the radio set being again eliminated."

—C. E. M. Joad.

Scientific

Lord Cherwell (formerly Professor Lindemann) in a speech in the Lords said:

"Professional Scientists who make rather a fetish of meaning the same thing when they make the same noise, are taken aback at times by the way the word *scientific* is used. So far as I can see, its meaning has been extended to comprise any or all of the adjectives "exact", "logical", "sensible" or even merely "reasonable." "I hope that not to have heard of the Law of Conservation of energy will soon be as shameful as not to have heard of the Norman conquest."

Once again the whirligig of time has brought its round of festivities. On the 14th of November, we have duly observed the 54th birthday of Jawaharlal. The celebrations were none on the scale of last year. They were forbidden by the famine outside. Our own garden

FEATHERS & STONES

supplied the flowers—the garland and the eleven bouquets presented to him by each of his eleven friends. A cake was made which bore the figure 54 in bold relief.

Sick at Heart

Many a doctor plods on with his remedies, plasters, and fomentations, extracts and tinctures, pills and powders, injections and infusions, when the remedy is elsewhere such as in hysteria and love-lorn distempers and neurasthenias. In the older days it used to be said: “*Davā se Duva behatar hai*”—Prayer is better than medicament. But there are two couplets—one Persian and the other Sindhi which are far more interesting.

The Persian means:

“Get away from the head of my pillow
O foolish doctor,
To one suffering from Love
There is no medicine except the sight (of the beloved).”

The Sindhi analogue runs thus:—

“Why do you eat away my skin (trouble myself)
Our suffering is inside the body
You administer medicine.”

I was sitting last night in a canvas easy chair in which the gradient rest sits rather too easily on the steps. Seeing that the chair chosen was up and down, I repaired to the next one—which was equally bad and a Bengali proverb was at once cited which says:

“*Abhag dekhana jaye*
Sagar suki ye jaye”

Winds

Between the two extremes of the faintest draught and the fiercest gale, there are enough varieties of wind to make observation of their coming and going the hobby of a lifetime. In the early years of the 19th century, Admiral Beaufort devised a scale for the measurement and nomenclature of winds which ran as follows:

Scale No.	Wind	Miles per hour
0 ..	Calm	0
1 ..	Light air	3
2 ..	Light Breeze	13
3 ..	Gentle Breeze	18
4 ..	Moderate Breeze	23
5 ..	Fresh Breeze	28
6 ..	Strong Breeze	34
7 ..	Moderate gale	40
8 ..	Fresh gale	48
9 ..	Strong gale	56

10	..	Whole gale	65
11	..	Storm	75
12	..	Hurricane	90

Winds are also labelled according to their direction rather than their velocity. The eastwind is commonly the subject of general dislike, but a katabatic wind is considered the villain amongst winds. It does not blow horizontally but downward from ice-topped mountains. "This wind" declared Sir Napier, "is the bitterest enemy of mankind". It causes discontinuity and it nibbles the energy that causes the convection and produces the rain that accounts for the wind in the cyclonic hours of the Northern Hemisphere.

Prolonged Love Strike

Lady sparrow bided her own time but no amount of waiting would tire the rival suitors that were chirping themselves to death on the windows' sills, on the joists of the terrace, on the vanes of the electric *punkha* and on the wires of the electric lights. At last, having held them in suspense for a fortnight, having tantalized them for a week, the lady put in her appearance and selected her former lord and their familiar nest. All the same, the rival continued to chirp and coo and cry until at last he came to grips with his opponent and fought a battle royal in which he was worsted. Not content with this reverse, they all staged a dance before her ladyship and all the three began to hop and jump and trot and skip, the lady scrupulously keeping herself in between the two and watching the amorous fights of the rivals. After a full quarter of an hour's preliminary prancing, the two males came into grips beak and claw and pinion and the old master succeeded in driving out the impostor. This was followed by the pair re-pairing to the nest for the honeymoon. All the while the poor rival worsted in her jealousy retired to her new made nest in the other half of the room and began to whine and whimper, moan and sob and sigh. Thus was set up a veritable storm and strife and after 48 hours he succeeded in securing a male who came in all her coquetry and having fixed up with her new lord, was promenading the corridor of the old pair. But, no quarter was shown and she was shown her place forthwith. Thus it was thought that the two pairs settled down to honest wedlock each in a separate compartment of the room, separate quarters and separate honeymoon. But the lot of the new pair was cast on hard times. It was not, however, from a fellow male rival that trouble ensued. No sooner had the new pair settled down to what appeared to be their first marital essays, a bevy of ladies turned up to assault them. Why they did so I could not understand. Might it be that they are the new brides-in-laws (mother and sister) that came to see her well settled in her new status or that they were rivals to the throne? Anyway after a short conclave they departed. But, the old

FEATHERS & STONES

pair did not give peace to the new. The fault partly lay on the new bride which instead of looking after her own home and her own spouse, began to pry into the old abode and watched the blandishments of the old pair—who are veterans and would not brook the inquisitiveness and immodesty of this new imp and impostor. But they settled that quarrel by a beak and claw conflict of altogether a momentary character.

All these events happen in the morning hours between six and 9 a.m. Thereafter all the parties disappear—only to make themselves faintly heard in the afternoon, but markedly noticed, watched, admired and interpreted again next morning.

(31—1—'44)

One should have thought from yesterday's happenings that our avine couples had settled down to a quiet domestic life. No. For one thing the two couples in the two halves of my room occupy niches or nests, so to put it, on opposite angles of junction of an arched partition wall with ceiling of the terrace. In other words, there is only a thin brick partition between the two bed rooms of these married couples and that is not always a happy arrangement especially when one of the couples is newly married. They overhear each other's conversations and therefore become "bad neighbours" though they are "not good lawyers". For the rest there are common objects coveted and common interests pursued in between the two halves of the room. An arch has already been referred to. Under the arch, there is an almyrah and on the almyrah, there is a big cardboard box bearing the title "Ovaltine biscuits" which (the box) I have preserved when it was thrown away by others against its usefulness in packing things—on our return home—some day before 1950! In this cardboard box are various assorted packing materials—notably coarse twine, thin rope the fibres of which are badly wanted by the sparrows for forming a smooth bed for their young ones which will be seeing the light of day in a month. During the days of courtship the sparrows don't care for any such bedding material. And when they do it may well be taken for proof that they are expecting their "babes". It is instinct that drives them on and intelligence that interprets them to us. Now this twine is the bone of contention between the two couples. One of them is palpably injudicious—as she does not know the art of picking her requirements stealthily. She provokes a quarrel by its Truth and Non-violence in which, of course, she is worsted. The male goes to her help. The two couples have a short, sharp fight and then separate. The new bride is also inquisitive. She pries into the secrets of the old pair which is resented by the new bridegroom and a timely warning is administered.

During the period of courtship, the sparrows play at hide and seek. Both the male and the female fly into the room like the two engines

of a double aeroplane,—abreast of each other and as the female is flying towards the nest, the male escapes by a side door, leaving the female to chirp and seek. After a time, they discover each other—only to repeat the game and elude each other.

There appears to be some serious event in the politics of these birds for I have seen five birds—two couples and a supernumerary engaged in a fierce domestic quarrel in my next room. That interested even the inmates thereof—two bachelors who spin and spin and never weave, who are given to much contemplation and metaphysics and little of physics or domestics.

1st February, 1944

A month has passed but the old quarrel of the sparrows continued. Now that the couples have been assorted and fixed up, one should have expected that there would be no more jars and jealousies. No, that is not to be. This morning as usual during their amorous intervals as well as in the midst of hymenal enjoyment, suddenly, as if according to plan, the old pair in my room has fallen out with the new. That is to say, only male fight while their ladies watch and perhaps pray as their lords are getting up a quarrel over unknown issues. But strangely enough, a pair from the next room has found its way hither and in effect I saw three males having a hell of a time. Which gave the hell to which is more than I can tell for all male sparrows look alike even as all the female ones do. English Tommies look alike and only the concerned parties can distinguish.

2nd February, 1944

The fights of jealousy continue. Today exactly as the clock struck 8 a.m. (old time) the two pairs flew in battle array on to my electric light wire, the two male warriors then engaged themselves in an aerial fight while the two queens sat quietly on the wire at a respectable distance from each other—watching the deeds of strength and skill, the fights of heroism and valour of their lords.

4th February, 1944

At last all wars have ceased. The era of duels is gone. No more Warren Hastings vs. Sir Elijah Impey. No more of love affairs and challenges. These avine duels with only beak and claw recall an incident in Lucknow when the Crown Prince of Germany visited India. He came late to the banquet and apologized saying, "I have had an affair with Miss naming the girl openly. This hurt the sense of honour of an Englishman who forthwith drew his pistol and asked the offender to name his second. But the matter was adjusted.

Matron vs. Maid (5—2—'44)

My anticipation of a peaceful life and hymenal happiness for the two couples of sparrows has not come true. This morning affairs.

FEATHERS & STONES

have taken a new turn. The lady of the old couple invaded the sacred domain of the new and occupied a seat by the side of the lady of the new couple in the latter's half of my room, on the dangling wire of the electric light. In a moment, the latter flew over the head of the spouse, sat above him, having said something to him by joining the beaks. The moment the change of seats took place, the male bird attacked the female intruder from the next compartment. This gave umbrage to the latter's Lord who at once came to attack the male offender and both had a good aerial fight. Why this has happened passes understanding. Very likely the female bird of the old couple went over to the female bird of the new couple to admonish her of her puerile visits to her nest and stop these youthful frivolities on her part. With an air of injured innocence, the newly wedded wife complained to her lord and incited him to drive out this matron and put a stop to her presumptuousness. The latter's lord would naturally resent the unchivalrous conduct of the junior householder against his matronly spouse. Hence the quarrel.

The Pegging Act (6—2—'44)

At last I have been able to divine the cause of the quarrels. The junior couple has been well established after fighting their way against the senior. This morning hostilities have been renewed more fiercely than before, between the junior couple and a stranger male. It may be remembered that originally when aerial fights began it was between the senior couple and a new comer (male). The latter fought its way, made a nest by scooping out a niche in the ceiling and has brought a bride and settled down. What happened to the male (of the junior couple) is now happening to still another new comer who in the intervals between its aerial fight with the junior couple is scooping out a niche in the ceiling of that half of the room in which is situated the niche of the junior couple. Apparently, the 'rasam-aval' amongst sparrows is that before a bride chooses her bridegroom, the latter must have a local habitation. It was thus that the junior couple was formed after the male had fought the senior and scooped out its nest. All the rooms are filled up. So, the new comer has decided to quarter himself on the province of the junior couple but at a safe and respectable distance. But, the junior couple which has already become a second senior being conscious of their hard-fought and well-established rights, would not allow the new comer. But the latter is in no mood to observe the laws. The Pegging Act is being challenged. Nothing daunted, the new comer has fought and made his niche and I am hoping that he will bring his bride in 3 or 4 days. It is not then in South Africa alone that reservation of dwelling sites for the aristocracy exists. In this unknown fortress, under the very nose of the Military and over the head of the Congress, a like Act prevails but is successfully challenged.

Later on, however, I found the new comer was hounded out by the earlier denizens and was no more seen. In due time, the two couples have settled down in their homes and though the two males occasionally quarrel, the two female birds are content to pick up fibres and soft material for bed clothes to the young ones yet unborn, sitting by each other and without any quarrel. When the new pair was picking the electric silk wire, I placed an old gunny before them in the almyrah and they have left the silk and are content with the jute.

The Minahs at War (25—2—'44)

Even as the 'golmol' is going on in my room, I heard a bigger and louder cackle outside in the verandah and felt obliged to quit my spinning and adjourned out of doors. What do I see? Four beautiful minahs engaged in a deadly fight jumping off the ground—clawing and biting—kicking and thumbing one another. The minahs' fights are more furious though fewer and far between than those of the sparrows.

The minah is a lovely bird to look at, the colours of her beak and claw being orange yellow (or turmeric) and the rest varying between black and white. You seldom see a pair divided. In feeding and resting, they sit together unlike the sparrows which approximate to each other only under unavoidable necessity. These generally sit in different places, one on the wall and the other on the door one on the electric light and the other on the punkha, one on the ceiling and the other on the ventilator and oftener than not—one inside the room and the other outside. Not so the minahs. Whether it be on the purlins or on the wall, in the lawn or on the verandah they are together within a foot of each other. Only in the evenings do they maintain short distances from each other—one on the Badminton pole and the other on the terrace parapet. The minah's call to the male is shrill and irritating but when they are together, their cackle is sweet and melodious. Again the sparrows seldom chirp together, while the minahs talk into each other's beaks and ears.

The Sparrow Couple on the Flag Staff

I have stated that the sparrows seldom are perched side by side like the minahs. The moment the male or the female flies to the mate, the latter flies away. But for some time, I have been noticing a couple regularly perched on the round disc—one on either of its diameter on the flagstaff in our compound in the evenings as I am umpiring for the badminton players. The two birds present a picture of two lovers enjoying the glory of the sunset which sheds its tawny radiance upon their wings and adds a glow to the liveliness and the loveliness of the couple.

52,000 Dollars a Year

The great traditional American dream of migrating west and striking off rich, has come true for the Brankmiller family, eight months ago. They started the trek from Iowa to Henry Kaiser's Portland (ore) shipyards. Today the Brankmillers have staked out a rich claim and are thriving in it. Thirteen of the family's adults are all working for Kaiser. Their aggregate family pay roll is staggering 996 dollars a week almost 52,000 dollars a year.

—*Life*, August 16, '43.

"Bhainske pas Bhagavat Padhana"

When Vallabhbhai was prosecuted for the second time in the Salt Satyagraha Campaign in Bombay, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya was co-accused. While the former declined to make a statement before the court, the latter, as was only to be expected, began a long discourse and disquisition and the Sirdar being tired, accosted the Pandit and said "Panditjee, Kya, Bhainske pas Bhagavat padhate hain!" The Magistrate heard it and asked "what is it? you say". To which Sirdar replied, "I was telling him that it was no use making a statement in the face of the fact that the Home Member himself sitting on the terrace of the Victoria Terminus ordered Lathi charge" and the Magistrate kept quiet!

(31—1—'44)

Once again the girdish of 'zamin' and 'asman', 'Vasanta Panchami' has come. I have had occasion to remark that the Vasanta ritu begins two months earlier than in the south owing to differences of seasons probably. Our (S. India) Makham is yet to run out and has just begun but here in Maharashtra, U. P., and Bengal, the Vasanta Panchami is observed today. In Bengal, Saraswati Puja is the great event by which it is celebrated and in Maharashtra, boys are put to school on the Vasanta Panchami day and in the Chaitra and Vaisakha months as well.

'Bhai' writes in the Soldier's Corner (*Statesman*):

The cold weather officially ends today—according to the Hindu calendar. From now on we are in Vasanta—Spring, when according to poets both Eastern and Western a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—Second Front, if you are at War.

There are six seasons in the Hindu year, working from Vasanta onwards are Grishma (hot), Varsha (rainy), Sharad (not so rainy but still hot), Hemanta (autumn), and Shishir (cold).

The first of spring festivals is Vasanta Panchami, or Sri Panchami. If you look around today you will find boys and girls and even older folk dressed in saffron coloured cotton clothes. Saffron is the colour

of Vasanta and some even decorate their homes with masses of yellow flowers. The day is regarded as sacred to the goddess of learning and of fine arts, Saraswati, something like the Minerva of the classical era. She is traditionally represented as holding a 'Vina' a huge stringed instrument, in her hands, is dressed in white robes and bedecked in white flowers riding on a swan or sitting on a white lotus. She is not only a symbol of learning but also of purity. Boys and girls worship her and place their reading and writing materials before her.

It is a beautiful, gay tinted festival. It appeals to the modern mind, and might in years to come, occupy a special place in Hindu celebrations, as it did of yore. I hear that in Rabindranath Tagore's University town of Santiniketan, Vasanta celebration is given great prominence.

In spite of the restrictions on the use of thread and yarn and the lack of paper, Lahore has witnessed the usual kite flying—of course, not the kite flying in politics. The enthusiasts in kite flying—and they included young and old alike, and it could be said men and women also, not to speak of the children—had to pay two, three or even four times the pre-war prices. Yet the market was not dull and the shops remained open whole night.

Bo-Kata were the shouts which "disturbed" the late risers in the early morning and these shouts resounded from one house-top to the other. Little children who climbed up the walls and highest places in the house for catching the *Dor* move about like kids. *Bo-Kata* is a certainty and the victorious announce their victory over the vanquished by shouting and shouting again and again this slang peculiar to Lahore and challenging the party to fly another kite. It was a bright Sunday and the whole Lahore seemed to have gone up to their house-tops.

Exchange of plates full of "Basanti Halwa" among friends and Basanti Sarees and "Pugrees" are the usual features.

"Pan"

If you ask 'which is the one universal habit in India' prevalent from the Himalayas to Cape Camorin, from Dwarka to Sylhet, common to the Rajput and the Moghul, the Jat and the Kashmiri, martial Punjab and Holy Prayag, the stalwart Punjabee and the sturdy Maharashtra, the businesslike Gujarati and Sindhi, and the artistic Ooriya, the robust Kannada and the arcadian Malayalee, the shrewd Tamilian and the frank Andhra, common alike to the denizens of the valleys of the Indus and the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, the Sarayu and the Phalguni, the Tapti and the Narbada, the Godavari and the Krishna, the Damodar and the Mahanadi, the Penna and the Palar, the Kaveri and the Vaigai basins—common every where in India, it is 'Pan'. But some, like Andhras, chew it only twice or thrice a day--

each time from 5 to 10 or 15 leaves. In the north, they take it 15 times a day—but each time $\frac{1}{2}$ or one leaf. In Maharashtra and Gujarat people carry a 'Sachell' containing the various ingredients including 'chunam' (lime) and scented tobacco. The other ingredients are cardamom, cloves, cinnamon, areca nut, nutmeg and putmeg 'flower'. Many add fine dried tobacco, cocoanut, dry or fresh, fried or unfried. In Gujarat and Maharashtra, they add 'somp' (anethi) and the inner core of coriandar—the latter fried and salted and used as 'mukhvas'.

Sinner and Saint

Long years ago, there was a thief who committed house-breaking and theft in a house. When the thief was groping in the dark, the house owner lighted a lamp and helped him to sort out and select things. When he was unable to bundle up the booty, the house owner helped him and when he could not lift the load to his head, the house owner helped him again and when the man was unable to carry, once again the load was shared until half way home, the thief halted and it occurred to him to ask why he was being helped thus. He thought the house owner to be another thief and accosting him said, "If you are under the impression that you can share a moiety out of this you are mistaken. I do not propose to agree to any such nonsense." Then said the other, "no my friend, I am the house owner and I have helped you to carry these things seeing your bad and helpless plight." Thereupon the thief began to think over the matter, discovered his folly and turned a saint.

The Brinjal

During Akbar's time, there was a Sirdar who had a servant that was merely echoing his master's voice. One day, the latter questioned him why he was supporting contradictory positions. Then the servant stated "I am the servant of my master—not of brinjal." "What is that?" asked the master. The servant narrated the following story:

There was a king who praised the Brinjal or "Baingan" very much—its taste, its flavour, its medical properties and shall we add, its vitamin virtues. The minister also praised them equally and even more. After a time, the King condemned the Baingan as unhealthy and harmful. The Vazir condemned it, equally and more. Then the King asked him. "The other day you praised it highly. Today you condemn it, why so?" The Vazir replied "I am the servant of my King not of the Baingan."

(9—2—'44)

Eighteen months have passed since we set foot in this fortress. These eighteen months we have seen the same faces, the same birds,

the same routine of Chhota Hazri, Lunch, Tea and Dinner, perhaps the same set of preparations, the same grounds of complaint against the inefficiency of the cooks, the same process of letter writing, the same smudging of letters received, the same attempt to decipher them, and the same time-table of the day's routine.

Time Table

We rise in the mornings between 5-30 and 6-30. Three friends have their morning tea between 3 a.m. and 6 a.m. Two or three have their early morning walks. Two have their late morning *Chahal Khadmi*.

At 7-15 goes the bell for 'Chhota Hazri' which to some is Dalia, plantain and milk, or Dahi, to others Bread and Tea or Coffee with or without jam or honey.

At 11 o'clock goes the bell for lunch and till then three spin, (some spin in the afternoons) one attends to the garden, all read and write (notes or letters) each having his time of bath ranging from 6-30 to 10-30.

The routine of life has itself become a time-keeper. Jawaharlal going for his bath is 7-5 a.m. Maulana going for his lunch is 10-30; his return 10-32—is an indicator for Shankerrao to go to his bath. Shankerrao's return is an indicator to the Sardar to get ready his things—glucose or 'gud' for his diet. Lunch generally is chapati and rice, shak (vegetable) and bread, butter, dahi or milk, jam or cheese. To the meat eaters, there is fish or fowl or meat or liver on stated days. Seafish gives bad smell and tries the nostrils alike of fish-eaters and non-fish eaters. Some varieties of it have thorns which cannot be removed before cooking and need to be carefully negotiated in eating. At 4 p.m. you have tea with little bread and fruit. Eight o'clock in the evening rings the bell for dinner which is very much the same as lunch. A few get their food into the rooms either because their time varies or because they prefer not to be tempted by the variety on the table from out of the strict observance of their own diet. In the evenings there is gardening, Badminton and *Chahal Khadmi*. The number of players is reduced to four and any casualty suspends the routine unless the jailor's services are available—which is rarely so. The Major has not taken part in the games except to relieve the umpire when visitors come. After dinner, there is a coffee party in which four or five participate. Others are engaged in a chat. Latterly, the Sanskrit Mahabharat *parayan* has taken the place of the chat with some of us. At 9-30 the coffee party disperses and three out of the four join the 'Lub-i-Lubabs' club and chat. Latterly the *Leader* has been added to our dailies. There is a regular order in which the newspapers are handled by each. At a

FEATHERS & STONES

certain stage, they reach the Table where they are assorted in files—current and old. Three dailies are preserved for full 12 months and one is being continued after the year. In our studies we have a method. Each chooses his books according to his taste, although a book like Wendell Willkie's "One World" has gone the round of all, while Edward Thompson's "Making of the Princes" has interested in particular those who have been connected with States Politics and one or two others.

Why Miss Pearl Buck?

China is an object of universal interest. Lin Yu Tang and Pearl Buck are highly popular. By the bye, why do people insist on calling her Miss Pearl Buck? She herself in her "Asia and Democracy" has referred to her daughter 5 years old. The fact seems to be lady authors, tho' married are known by their christian names and Mrs. is dropped, but how to explain 'Miss'?

A Comparison

We can confidently and conscientiously say that our studies have greater system than those of Elphinstone and Jenkins as revealed in the following note from Edward Thompson.

"We rise at 4 and read Sophocles generally about 200 lines. till it is time to ride. We sometimes read on our return at about 7. After breakfast, business generally prevents our beginning Xenophon, which is our forenoon's lesson till eleven. We then read 20 or 30 pages, eat a sandwich and read separately. I, Tacitus and the books on the French Revolution till two, then we read Grotius till evening. I feel extremely the want of method but am at a loss how to remedy this very serious defect."

Our Writings

The Radio has not been allowed as yet. While the gramophone has fallen into disuetude for want of new records. The cold has been severe driving the evening parties from the open to the verandas and from the verandas to the rooms. It is mainly in the afternoon rather between lunch and evening tea that serious work is done—writing. No one knows what the other is exactly writing or planning but it may generally be said that every one is engaged in some serious writing.

Hare Krishna Mehtab has written several novels and dramas in Uriya. His neighbour, Narendra Deo, has done the monumental work of translating 5 volumes from a French work on Buddhism named **Abhinava Kosa**—Mr. Kripalani is a student of History and Philosophy and Theology and has written a splendid book on Gandhian philosophy. I have been fooling about writing these scraps—also a brochure

on spinning and a detailed history of our own times—since we came here—up to the day of departure—whenever that may be. Prafulla Babu has been working at Ancient Indian history in Bengali. Shanker-rao Dev has written books on Buddhism and “Means and Ends”. Pantjee says he has not attempted any, but is busy 10 hours in the day with his serious studies and writing. Jawaharlal is reported in the Press to have stated that he is not writing any book on India as he does not know what India is like outside but I dare say he must be having enough material for the output of some new book or books that would interest both Britain and America. Dr. Syed Mahmud’s studies are very close and detailed and include a study of Hindi in earnest in accordance with a promise he appears to have made to Mahatmaji. Asaf Ali is both a poet and a philosopher and has doubtless, composed some fine poems. Maulana has been busy reading and writing though I do not know what he is writing. He has revised the first two volumes of his famous commentary on the Quoran and added a third volume to them. He must be doing much more considering the paper he has indented. (P.S. I learn he has completed his biography and written a book on the influence of Islam on Hindu culture—1945) I tried to get paper for love or money and found it hard to do so as I entered the field rather late in indenting for it. Moreover, I have a radical defect in that I can’t write on nice clean fresh paper. I can only write on scraps which here as at home are furnished by the wrappers of newspapers. My *Feathers and Stones* have taken a monopoly of the brown wrappers of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*. Of all the papers, the *Tribune* uses the longest and the *Statesman* the broadest slips. The *Hindu’s* wrappers are perhaps as broad as the *Statesman’s* but while the latter are glazed and allow writing on both sides, the former allow only on one side. Moreover the pasting gives room for complaint, and the title *The Hindu* occupies a needlessly bigger area so depriving me of my writing content. The gum used by the *Statesman* is best and the pasting is orderly and methodical. The edge of the wrapper can be easily peeled off. Next best is *Tribune*—both for quality of paper and character of pasting. The brown paper of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* is of two varieties. One is pale grey and the other is reddish brown. The former shows the ink on the other side and thus tangibly reduces the writing space available. The *Leader* has recently adopted a peculiar type of wrappers. They are parchment like, light green in colour, glazed and perforated along the length on both sides and also in the body. The perforations do not conceivably form any design or indicate any letters. On enquiry the mystery has been cleared for it is Monotype paper on which the perforations stand for certain words. There is still another point of interest relating to the newspaper wrappers. Only the *Hindu* and the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* use

stamping machines which dispense with the affixing of quarter anna stamps on the wrappers. May it be that the practice indicates the fact that these two Dailies have the highest circulation amongst the Indian Dailies? Probably it is so.

Calendars

Then a word about our calendars. The scarcity of paper has made calendars scarce. At last, last year, Jawaharlal got a splendid calendar from the Tatas, portraying fearful men of steel. We have in the absence of a fresh supply up to now (5-2-44) utilised the same—pressing into service last year's sheet of May for January this year. In the meantime, the eternal calendar idea struck one of us and Mr. Mehtab with the aid of one of the convicts has made three such calendars beautifully decorated with scraps of coloured paper—some of which are based on the principle of revolving, others, of replacing. But, the difficulty with them is that they require daily manipulations which Mr. Shankerrao Dev has kindly undertaken for the group.

Prahlada and Ajagara

Life in India is pulsating with one impulse and beats in unison with a central throb that is as old as the 'Vedas' and 'Itihasas'. In 'Bhagavat', Prahlada and Ajagara are described as having a discourse in which Ajagara—a saint who under a curse assumed the form of a boa-constrictor says, "I do not ask any one because of my want, nor do I refuse aught that is given me nor do I regret my want. Thus do I pass my time *sans* joy, *sans* grief. The Hindi equivalent thereof is given by some friend:—

"Sahaj mila so doodh barabar
Mang liya so pani
Kheenchliya so rakt barabar
"Gorakh bola vani."

which means: "Gorakh the Hindi poet said: Whatever you get, naturally (unasked for) is milk. Whatever is asked and got is water. Whatever is forced out is blood."

The Cat and the Mouse

"Choosa moosa, Raya Bahadur
Bahar Nikalo Bat Sunavun
Beebi-jee main khod khod kiya mandir
Tum Bat karo, main sunat andar."

The cat addresses the mouse and the mouse replies:

"O! you mouse—brave as a King, come out and listen just a word."
"O, queen! I have dug and dug and made a home, you speak and I listen from within."

The Webless Spider

I have written several times about the spider and its ways. The threads of its web are ever so strong, straight and shining. A single thread sustains the weight of the spider and stands a stormy wind and a torrential rain. But for a month I have been watching a medium-sized spider stick to the wall as if it were pinned to it—the same place day and night,—not a line farther or nearer certain control points I have fixed on the wall. I have seen two black ants in its grip and as its prey during this month. The wonder is that these 30 days it has stuck to its post. I have seen two more tiny ones round about on the wall similarly situated. They are growing.

Foundation and Facade

There appears to be a season for everything. Madras is more conspicuous for the unveiling of portraits of its eminent men than any other province. In one week or fortnight the portraits of Sir P. S. Sivaswami Iyer, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer, Sir Abdur Rahman and the Raja of Panagal were unveiled. The ceremony is often associated with and officiated at by equally eminent retired men, or eminent public men who are nearing the psalmist's span of three score and ten. The finest compliments are paid as by the Chief Justice to Justice Sir Abdur Rahman, by Mr. Austin to the Raja of Panagal by Rt. Hon. V. S. Sastri to Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer and by Sir C. F. Ramaswami Iyer to Sir P. S. Sivaswami Iyer. That is as it should be. The stalwarts of a passing generation had laid the foundations of Indian Nationalism according to their lights and the lights of their times. Later public men have built upon them. It is cheering to recall the glorious names that lie buried in the invisible foundations of a movement. Nor will the later workers fail to be superseded as moderate, halting and moral-minded persons. The next generation may stand for a Revolution, in all its grimness and cavil at their immediate predecessors as people who had delayed a nation's emancipation under the folly of Truth and Non-Violence which they would interpret as weakness and vacillation just as these had interpreted the moderates that preceded them. Facade cannot rise without a wall nor a wall without a foundation.

Migrating Cranes (11—2—'44)

In a previous section, I have spoken of migration of birds over long distances ranging over thousands of miles according to their needs and seasons. For the past few days we have been noticing small batches of spotless white cranes (or swans) flying in crescentic formations of ten or twelve over the heavens from the west towards the E.E.N. All the batches have taken exactly the same direction this evening. We have also noticed three formations of about 60 to 70

FEATHERS & STONES

each taking the same course. It is obvious that with the change of season and the onset of spring (Vasant) these birds are migrating to a destination unknown to us. Even as I was about to ask "Will some student of bird-life enlighten?" the answer has been provided by the fact that these flights are towards their home from some tank where all day they perform their *Baka Japam* (Crane's Tapas) and catch fish and frog, for we have seen them flying the reverse way early in the mornings. Apparently, they have migrated here from somewhere else because their tanks have dried up elsewhere.

Bhawani Talwar

Edward Thompson writes:

"The traditional sword of Shivaji is still worshipped at Satara in a special shrine. It is credited with miraculous effects and women desirous of sons drink water through which it has been drawn, with (it is said) satisfactory results. There is a tradition also that it was taken to Windsor Castle when the Hill fort of Raigarh in April 1818 surrendered after 14 days' bombardment.

The Punjab

Punjab is the land of Five Rivers. These are called by names which are the corrupt forms of their real names as given below:

Original Names	Popular Names
Iravadi	Ravi
Bipasa	Beas
Vitastha	Jeelum
Chandrabhag	Chinab
Shatadru	Sutlej

"Whom God Hath United Let No Man Put Asunder"

A Chinese story may not fail to be interesting in these days when China occupies so much of public attention the world over. The following is taken from the pages of "My Country and My People" by Lin Yu Tang who says that the Chinese "Novels, Dramas and Scholars' Works" are full of this type of story in which the supernatural is made believable because it is made human:—

"An official had a daughter Chi. She had a cousin, Wang Chon, a brilliant and handsome young man. They had grown up together from childhood and as her father was very fond of the young boy, he said that he would take Wang Chon for son-in-law. This decision was heard by both of them and their love grew from day to day. They were now grown up and were intimate with each other. But her father failed to perceive it. One day a young official begged for her hand and he consented. Torn between love and filial piety, the girl was ready to die with grief and the young man was so disgusted that

he preferred to go abroad to seeing his beloved as the bride of another person. So, he informed his uncle that he had to go away to the capital under some pretext. A feast and a send off were given him.

He took a boat and set out and when it was over he stopped the journey and felt restless. At midnight he heard the footsteps of some one coming and on enquiry his beloved announced herself. They exchanged love and greetings and explanations and she said she had braved her parents' anger and adverse public opinion only to follow him to the end. They set out to the capital happy at restoration. They lived together and had two sons. Five years elapsed and the wife was sore grieved at the thought of her filial impiety to her parents whose only daughter she was. The husband suggested that they might now return and hoped that the 5 years' time would have assuaged their anger. They go to their native place but the husband suggested that before her going home, he would go first and reconnoitre the situation. He went to and bowed before the father-in-law and begged forgiveness but met with the reply "What are you talking? Chi'enniang has been ill and bedridden ever since you left." "No I am not lying" said Wang Chow, "she is well and waiting in the boat!" The father-in-law taken aback sent 2 maid servants to the boat and found the girl as fresh and blooming as ever before. They were puzzled. Meanwhile the patient rose, became whole, and dressed herself and went towards the boat. On the way, the two met, embraced one another, coalesced and became one. Their dresses became double and then they returned home the former Chi'enniang as young and lovely as ever before. The parents were happy. They charged the servants to keep the secret and the daughter and son-in-law were happy and lived another forty and more, before they died."

The Romance of the Guitar

Appetite grows with eating. One story leads to another. From short story to drama is not a long leap. "The Romance of the Guitar" is a drama that "holds its own in popularity by its sheer appeal to the beauty of domestic love and loyalty which" says Lin Yu Tang, "always finds a warm place in the Chinese heart."

The plot dates back to the Aan Dynasty (206 B.C.—219 A.D.) There was a talented scholar, Ts'ai Yang whose parents were old and so he forsook all ambition and was content to remain with them at home. He was married and the play opens with a scene of happy family feast in their garden in Spring. When an Imperial edict, however, called for literary talent and the local Magistrate reported his name to the court, he had to leave the aged parents and repair to the distant capital and stay away for some years and there was a struggle between filial piety and political loyalty. But the aged father agreed

to his going while the mother opposed. Finally, he left leaving the parents to be cared for by his wife Chao Wunnang and by a friend, Chang.

Ts'ai came out high in examinations and attracted the minister's attention which led to the latter's forcing him to marry his daughter. It was done against the boy's will, but the bride learnt about it and devised a plan that they should go to his parents' house. This angered her father greatly.

In the meantime, things were not moving aright at home. A famine broke out and the Ts'ai's young wife was the only person working. She approached Chang for some grain and got it but was robbed on her way. She in her agony decided to throw herself into a well on the way, but recalled the trust committed to her care. She was thus giving the grain to her parents-in-law and herself subsisting on husk. Her song in which she compared herself to the shell and her absent Lord to the grain is considered by general assent the most moving part of the whole story. As time went on, the old lady passed away, and the old man fell ill. The young woman nursed him with care and when he too died, she built his grave with her own hands and with the help of Mr. Chang. She was tired in so building and dreamt a dream in which God sent her two spirits, the White Monkey and the Black Tiger and when she woke up, to her great surprise, she saw the grave completed and this news she communicated to Chang. Chang then advised her who was left alone, to go out in search of her husband. She then painted a picture of his and disguised herself as a nun and set out and repaired to a place called Loyang, where there was a temple which was having a Buddhist celebration. She hung the painting at a spot in public and her husband who had come to the temple to pray for his aged parents chanced upon the painting and took it home. The nun repaired thither and was accepted by his sister. The nun was recognized and joined the family as a honoured co-wife of her Lord, who lived happily with both wives and the two wives were honoured by the Emperor himself.

Dame Cat

Our cat has come to stay. It is tame. It is well behaved except for sitting on beds and sofa chairs or at least rattan chairs, and except that it grazes against your leg as a mark of demonstration inviting a patting on the back. It gets some milk and bread—but is not on the ration list. It provides a topic of conversation. It occasionally is a cause of ill-tempered outburst. It was summarily sent out but forthwith came back the way it went. It has divided the camp into pro-cat and anti-cat, neutrals and unknowns. Members are sometimes not willing to avow their faith. A cat and a dog are bad companions. The cat has killed several sparrows. The sparrows

eat the insects. The insects eat smaller insects. So goes the world. The confinement of the cat is looked forward to with pleasure, hatred, resentment or resignation by the several groups. Our woes are in the future, when the kitten will invade the rooms, and be pounced upon by the male cat which kills the male ones amongst them—lest they should grow to be his rivals. More about the cat which has crept in surreptitiously without the superintendent's permission and feeds without rations or a ration card and interviews the members against Sir Reginald Maxwell's Ordinances and Wavell's 'Martial' Law. One of these days, the cat—a female one at that, may become the topic of interpellations in the Central Assembly, or the subject of investigation by a commission. A White Paper may be issued on this unauthorized and illegal intruder.

Jail 'Dadhis'

Man is bound by State Laws, by public opinion and by conscience. Whether a man grows a beard or takes a shave every day or on alternate days or once a week, is determined by a fourth factor namely the availability of razor blades. The British Laws don't very much interfere in these matters though the example set by its dignitaries is considered morally binding. Individual conscience yields place to individual freaks. Many politicals have grown a beard and on release appeared before their families, friends only to be warded off as 'Bairagis' unceremoniously entering the inner sanctuaries of the home. In Muslims not to have a beard is considered irreligious. During the Khilaphat days, the best verdict given on intricate problems was not accepted unless the exponent had a beard. "Are you a Maulana?" was the question put to an esteemed member of the Working Committee at Nagpur in 1921 when he expounded to complete public satisfaction an intriguing problem before an audience of 'Kattar' Muslims. The clean-shaven, England-returned Barristers-at-Law had a hard time of it. And if in the exigencies of work when engaged in getting ready a special session of the Congress at short notice, the beard was not attended to for a week, a friend so neglectful of his daily duties was forthwith spotted and congratulated by no less a personage than Maulana Abdul Bari in the Delhi (Special) Session (1923) on the beard grown anew. Congratulations poured in from all sides in that the renegade was gathered back to the fold of god's good men.

Be Mouch o' be resch

There still remains the question as to how in communities which customarily grow beards, the women would take to the idea. Till forty years ago, it is said, they were looking down upon the clean shaven male folks as unmanly. Under the ever-growing western influence and through a fast-spreading change of custom, they are now reconciled to the "unhaired silken wantons." Lin Yu Tang speaks

FEATHERS & STONES

of the ticklish sensation felt by women through the touch of a bristling moustache. One should be prepared to think that women would like men to look less like women and more like men and one wonders whether their feeling on seeing a clean shaven face would be similar to the feeling of a man on seeing women with moustache and beard.

Maulana and the garden (20—2—'44)

Maulana watering the garden with his own hands one day was a novel sight. Latterly for over four months, he has been paying attention to two "morning glories" which are "Khudru" or "Swayambhus". They were self-born and have been particularly poor-looking and weak and perhaps would have perished but for the Maulana's care in picking off leaves entwining the creepers, watering and renovating the soil and even manuring, with the result that there has been a remarkable output of flowers—altogether unexpected for they must be put down to the "Kaya Kalpa" treatment given to these hapless growths by the nature-loving Maulana Saheb.

Total War

A kind of total war is described in Shanti Parva of the 'Mahabharata' in which water is turned into blood, grass into hair, mountains into elephants, trees into 'Dhwajas.'

Tamarind, Cokam and Am Chur (24—2—'44)

The sight of a ripe tamarind is hailed with delight by the whole house in Ahmednagar Fort. Its qualities and virtues are praised, there is a rush of friends to taste it. Its forms of use are discussed, --how 'chutneys' are prepared and preserves and pickles are made with it. Its substitutes in the North India are 'cokam' and 'am chur'. Cokam is the product of a tree, while 'am chur' is only the powder of dried 'am' fruit (mango). We know in the South how tamarind leaf is dried and powdered and preserved for use as a diet to patients in place of tamarind. In the South i.e. Tamilnad and Andhra, Kerala and Karnataka, tamarind is an essential of diet.

Veil Lifted (25—2—'44)

At last the veil that screened our existence has been lifted on 23-2-44. The public know where we are. Alas for the halo by which we have been surrounded these 18 months and a fortnight. The charm of an 'unknown' fortress has been removed. The Working Committee is no longer in 'Ajnata Vas'. Hereafter it is only 'Aranya Vas'. This is the reverse of the Pandavas' fate. The order does not matter if the sequel is the same as of the Pandava exile. But that is politics which is alien to this diary.

Bara Khadi

What in Sankrit is known as Dwadasakshari is called 'bara khadi'. 'Bara' is twelve and 'Khadi' is a corruption of 'Akshari'. The twelve letters are,—Ka, Kaa, Ki, Kee, Ku, Koo, Ke, Kai, Ko, Kow, Kam Kah. They stand for the alphabet in which each consonant takes, with vowel combinations and with Anuswara and Visarga, 12 forms. 'Bara khadi' is the term in vogue in Hindi speaking area as well as Maharashtra and Gujarat.

Umpire

Once upon a time, I too was a sportsman—my favourite games being cricket, tennis and badminton. I went to the football field but once and then playing with country shoes, kicked my own shoe instead of the ball and hurt my big toe, the pain in which is still lingering in it these 46 years. Of cricket, there are a few members in the sprain of several inter-phalangeal joints due to catching the cricket ball fifty years ago. Tennis has not left any scars but a warm appreciation of a cut and a drive, a volley and a half volley still remains. With these qualifications I have been called on to be the 'umpire' of the shuttlecock game. I enjoy the game so much that I forget the score, or when it is time for a 'change over' or when to call the second hand. Between 'net' and 'through' there is an eternal confusion due to errors of perception—not of understanding; and so often, in my enthusiasm, I declare the game before it is 21 points yet. But all my foibles are viewed with indulgence by the players whose agility and awareness have had to come to my rescue as well as their own. Considering all these points, I have thought it but fair that I should resign, installing another in my place, but there happen to be two umpires for the time being neither of whom has noted whether a point is 'in' or 'out', whether a service is 'short' or 'correct' or whether the "ball" is 'through' or 'net'. Wisdom and fairness alike dictate that there should be but one incumbent instead of leaving the game to be umpired by chaos.

Three Collectors—and Three Judges

During these 18 months and odd we have had three Collectors and three Judges of the District as visitors. The first was Mr. Ghatge—the Ghatges are a historic family whose name occurs in connection with the history of Holkar in 1805-21. Then came Mr. Patil. Finally has come Mr. Millard—an Indian. The Three Judges are Mr. Nagarkar, Mr. Raju and Mr. Bavdekar (two Maharashtras and one Andhra). When I asked the last what his name was apart from the surname by which the Maharashtras are known, he asked me whether I meant the Christian name. So our names too have become Christian not merely our thoughts and ideas!

Shoes and Spittoons

During the time of Bentick there came Burmese envoys to Calcutta and a serious question arose as to etiquette at a party in the envoy's honour held by Metcalfe who put himself to a little extra expense to make the party successful. But an hour before it, they snubbed him by declining to attend. They had not been invited to bring their own spittoons. This it seems is a matter of Burman etiquette. A superior carries his spitting pot to the house of an inferior not vice-versa. Burmese ambassadors had not previously insisted on this right but now had orders from Ava to carry themselves more highly. Earlier the trouble centred round shoes. The envoys raised the question of keeping their shoes on but Metcalfe was still "you will, I hope recollect," wrote he, "that our President takes off his shoes and stands in the Dirt without them at Ava and that if these Vakeels were allowed to appear before the Governor-General with shoes on, it would be no small thing to brag of to their own court."

British Tribute To The Badshah

As a result of Raja Rama Mohan Roy's mission, the King of Delhi got an increase of 15 lakhs in his "tribute" which he distributed to his stipendiaries a list of whom ran over 384 pages.

A GREAT SUFI

Shaik Mubarak

Shaik Mubarak was one of the notable Ulemas of Akbar's time. He studied the various creeds of the Muslim faith and was taken for a Rafzi or Shiyah and even a Mahadia—followers of the cult of those who believed that a new prophet in the person of Mahdi would come to the world. The orthodox Moulvis hated him and hunted him out of the court of Akbar. He fled the place with his two sons,—Faizi and Abul Fazi. But Akbar after a time sent for them and they returned to the court and held an honoured place while their persecutors were shown their place in the common crowds. Shaik Mubarak prepared a great Mahazar of which the thesis was that where there were two conflicting views in interpreting Quran or Hadis, it was the right and duty of a just King to arbitrate between the two and give a verdict in favour of the one or the other. But the rules were that the King must be a just one and that the verdict must take note of the interest of the people and administrative convenience. The Mahazar was further in consonance with (1) the Quranic text that says that you must obey God, His Messenger and those in authority among you,—and (2) with a saying attributed to the Prophet that the King must be a just King.

Shaik Mubarak was well versed in the Arts and Sciences, in religious lore, logic and doctrines of various schools of philosophy and

wrote profusely on these subjects. Though at one end he was a Sufi, at the other, he was so orthodox that no one could go to his Masjid or attend his sermons, who wore a gold ring or 'athlas' or 'lal moji' or red or yellow clothing or whose trousers ran below the heel. He forthwith cut the excess in the last case and disrobed people in the other cases. When he heard music on the way, he ran away but later in life, he was so addicted to music that he always felt engrossed in hearing songs and instrumental music. On one occasion, he attended a *muhfil* (sabha) of musicians amongst whom were the famous Tansen and another and the Shaik said to Tansen, "they say you too sing." He sang and the Shaik said—"yes it is like "Bha'i Bha'i" the noise of an animal.

Towards the end of his life, says Mulla Saheb, a conscientious historian, this noble Shaik who had all along been a true Fakir that never cared to attend the King's Durbar, became engrossed in worldly pursuits, seeking position and property, practising opportunism and worse, and his conduct and character bore no traces of the original nobility, renunciation and faith. His first two sons were born in the years,—Faizi in 954 Hijri (1547 A.D.) and Abl. Fazli in 958 Hijri (1551 A.D.). These did not share the proclivities of their father though they shared his sorrows. They were given to affairs and rose to eminence one of these—the latter as the author of 'Aini Akbari' and 'Akbar Nama.'

Shaik 'Mubarak had besides these two sons, four daughters and six other sons two of whom (latter) were posthumous, his age at death being ninety.

Castes in Bengal

In Bengal there are very few Khatris or Kshatriyas. Between the Brahmins and the Cultivators, there are Kayasthas and Vaidas. The last are not much more than a lakh altogether in numbers but 65 per cent of them are educated. The Brahmins and the Kayasthas are also well educated but not so much as the Vaidas and all the three put together do not exceed 5 p.c. of the population.

Goodbye To Cold (24—2—'44)

The cold of the year has practically left us. Today is 'Shiva Ratri' and the saying in Andhra which is equally in vogue in other provinces is that we can bid goodbye to cold tonight. Indeed during the night it was warm and cots have had to be moved to the verandah from inside the room.

Bengal and Art

The Bengali is every inch an artistic being. The way the young men dress themselves is quite artistic. But what strikes one is the cut of his shirt. Both in front and back, the edge shall we say,—

the latitude—is not straight but curvilinear which reminds one of the edges of the Bengal roofs which have a double curve—both from side to side and from above downward as in Malabar. The same curves are noticeable in the domes of the Bengal temples. These curves have been fashioned in order to let water down from roofs easily and not give it a chance of soaking in, as would be the case, if the roofs were flat. See how the architectural arch has also become a sartorial double arch.

'Ajata Shatru'

Ajata Shatru does not mean that you are not treated by others as their enemy. It only means and can mean that you have no enemies. Because others treat you inimically, it does not mean you reciprocate. For ought one knows you may be only returning friendliness to enmity. Dharmaraja is called an *Ajata Shatru*. Duryodhana treated him with inimical feelings but Dharmaraja didn't reciprocate that enmity.

American Boys and English Girls

New times bring new problems such as the sudden influx of thousands of Americans into Britain and their social admixture with thousands of British girls in the absence of their young men on the war field. Such a spectacle may be staggering to an old world Indian to contemplate, but to the westerners it is a small problem requiring a little adjustment. While to us in India, the free admixture of the boys and girls of adult age in Britain is shocking, the British themselves have need to view the problem of British and American admixture of sexes with equanimity though not without some concern. Accordingly Dr. Margaret Mead, an American Anthropologist contributes a note to the *Manchester Guardian* (December 3, 1943) on the subject.

In America, there is co-education and boys and girls mix all along in scholastic life, so that where the American girl, as Dr. Mead points out, is self-assured, though British girl is shy, having been brought up to an entirely different code of manners. American boys are not shy in the presence of girls but a British boy may, the learned doctor continues, possibly find his tongue free under the encouragement of some girl 3 or 4 years his senior, but will become embarrassed when faced by a girl of 16 or 17. An American boy prefers the girl younger than he as he wants to astound and dazzle, for an evening, before he starts to discover and be discovered perhaps, for a lifetime.

Again, British boys and girls, it seems, pay little attention to one another until they are ready for serious courtship. Till then they spend time in the company of their own sex, whereas in America, there are several years of light-hearted, gay companionship between boys and girls which no one takes seriously—which is no more than what in America is called a 'date'. A good part of a 'date' is spent

in proving to each other that each is really popular. Dr. Mead continues: "They prove this, however, by exactly opposite behaviour, the boy by boldly demanding innumerable favours, the girl by refusing any favours at all. If the boy should fail to bid for a hundred kisses, this would prove that he had a low opinion of himself but if the girl gives him one kiss, she thereby proves that she has a low opinion of herself, that she is not quite sure that if he had not booked the evening somebody else would have done so." In effect then he (Dr. Mead) stressed the view that British girls should learn what fun there can be in an evening of dancing and talking—an evening that leads nowhere but is a pleasant end in itself. What is required is a happy blend of the quieter British pattern with the highly patterned 'youth behaviour of life in America.'

Hindi and Gender

There is the Hindi-Hindustani Movement. The Hindi People are loathe to use the vocabulary of the Arabic and Persian languages though they swallow their grammar. In Hindi 'persons' have no sex but words have gender. "Rama ne roti khayi". "Sita ne khana khaya". There is no justification for the verb being sexed and unsexed and agreeing with the object in number and gender. Why not abandon this innovation and facilitate the acquisition of the national language? You have already dispensed with the conjugation of the adjective as they do in Sanskrit. If we dispense with this unsexing of men and women and sexing—and that very artificially, of words, we shall then cease to be straining at the gnat and swallowing a camel.

I have been laughed at

When you go to a jail, anything that is picked up is considered valuable. In 'C' class in Rajahmundry, I picked up a wire nail and wanted to drive it into the wall. But there was no stone available for in Jails it is against rules to allow loose stones flying about. Much less could I get a hammer. After some days, I managed to get a stone and drove the nail and proudly hung my towel or shirt on it. On another occasion, I got a broken half of a cocoanut shell. I preserved it. The warders objected. I protested. A few days later, a convict warder who managed to get a green chilli and some tamarind made a chutney and kindly offered it to me. I wanted some receptacle for it. The cocoanut shell came handy. Then I picked up a small bottle and cleaned it. In 'C' class the great hardship was want of salt till recently in Madras. When we managed to get some spare salt, a receptacle was again wanted and the bottle became serviceable. Repeated pilgrimages to jails have helped in cultivating this already ingrained habit and I carried it to our unknown (now well-known) fortress,—The Ahmednagar Fort. But this time, the company is not of the common-place character. It is exalted and I and my habit soon became the laughing stock of the House.

FEATHERS & STONES

The first collection I made was of packing thread stouter than pack-thread and weaker than twine, with which bazaar bundles were tied up. I wound it all up round a neem tooth stick. It became a formidable spindle. I was laughed at. But soon the 'chota mal' of the charkha began to give way. There was none available in the Khaddar Bhandar. For whom it was required, would not be mentioned for 18 months. Twine is useless for the purpose as it stretches easily and breaks often. So, my thread became serviceable. One of the villager prisoners made a fine 'chota mal' out of it by entwining and twisting 4 layers. My stock got nearly exhausted and when a fresh demand arose, I could proudly say "sorry sir, stock exhausted but expected fresh supplies every day."

I gathered wire nails and got quite a stock of them. They were rusty. I put them in the fire. They were bent, I put them under a hammer blow. Suddenly a demand arose. We were supplied cloth racks. They had to be fixed on the wall. The walls are queerly made. At some point it is all stone and would not yield. At others, it is all loose and would give way. The nails therefore had to bear the buffets,—more than if the wall were of nice brick. The nails came handy for the purpose.

Then the fitter warder suddenly came to me for a stock of nails as he had to join some pieces of wood. I made a timely supply to him. He could doubtless go to the Bazaar but it is 3 miles up and a little more down! And what about the money 1 anna for nails. It requires sanction. Sanction means estimate. Estimate must be preceded by plan and plans must be explained by purpose. How much easier to get some old nails—burnt of their rust, straightened and kept ready! Then I gathered some washers,—rubber, leather and iron. I was laughed at. But soon the nuts of the axles of the charkas became loose. Washers were required and people knew where to apply for them.

I gathered broken angle iron pieces sawn off at my instance from the bath room as they were projecting inconveniently, the Tommies, (sappers and miners) did the sawing. I collected the broken sawn off pieces 1 bit—4 inches long and 2 bits 2 inches long each. For the time being, they were used as paper weights in the Reading Room. I was laughed at as inartistic. But soon came a friend complaining that a nail in the shoe was loose and cutting his sole. How to tighten it? He took some stones which had no facets and hit and hit hard except that the leather was damaged nothing came of it. The wretched nail could not be brought under the stone's stroke. The shoe came to me for inspection and attention. I put one of the angle irons at the angle point on the head of the nail and hit the angle iron on the opposite angle with the bigger angle iron and from that day the

cobbler's shop went on right enough, with a cobbler's last and knife added to the stock in trade.

Then I gathered the nails of worn out shoes and stocked them and I was laughed at. Presently shoes came for repairs—not merely to tighten loose nails—for constant tightening broke them, but for fresh nails which were duly supplied. The cobbler's practice rapidly became increased so much so that in addition to the dhobie, the barber and the tailor—prisoners that we had as attendants, we needed a cobbler too. But as no one could be got, we had to depend upon honorary work.

When the angle irons were being sawn off, one of the bandsaws broke and some day I chanced by a broken bit of it in the drain of one of the bathing rooms. It was 8 inches long and I preserved it. I was laughed at once again. One day a piece of deal wood had to be divided and there was no chisel or hammer or saw. My broken fragment was indented for and it supplied the need, having cut the deal wood in twain precisely though it nearly cut the hand that did the sawing.

I gathered some rubber tubing belonging to electrical wiring and also some leather bits. I was laughed at. But the charkhas were giving a lot of trouble at the points where the spindles rest upon the wooden pedestal. The rubber tubing as a lining to the groove became useful and later experiments led to other improvements with leathers.

I found a drawing button pin with which plans are fixed up to the drawing board. I was laughed at. One day my neighbour rearranged his furniture. There was the back of a small almyra uglily staring the occupants and the visitors in the face. He hung a white nice cloth on it but it had to be kept down and the friend rushed to me if I could do anything. I fixed it up on one side with the drawing pin and it was splendid but the other side wanted another. An ordinary pin had to serve the purpose tentatively. I gathered two safety pins and I was laughed at—though not so loudly as before. One day the Major came and asked whether a safety pin was available as he had to bandage a friend's elbow with a crape bandage on the eve of a badminton tournament. I lent him both and recovered them six months later from the office as I wanted them badly to fold back the edge line of tassels on my shawl so that they might not tickle the face particularly the nose.

I gathered pins and tags. No one laughed at me because every one wanted them.

Finally, I gathered wrappers of newspapers. I gathered altogether some four thousand of them (ten thousand at the end of the term) on which I wrote three books,—The History of the Congress Vol. II,

FEATHERS & STONES

one on spinning entitled "I too have spun" and these "My study windows in the unknown fortress." Some were amused to see this sort of writing on newspaper wrappers, brown, white, cream and green—plain and perforated, some were nauseated, some were irritated but all were benefited because I was not a competitor with them for paper from bazaar to be got for love or money. •

I gathered some bolts and nuts and expand-metal sheets. I was as usual laughed at. Suddenly a canvas chair gave way. The nut had dropped somewhere and the bolt become loose. I was approached and I provided the nuts and used them all up to fix on to the bolts wherever necessary of the 9 chairs we had.

A rack had to be improvised from the framework of a chest of drawers—the drawers being removed for other reasons. There were no boards to serve as supports and the expand metal came handy. •

I have picked up a u-shaped iron ring. I was laughed at. My next room neighbour is in the habit of bolting his doors all day in summer and keeping his room cool—walking in and out through my room with which his room is connected by a doorway. I always keep my doors open as I want light and more light and plenty of light for reading. He has called me today (18-3-45) and asked me whether I can do anything to keep his doors bolted. As it is, there are two bolts and one u-ring, I provided the second.

I got an iron ring and a bit of deal wood with two holes. I was laughed at. Shortly after a nail had to be driven and to hit it the object through which it had to be driven had to rest on a board with the area of nail-driving resting on the hole. The perforated deal wood piece came handy.

A friend one day for the sake of fun gave me a cowry which he picked up. I treasured it up and was laughed at. My friend took a passing fancy for the game of 'Pachees' or 'Chowpat'. The Board and the pieces were secured from the Bazaar but not the cowries or the dices. They asked me with ironical amusement whether I had any cowrie. I produced one from my box of wonders. They were surprised but not satisfied as they wanted 6 more. So with great difficulty, they got a set from Market for Rs. 0-8-0. When I was young in 1887, a pie was given for 28 cowries.

I have preserved some thin films like paper in which cakes of soap were wrapped. People laughed and I laughed too. Long after came a friend accosting me, "Doctor, have you got some very thin paper? I want to copy a map." "Yes will this do?" I showed him the soap-cake-cover and he was pleased but said it was not enough. I gave him a second sheet and both sufficed and served his purpose.

All these remind me of what I had read in "Robinson Crusoe" in 1895. When Robinson Crusoe being bound for Africa, was stranded on

an Island, on the 30th September 1659, he set about making a table and a chair, by chopping wood from the trees and discovering an odd nail from the tool bag. And he wanted to mark time and made an almanac. We here are without a calendar and have therefore made a revolving calendar with the card board discs found in the bottom (or top) of cigarette tins, marking dates and days of the week and employing another disc as the indicator. Later we have improvised calendars with the figures and days of the week cut out from the dailies. The next stage witnessed an artistic rotating calendar made with the cardboard cases of Patent Medicine and the figures and the days of the week cut out from weekly or monthly magazines. It was indeed very late when we got some nice calendars.

That Tooth-ache!

A troublesome tooth is like a babe in the womb which can't come out till its own time and which will continue to give trouble till the time is ripe.

Indian Classics in Farsi (Persian)

Mahabharat, Lilavati, Bhagavat and Atharva Veda were all translated into Persian by Abul Faizee in part or in whole. Faizee went, it is said, to a 'Gunavan' Pandit in Benares and studied Sanskrit as a Hindu. At the end, he had the honesty to mention the truth and apologize. He was greatly admired for his intelligence and talents and was only requested not to translate Gayatri and the four Vedas into Persian. Faizee rendered only 2 'parvas' of the Mahabharat into Persian and that in Prose generally interspersed with poetry in between, as occasion required, as desired by Akbar.

20th Month Begins (9—3—'44)

Artificial Nutmeg, Cinnamon and White Pepper

Patients in Hospitals and prisoners in Jails have numbers. They have no personality, no *nam nishan* beyond the number but where have you heard of a Rose in a laboratory equated to numbers. We know Salvarsan known as 606 and a 'Sulpha' preparation as M.B. 693. The latest to have a number is a new mosquito repeller, superior to citronelle and known as Formula No. 612, an inexpensive colourless liquid without unpleasant odour. All these are easily understood because they represent the order of the discovery of the preparations. But the Rose 6423 is a novelty. Listen to the story as given in *Time* (American) of November 22, 1943. The article described how Crocker has developed the knack of guessing the composition of aromatics by smelling and taste buds. Then he synthesizes the spice by compounding sometimes 40 different ingredients including several varieties of phenols, alcohols, ethers and aldehydes to make a nutmeg. "In classifying his vapory perceptions he reduces all odour to four basic ones.

FEATHERS & STONES

1. Fragrant e.g., animal musk
2. Acid e.g. vinegar
3. Burnt e.g., roasted coffee
4. Caprylic e.g., goatly or sweaty

Each is further classified in 8 degrees of strength. These basic smells in various combinations make up thousands of different odours most of which Crocker can recognize at one sniff. It is thus that he has produced three synthetic spices—nutmeg, cinnamon and white pepper.

In analysing smells, Crocker sniffs for each basic component, like an orchestra conductor listening from specific instruments, then describes the total effect by numbers. Thus the Crocker description of a Rose is 6423 representing the relative strength of its fragrant, acid, burnt and caprylic components.

Nose Versus Tongue

The human nose is an extraordinarily sensitive organ. Oliver Wendell Holmes stated that smell is a better agent to recall old friends and old reminiscences than any other sense. "The nose" it is said "can detect as little as a billionth of a milligram of an aromatic vapour. The tongue needs at least a million times that amount in order to taste."

Pure and Applied Sciences

There is a charge against Soviet Russia that the nation is not in favour of promoting research in pure sciences. But so far as applied science goes, its progress has been phenomenal. "Amongst the great recent works of Soviet Science" says *Time* (ibid) "are the explorations of 1200 geologists. In Chemistry, the Russians have pioneered in the preparation and use of blood plasma, in synthetic rubber, photo chemistry, explosive helium, winter lubricants for tanks and planes. A new Russian anti-serum is considered the best preventive of flu. They have also extracted Iodine from the foul waters of oil fields, sugar from watermelons, vitamin C from pine tree needles. For hungry Leningrad they have found out a way of planting Winter wheat that enables it to withstand Siberian Temperature of below zero and of producing a cross breed momentum sheep between merino ewes and mountain rams that produce fine fleece wool.

Basic Chinese

Churchill has recently popularized basic English with 850 words for the world's use. In China, James Yang Chu Yen has formulated a scheme of basic Chinese with 1,000 characters (words) selected from 40,000 available characters. By this 46 million Chinese are enabled to read and write, who otherwise might have remained illiterate.

Lingam and Magnets

In the famous temple of Somnath, the Linga was hanging in the air unsupported, being held in position by four huge magnates fixed in the four walls of the Temple. This was due to a conspiracy between Kings and Priests. When the temple was demolished, the 'Lingam' fell to the ground.

Three Ekadashies

"The most interesting myth of the Hindus regarding the cloud and the sun is conceived in the three *Ekadashis*—Shyam, Pashmora and Utthana. The first comes up in the month of Ashada when the sky is full of clouds and the sun being scarcely seen, is thought sleeping. The second for the changing of sides occurs in the month of Aswin, when the rainy season is coming to an end and the sun is visible now and then and so is conceived as changing his sides. The third comes up in the month of Kartik when the rainy season is over and the sun shines in his full glory in a cloudless sky. Hence it is conceived that the Lord has left his bed—and is awake—which is symbolised in the ceremony observed on the last day of Kartik as a day of festivity. The effigy of the sleeping sun in the shape of a plantain sprig is thrown into the water with a garden of Adonis. The idea is that the sun, leaving aside his slumber, will come out of the water of the eastern ocean with replenished youth the next morning—the New Year's Day of the agrarian people."—From the "Rigvedic Culture of Pre-historic Indus" by Swami Sankara Ananda.

The King's Sword to Stalingrad

The *New Statesman and Nation* says:—It is said that only four English cities can boast of a Royal sword. Three of them,—York, Lincoln and Chester were given swords by Richard II in the 14th Century. They were the main fortress cities, the support of whose Burghers the king was perhaps trying to secure by impressing the citizens with colourful ceremony.

London got its Royal Sword—the famous Pearl Sword only in 1571 from Queen Elizabeth. For the sword to be carried before a Mayor was a mark of honour and behind him, of despair. This happened to Coventry in 1384 but in 1388, it recovered its good name. It was in 1943 December that the King of England's sword to the City of Stalingrad was presented by Churchill to Stalin in the City of Teheran.

Marshal Stalin kissed the Stalingrad Sword—Britain's tribute to the people of Stalingrad when Mr. Churchill presented it to him at an impressive ceremony which was held on November 20 in the conference room of the Soviet Embassy in Teheran. Twenty British soldiers lined one wall, facing 20 Russian sub-machine gunners. The

sword was held by a British Lieutenant, with its point resting on the ground. Standing opposite was a Russian Lieutenant, who was to receive it.

Mr. Churchill entered the room bareheaded and in the uniform of Air Commodore. Marshal Stalin entered by the door opposite and moved quickly and silently to the table where he stood facing Mr. Churchill. Marshal Stalin's face was as impassive as a mask. He wore the beige-coloured uniform of Marshal of the Soviet Union, with the ribbon and star of the hero of the Soviet Union. President Roosevelt also entered the room and sat in an arm chair. Behind Marshal Stalin stood M. Molotov and Marshal Voroshilov. A Russian band struck up the Internationale and then the British National Anthem.

Mr. Churchill stood at salute and Marshal Stalin raised his right hand, with fingers half clenched to about eight inches from his head. Mr. Churchill then said: "Marshall Stalin, I have the command of His Majesty to present to you for transmission to the city of Stalingrad this sword of honour, of which His Majesty himself has approved the design. This blade bears on it the inscription 'to the steel-hearted citizens of Stalingrad from King George VI, in token of the homage of the British people.'"

Marshal Stalin replied in a low voice, expressing appreciation of the gift and the pleasure felt by the Russian people at this gesture of the British.

The British Lieutenant then stepped forward ten paces carrying the sword with the point upwards. He handed it to Mr. Churchill, who passed it to Marshal Stalin. Marshal Stalin drew the blade, touched it with his lips and then passed it to Marshal Voroshilov, the hero of Stalingrad. The Russian Lieutenant then took the sword and stood with it at the head of the Russian guard.

The ceremony completed, Marshal Stalin showed the sword to President Roosevelt who said "Stalingrad has truly the heart of steel."

On Mr. Churchill's birthday M. Stalin referred to him as "my fighting friend."

Footboard Travel

When the Karachi Session of the Congress was to be held in March and April 1931, we were travelling to Karachi from Delhi via Bhatinda and Samsatta. On the way hundreds of Punjabis boarded the train without tickets and the footboards were full with ticketless passengers. They were there to see Gandhi who was in the train. But on further enquiry we were told it was a common, everyday event on the N. W. Railway in the Punjab. Anyway, one man met with an accident, his tall stick—taller than himself, came in the way of his boarding the slow running train, he fell headlong and when we pick-

ed him up, his foot was wholly detached from his ankle except for a tag of skin and a ligamentous band. He was taken to our compartment and the luckless foot was detached by Dr. Ansari. The poor passenger was blessedly ignorant of the fate of his foot which was already 'on its way to Heaven in advance of its owner, though the latter did not closely follow it thither. Dr. M. A. Ansari had to do the unpleasant task. The wonder is the patient was perfectly conscious and had no sense of pain or of the loss of the foot.

The Jews and Palestine (31—3—'44)

We know the Balfour declaration promising a homeland to Jews in Palestine which was dated 2nd November 1917. We know how Britain was mandatory to Palestine in 1922. We know too the White Paper dated May 1939 based on the Peel Committee. Reports under which Jewish immigration was limited to 75,000 and up to 31st March 1944. Today is the last day. Hence the orders against the restriction amongst the world Jewry. But the Jews are divided into 2 sections, —the 2nd section not being agreeable to the Jewish agitation, demand that the gates of Palestine be thrown open to them for entry without let or hindrance. On the other side it is contended that the Jews were not the masters of Palestine at any time except for a short period, when they had conquered it in about 1100 B.C. and held it till 970 B.C. The Balfour declaration in favour of reconstituting Palestine as the Jewish Commonwealth—it is argued, had never any legs to stand upon. The anti-Zionist body of Jews in America "oppose the effort to establish a national Jewish State in Palestine or anywhere else as a philosophic defeatism and one which does not offer a practical solution of the Jewish problem." This embarrasses the view of the Council of American Judaism. This Council is deprecated by the American Jewish Conference as "a group representing only about one hundred individuals attempting to confuse the American Public in regard to the deliberations of the conference—a democratically elected body representing every major organisation coming to U.S.A.

—*Jewish Frontier*, Sept. 1943.

Wine and Water

On the continent when you go to a Hotel or Restaurant, you order food and you get wine free of charge, but if you order water, you will have to pay for it!

In the Inns

When young Indians keep their terms in the Inns of Court, they are served the best drinks—sometimes of 200 years' standing. Most of them are abstemious and do not touch them. Yet they have paid for them and they are served whether they are taken or not. So, a retired civilian of Gujarat who was keeping the terms used to gather

round the Indians' tables and quaff up the drinks of all the students to his heart's content! The fact is that in regard to the Law terms, the attendance at Lectures is not compulsory, but participation in dinners is even after passing the examinations!

line

Basic English

- 1 I am trying to write this note in Basic English which *has*
- 2 a range of 850 words only and the idea is that one may *voice*
all thoughts
- 3 within their range. For one who has *learnt* English for 60 years
- 4 to limit oneself to the list is *not easy*, if not impossible. Yet
- 5 if one writes in *easy* language, the feat may not be hopeless.
- 6 There is a general desire for *show* in language. In itself it
- 7 is not bad. *Writing* is an art and art aims at beauty. Beauty
- 8 grows with detail and detail means change of expression.
- 9 *Beauty* this is not an easy process. It is a
- 10 complex one. So a wide range of *words* is a real need for
- 11 style and structure. But the cult of basic English is started
- 12 to help all people wishing to study the language and learn it
- 13 up easily. What is aimed at is a business *measure*—a working
- 14 knowledge. It is not suggested that by learning basic English
- 15 you will become great scholars and writers in English though
- 16 there is no reason why one may not become even that. After
- 17 all nowadays, prose has become much easier than in the olden
- 18 days. The design of the mid-Victorian age is (a *chapter* of) for-
gotten history.
- 19 Easy and effective use of words is aimed at in this age.

In trying to write the above piece, I have made some mistakes—in using originally the words in the first row which are replaced by those in the second. Some words I used had to be omitted altogether as they do not occur in the list of 850 words.

'consist'	is replaced by	'has'	l. 1
'express'	„	'voice'	l. 2
'studied'	„	'learnt'	l. 3
'difficult'	„	'Not easy'	l. 4
'nearly' is omitted			
'simple'	„	'easy'	l. 5
'display'	„	'show'	l. 6
'composition'	„	'writing'	l. 7
'elegance'	„	'Beauty'	l. 9
'vocabulary'	„	'words'	l. 10
'cult' omitted 'pick' omitted			
'standard'	„	'measure'	l. 13
'modern'	„	'nowadays'	l. 17
'pomp and style' omitted		'variety' omitted,	
('chapter' omitted)			l. 18

Rainbow

Rainbow is called *Indra Dhanus* by Andhra, U.P. Utkal and Maharashtra and in Bengal they call it *Rama Dhanus*. In Sindh they call it *Indra lut*.

I. G. of Prisons (14—3—'44)

The Inspector General of prisons Col. Bhandari visits us every two months almost regularly. He has a sweet smile on his lips which always softens the bitterness of his 'no' to most points. The Radio has not come, the fruit parcels sent from Bombay are returned by the Bombay Government on the ground that Railways don't accept them. Newspapers are not directly addressed to inmates despite the fact that their abode is now known. Letters addressed between January 5 and 15 reached us from Poona in the 1st week of March and some addressed earlier have altogether miscarried. Oranges here are bad but in Poona he says you can't get even these. All that is, is at its best in his view. If that is so, his visits seem to be a needless taxation to his car and expenses to Government.

Calculators (From 'Time' October 25, 1943)

Calculators are complicated machines with something like 5,500 parts. They add, subtract, multiply and divide with the flick of a finger. The principle of an accurate calculator, it is said, is 123 years old (1943). Carl Frieden, a Swedish inventor, has patented two such machines within 10 years of each other.

Time gave the following note:—The Babylonians and Egyptians used crude calculations like the abacus—abacus, centuries before Christ. But mechanical, mathematical short calculations were held up all through the middle ages by the prevalence of Roman numerals. The first really successful calculator came from an Alsatian—Charles Xavier Thomas of Colman in 1820. The machine counted an elaborate series of pointers, slots, knobs and toothed gears by which any set of numbers can be set up, counted and recorded.

The Ides of March (15—3—'44)

Today is the ides of March but there is no death to note. On the other hand, there is a birth. Late last night, rather in the small hours of the morning, the cat has given birth to kitten. Last night it was restless going about from room to room, from person to person, mewing and fawning. Some thought she wanted water to drink,—rather an inexperienced view, because it was a cold day and the cat has had so many doses of milk. And too, there is plenty of water all round. Then one guess was that she had some pain. It was possible because she killed a big sparrow and ate it in the afternoon. Another said she was having pains. That was the truth. She was going in search of a proper room, proper place for accouchement.

FEATHERS & STONES

She selected Asaf Ali's room and laid her kitten in a cupboard. It was but right that she did so for she knew who petted her. Asaf Ali was giving her a chair, stroking her back and fondling her. There were others that treated her with all the courtesy due to a pregnant animal and affection due to a pet cat. But she had to make her choice. Now begins our trouble with the kitten and the danger to the poor sparrows will be doubled. But what a contrast—the cat conceiving and begetting in a quiet manner without the fuss of the sparrows, their quarrels, their chirping and cooing, their comings in and goings out, their utter restlessness, their strenuous preparation for accouchement, their worry to feed the young ones and to teach them to fly!

Bird Migration

(a) **Purpose**—Bird migration is a subject of absorbing and at times of baffling interest. Why do birds accumulate in certain seasons, all of a sudden, annually, as between September and November to provide a feast for birdshooters? The migrations are characterized by a certain magnitude, periodicity and orderliness which remind one of the cyclical character of the seasons, so much so that it is said that certain people name their months after the birds. The object of migration seems to be to secure normal conditions of food and reproduction—the two great functions of life in the lower orders. It must, therefore, ensure suitable conditions of weather, climate and availability of food. The birds migrate to the same place year after year and return to the same place. Forward and backward flights are determined by the conditions most favourable to breeding and feeding. It is said that the longest known migratory journey is performed twice every year by the Arctic Tern which from the Arctic winter travels south right across the world to the Antarctic summer, and back again—a distance of over 11,000 miles each way. The birds want to avoid cold, short day-light and snow formation.

(b) **Order**—What the Government of India and many civilized Governments do, as a daylight saving measure by turning forward the hands of the clock by an hour, the birds do by flying a few thousands of miles because they are not sophisticated and the turning of the hands of the clock does not fill their stomachs. In fact, it is the shortening days that stimulate migration and with the shortening days, a reproductive impulse is set up too. It is said that sterile birds don't migrate. The order of migration is equally interesting. In the spring the adult males arrive first and then come the adult females while young ones not yet capable of reproduction come last. The autumn-move occurs in a reverse order. The young ones leading the flight.

(c) **Direction**—How do these birds—the young ones not being older than 2 months, know the direction? It is a racial instinct im-

bedded in their nature for ages. We are not what we learn and do. We are also what we are born—the tradition or heredity enters into our make-up as much as environment and acquisition. It is thus that these young and untutored birds lead the van over a migration of thousands of miles. The direction is determined by the flow of fluid in the cochlea of the ears—not by eye sight just as the villager moves on at the crossing of paths instinctively while the townsman is helpless without the sign boards.

In October and November '43, the ducks, it is said, came whistling down to North Dakota from Canada settling in the sloughs and marshes of the Souris River, then down the great mid continental fly way on their way south to their winter feeding grounds. Luckily this year there are fewer hunters to shoot, for they have all become man-hunters elsewhere in the war-fields.

Birds return to the same nesting place, the same building, the same locality, the same corner, the same site. Heat and cold, floods and droughts, food and water, flowering and fruiting are some of the conditions that determine local or continental flights.

The sparrow is absent from the Andamans and Nicobars. The bird fluffs out plumages, arches its rump, droops its wings and struts about arrogantly, twitching its slightly cocked tail. The eggs are 3 to 5. Incubation period is 14 days.

Murdered Man Found

One Kishen Singh of Makhawal (Amritsar) has filed an appeal, through his pleader, Sardar Mohan Singh Batra, in the court of the District and Sessions Judge, against the order of Lala Balak Ram, Magistrate, rejecting his application for starting a case, under Sections 193-195-211 Indian Penal Code, against Sub-Inspector of Police Mohd. Shafi of Ramdas Police Station, Subedar Ishar Singh, his son and five others, for an alleged attempt to involve him in a murder case in which an unknown and unidentifiable dead body was found on the bank of Sakki Nala on the 10th April 1943 in a somewhat decomposed condition. It was alleged that the dead body was that of one Jurnail Singh son of Mahn Singh of Nangal Wanjan, who had gone to bring his wife but never returned, and it was also alleged that the relations of the said Jurnail Singh with his parents-in-law were strained. Further it was alleged that the Subedar in collusion with the aforesaid Sub-Inspector fabricated evidence by inducements and threats to implicate the appellant Kishen Singh as the murderer of the said Jurnail Singh and the story invented to prove this was that Kishen Singh had a desire to marry the wife of Jurnail Singh after putting him to death. The Subedar had a long standing enmity with Kishen Singh, the appellant. Kishen Singh was arrested on the 15th April 1943 and was sent up for the said murder of Jurnail Singh. The trial was to commence on the 30th May 1943 in the court of Lala Balak Ram, Magistrate.

One Charn Singh was made co-accused and the Sub-Inspector had attempted to make him an approver against Kishen Singh.

On the 28th May 1943 i.e., two days before the commitment proceedings were to commence, one Labh Singh Jat of Jassar, a relative of the so-called murdered Jurnail Singh—came on leave to Nowshera Cantonment and learning of this case informed the authorities that Jurnail Singh was not dead but he had enlisted himself in the military and was serving in a Sikh Regiment at Nowshera. After the matter was got verified from the Officer Commanding of the Regiment where the said Jurnail Singh was serving, both Kishen Singh and Charan Singh accused were discharged.

Charan Singh had also filed an application in the court of Lala Balak Ram, Magistrate, against the father and sister of Jurnail Singh, for falsely implicating him in the case for the murder of Jurnail Singh who is alive.

It is stated that Jurnail Singh had applied to the local authorities that his father did not know that he had joined the military service and that he had been enlisted through the aforesaid Subedar Ishar Singh who did not inform his father and took advantage of his ignorance and induced him to claim the decomposed body as that of his son.

Five Mudras

A section of the worshippers of Kali the Mother, adopt extreme secrecy in their worship of her. The actual inner working of the system which is kept out of public gaze is carried out by means of certain signals and signs formed out of the hands and fingers. The symbols and signs so made are called Mudras. They are five in number so far as the Tantric worship is concerned.

1. *Ankush Mudra* in which the fingers are so arranged as to imitate the goad of an elephant. It stands for the *Soma* creeper and symbolizes the preparation of soma juice.

2. A second is the *Dhenu Mudra* which gives the form of the teats of a cow and implies the mixture of the soma juice with milk.

3. *Avagunthana Mudra* which means the form of a cover over the vessel containing soma juice.

4. The fourth is *Matsya Mudra* implying the use of fish in a vedic sacrifice compulsorily.

5. The last is the *Yoni Mudra*—the symbol of the female sex as the wife played an important part in sacrifices in the Vedic times.

Thus is indicated by the worship of Kali along the patti of the panch makaras— (wine), (fish), (meat), (food), (woman).

Swaram and Qurath

The Vedas are the sacred books of the Hindus and the Quran of the Muslims,—the one is in Sanskrit, the other is in Arabic. But to

know Sanskrit or Arabic does not help one to read the scriptures aright. It is not only wrong but sinful to read the Vedas as one reads a piece of Sanskrit prose or poetry—and even so the Quran as a piece of Arabic *nazam* (poetry) or *naser* (prose). There is a way of reading either. The Vedas must be recited with *Swaram*. *Swara Yuktā Pathanam* is the reading of the Vedas with 'Swaram.'

The Vedas are repeated with *swaram* i.e., with proper cadence or *udatta* and *anudatta*—the stress on the consonants and the lengthening of the vowels. The Andhras are regarded as reciting the Vedas best and so it was that Ram Mohan Roy had an Andhra Pandit engaged to recite Vedas before him.

There are ten ways of reciting Quran and they are known as *Qurrath*. Shaik Mubarak, the father of Faizee and Abul Fazl mastered, it is said, eight of them. So also Shaik Abdul Kadir Badauni—Imam Akbarsha—knew 7 ways of *Qurrath*.

The Bija Aksharas

Some combinations of letters are also used:

1. Kleem (क्लिम्) stands for earth.
K is air and La earth.
2. Krim (क्रिम्) Ka is air and R fire—Fire.
3. Hrim (ह्रिम्) H is sky and R fire—Fire in Sky
4. Srim (सिम्) Sha is sky and Ry fire—Sun
5. Strfm (स्त्रिम्) Sa is water, ta air and ra fire—water in fire surrounded by air—Rain.

The principal 'Bijas' then are names of the vedic deities concealed in code language. Hrim, Krim and Ram represent the three vedic fires—sun, lighting and fire.

Family Name First

The following letter is published in the *Amrita Bazaar Patrika* of 18-3-44 under the above caption:

"Sir,—I am very much interested to read in your paper of today's date Dr. Lin Yu Tang's "illuminating address" on India's freedom and world peace. To do justice to the "celebrated scholar," I am sure that you will agree with me that we should address him in the correct way. What I mean is that "Dr. Yu Tang begged for apology for the shortness of his visit" should have been "Dr. Lin begged for apology for the shortness of his visit." Similarly, "the Yu Tang-touch of honour should have been "the Lin-touch of humour." It seems high time that our Indian friends know that the Chinese always have their family names before their given names. This is just the opposite of what obtains in England and America where the Christian name comes before the surname.

"I met many an Indian who referred to China's President as "Generalissimo Chiang" and not as "Generalissimo Kai-shek". Therefore, I don't think it will be inordinately difficult for your countrymen to know which is which—"Family Name First."

The difficulty pointed out is a real one. But though the English and the American custom is to put the family name last, yet the Chinese and the English and American customs agree in referring to the persons by the family name. In India different systems prevail in different language areas. In Narasimha Chintamani Kelkar—Kelkar is the family name, Narasimha is the personal name and Chintamani is the father's name. Similarly amongst the Gujaratis, in Dahyabhai Vallabhbhai Patel, Patel is the family name, Dahyabhai is the personal name and Vallabhbhai is the father's name (the reference here is to the Sirdar's son's name.) In South India people are known by the personal name but their initials among the Tamilians generally stand for the father's name and for the name of the village.

Take C. R. Pattabhiram Iyer
C. P. Ramaswami Iyer
C. R. Pattabhirama Iyer

Here are the names of three generations. (2) is Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer. (1) is his father's name and (3) is his eldest son's name. Thus each of the three is known by his own personal name—only the grandson gets the grandfather's name—a practice widely prevalent in South India, given to the babes in some areas if the grandfather is dead and in some, though he is alive. Apart from this C stands for the village of Chedupattu. P. stands for Pattabhirama Iyer—the name of (2)'s father, R stands for Ramaswami Iyer,—the name of (3)'s father. Amongst the Andhras, however, the father's name is never adopted except when there are two men with the same name and one of them is distinguished as X son of Y but he never signs himself except as X—of course with the family name coming first. Thus take the names Nyapathi Subba Row or Mocherla Ramachandra Row. The latter in each case is the personal name while the former is the family name. But invariably, the Andhras are known by their personal name while the family name resides there as a mere initial except in documents or voters' lists. The family name is sometimes merely the name of the village or the name of a class. In Bengal, Prafulla Chander Ghosh, Ghosh is a family name. No Bengali takes the village name or father's name with his own.

F.R.S.s

The admission of S. Chandra Shekhar as a Fellow of the Royal Society recalls some facts relating to the F.R.S.s in India. The first of the series was Srinivas Ramanujam who was rotting in the Port

Trust, Madras as a clerk and was discovered by Mr. Hardy of Cambridge. Then came Dr. J. C. Bose in 1921, C. Venkata Raman 1924, Meghanad Saha 1927, Beerbul Sahni 1937, K. S. Krishnan 1940, H. J. Bhabha 1941, Sir Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar 1943. The subjects covered are (1) Mathematics and Astronomy (2) Mathematics pure, (3) Physics and Physiology, (4) Physics, (5) Botany, (6) Physics, (7) Chemistry. Sir C. V. Raman in addition was the recipient of the Nobel Prize.

Wealth and Health (15—6—'43)

Wealth is forgetful. Poverty recalls reminiscences of the past. Health is forgetful. Disease revives memories of past suffering and past remedies. If one cannot impress these bygone experiences of wealth or health on the tablet of one's memory one cannot do better than commit them to paper and make periodical references to that inestimable past in which lie embedded the most precious remedies to the disorders of life, its distempers and vicissitudes of fate and fortune. One is apt to be criticized adversely for adopting such a practice or offering such an advice. All critics however, would admit the correctness, yea, the advantage of such an introspection as well as retrospection. We do not know how many new facts enter our minds and load our memories. Every new thought or new experience must find additional room for itself in a memory already congested, but memory has no limited volume or capacity. Its impressionability is perpetual as its flow is perennial. You can draw upon it at pleasure during health. You can fill it at pleasure. It is not like a miser's bank balance which constantly receives, never emits. Nor is it like a spendthrift's bank account which ever emits and seldom receives. The latter is bound to be empty betimes and then overdrawn and therefore one day closed. The former is bound to be congested and therefore sterilized. The store-house of memory therefore requires constant replenishment and equally constant withdrawal and while the unaided memory of the illiterate is sharper and more tenacious but more limited than that of the educated, the memory of the latter may be free of limits but requires the aid of writing to revive it and refresh it. In poverty, therefore, let us not forget that once we were better off and that the transition from well being to ill was, whether sudden or slow, attended with adjustments which we may not forget. In wealth likewise, let us not forget that once we were worse, worse off and in the transition from ill-being to well, we were cautious and conservative and eschewed luxuries which were open to us anew. Even so in health and disease let us not forget that once we were striving to build up a better body and a better life by discipline and exercise, or that once we had a good body and a good life, the neglect of which has brought on our present misery. In effect then the wise man re-

vives memories in prospering of past adversity and in adversity of past prosperity and likewise in health and disease of past distemper and *khush mizaj*—only not to get proud and arrogant in better days or dispirited and depressed in worse times.

Eating and Killing

The young ones of the sparrows are tenderly cared for and fed by the parents. The nest is carefully cleaned. It is touching to see Mr. and Mrs. Swallow, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, Mr. and Mrs. Mina, Mr. and Mrs. Bulbul, after feeding the young ones carry away the droppings of the young ones in their beaks. How do these birds, whom people mercilessly kill and eat, differ from themselves? It is one thing to eat meat and altogether a different thing to see innocent animals and birds killed before our very eyes for the sake of our own food or as the prey of other carnivorous beings. The majority of us have no objection to eat meat but they are no less, if not, more punctilious about terminating the pathetic spectacle of the cat daily pouncing upon an innocent little sparrow and killing it, making its spouse widowed or widowered and making its young fledgelings orphaned!

The Cat and the Sparrows

"Cats, my dear" said the spinster "I hate the very sight of them. I had a sweet little canary and some cat got that. I had a perfect parrot and some cat got that. I had an adorable fiancée once—and ah, don't mention cats to me." So it is. It must be a cat that must have crossed the lover's (spinster's) path and carried off her fiancée. Anyway our cat here has created a situation. She no doubt laid a kitten which is being cared for in a Royal style while the dame is receiving more than Royal attention. She is brushed twice a day because a cat unlike a dog, does not relish a bath and is difficult to manage. She gets milk, bread, jam, butter, kaleja (liver), fish, meat and 'murgi' but she wants a sparrow, she has been catching a sparrow in the morning and a sparrow in the evening and in addition a rat, a mouse and a squirrel—no wonder she does not care for the dining table treat.

National Reconstruction

National reconstruction is a vast process but the principles are simple though hard to enforce.

A revolution is required in the standpoints of all who seek to nationalize education so that,

Teachers must not hit and run,
Doctors must hesitate to cut and catch,
Engineers must not hasten to break and build or saw and join,
Lawyers must not hair-split and argue,
Farmers must not be indolent,

Merchants must not be deceitful,
Food dealers must not adulterate,
Labourers must not dodge,
Employers must not profiteer,
Arts must not perish,
Machinery must not rule,
Science must not be destructive,
Civilization must not be grabbing,
And all must have food and clothing and homes.

Education and Propaganda

It is imperative that in the modern age, the youth should in their education be given a political consciousness. It will not do to dismiss it all as propaganda. The fact is as things stand, the propaganda you believe in, is to you, education while the education others believe in, is to you, propaganda!

Company Shares in England

In England the law requires companies to file annual lists of shareholders with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies at which they can be inspected. Astute businessmen got round this law by getting their shares put in the name of a Bank acting as their agent. Thus in 'Plebs' it was revealed that over 200,000 shares of the *Daily Mirror* were held by the nominees of Banks. In 'Plebs' it was suggested that all shares over 10,000 should be revealed by the owners name being disclosed so as to avoid monopolist ownership. This was refused. (Plebs P. 142).

The President (U.S.A.)—How to Become?

A candidate must know or obey the 10 political commandments. The road to political conventions is strewn with political skulls of men who have disregarded these rules.

- Rule 1.** The candidate must have a solid American background as humble as possible. As birth place, a log cabin is best, a farm nearly as good, the combination being practically irresistible. For parents the watchword is poor but honest. In the family background a horse thief is fatal, a millionaire nearly as bad.
- Rule 2.** He must 'look good' but not too good in news reels and portraits—broad shouldered, modestly handsome, not one who makes citizens laugh, unless the man is obviously an expert caper cutter. Gestures are suspected but doubly suspect is the handsomeness enough to inspire a faraway looker in their wife's eyes.
- Rule 3.** Must be healthy and vigorous, should be at ease with a fishing rod and shotgun, should walk to work, not subject to such drab ailments as the sniffles.

FEATHERS & STONES

- Rule 4.** Must have an attractive wife and child. His wife must look as if she can cook, darn, speak in public moderately and not too much, and dance sedately with ambassadors.
- Rule 5.** Must be successful but not too successful. His accomplishments should be solid but not be so enormous as to have set him beyond and apart from his fellow men.
- Rule 6.** Must identify himself with a popular National issue like States' rights, economy appealing to a maximum and outraging to a minimum. At that, he should have a few faithful lieutenants on the opposite side of the question.
- Rule 7.** He must let some one else, preferably the electorate, decide to make him a candidate unabashed. Seeking is still considered immodest. The decent, in fact the only permissible procedure is to be drafted as F. Roosevelt in 1940, even if it taxes all the candidates' skill to engineer the draft.
- Rule 8.** He must be acceptable to old line party leaders.
- Rule 9.** He must have some wellheeled backers, concealed as carefully as possible.
- Rule 10.** He must let the voters see him as often and auspiciously as possible.

Woman Diplomat

Playing a vital part in the Russo-Finnish peace negotiations is the 73-year old Madame Alexandra Kolontay, Soviet Ambassador in Stockholm. She is a shrewd diplomat and has played her cards most skilfully. When the whole story of the negotiations is told, her experienced handling of a delicate problem will be widely appreciated. Madame Kolontay was a born revolutionary. Her father, who was a Tsarist General, made every effort to tame her and even had her spirited out of Russia. But this did not deter her. She travelled all over Europe and developed her own secret courier service which worked through revolutionaries in Paris, London and Geneva. While exiled from her country Madame Kolontay spent her time studying the political set-up and training herself as a linguist. In London, she met Lenin. By 1915, she had become famous as a revolutionary orator and writer. The next year found her in New York with Trotsky and Bukharin on the staff of *Novi Mir*, a revolutionary Russian weekly. In 1917 she returned to Russia only to be thrown into jail during the last desperate attempt of the Tsarist government to stave off the revolution. Three days after the Revolution had been proclaimed, she was made a member of the Bolshevik Congress. She became the leader of the feminist movement and proclaimed the end of family life. Her weakness for jewellery, particularly diamonds and rubies, is well-known. Twice she tried marriage and settling down to a wife's life first with a Russian aristocrat and then with a Baltic

fleet sailor. In 1923, she went to Norway as a diplomatic envoy. In 1930, she was appointed an Ambassador.

Women and Juries

For 20 years Massachusetts women have sought the right to sit on juries. On February 8, 1943 they renewed their demand led by socialite Mrs. Leslie B. Cutler. Representative from Needham, divorcee, mother of five. Before a stony faced committee she argued that if women are good enough to serve in war they are good enough on juries. Male ridicule had beaten the proposal in previous years. Imagine a woman of Cleopatra's type being locked up with 11 men overnight. Finally the wise cracks came. Roared a chivalrous lawyer "I protest against submitting women to the indignities of the jury room. You have no idea of what goes on behind those closed doors. Why, some men remove their coats and vests and even their shirts? Massachusetts women may have to wait another 2 years."

—(*Time*, Feb. 15, 1943)

Another F.R.S.

Another distinguished Indian—Dr. Subrahmanyam Chandrasekhar of Chicago University—has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was born in Lahore and is well-known for his contributions to theoretical astronomy and astrophysics. In a recent publication, Dr. Chandrasekhar disclosed the star clusters can exist and retain their identity for 3,000,000,000 years. Disintegration occurs when separate stars become dispersed from the central star. His investigation was based on a 70 year photographic history of clusters of which the "Pleiades" is a characteristic group. In the "Pleiades" cluster there are 200 stars and only six of them are visible to the naked eye. Some of these stars travel at a velocity of 500 metres per second while those on the outer fringe of the cluster travel at the incredible speed of 25 to 30 thousand metres per second, as calculated from the same given point.

—(*From the Times of India*)

About Titles

"Admiral Lord Mountbatten"—that was how President Roosevelt referred to the new Supreme Allied Commander in South East Asia in his latest address to Congress. With all respect to our Allies on the far side of the Atlantic, the Americans have never been able to comprehend British titles; and, considering how intricate they are, one cannot wholly blame them. The new Supreme Allied Commander's name is Lord Louis Mountbatten and not Lord Mountbatten. He is not a peer of the Realm; he is a commoner. His is purely an honorific title because he is the younger son of a Marquis—the late first Marquis of Milford Haven. His wife, who was Miss Edwina Cynthia

FEATHERS & STONES

Annette Ashley before her marriage, is called Lady Louis Mountbatten because she married Lord Louis Mountbatten. If she herself had been the daughter of a Marquis, her maiden name would have been Lady Edwina Ashley and if she as Lady Edwina Ashley had married Mr. John Smith, she would have been known after her marriage as Lady Edwina Smith. Her husband would of course have remained plain Mr. John Smith.

—(From the *Times of India*)

Births under Permit

Whether India is or is not the outer world is somehow exercised over India's rapid growth of population. Let us cast a glance at Poland (1943).

In Poland no child may be born without a permit from the Nazi Governor-General, and permission is refused in the vast majority of cases. The law prescribes abortion and those who fail to obey are punished. In addition, great numbers of Slav men have been separated from their wives as a method of enforcing race suicide.

Light, Oh Light!

Toller's name gets an added charm from a reference made to him by Shreemati Krishna Hutheesingh in her autobiography "With No Regrets". Poor man, she says, he was hanged in the end. That is the penalty that must be paid for one's faith by all people in a time of transition. We are living in a time of transition. What we sow is the first seed, says Toller which future generations must live and perish, plant and pluck up before History grants to those who shall come, the grace to reap simply and joyfully the ears of grain.

Toller was not allowed to have even a candle in his cell after the lights had been put out at 9 p.m. the warning being given at 8-45 p.m. He felt this more than anything else because he as a literary man was accustomed to do his writing at nights and when friends tried to get his release after he had served two out of his five years' time, he wrote to them that more than their labours for his release he would greatly value their securing for him the right to light a candle at 9 p.m. in his room.

What is Wit?

Wit is the art of making things sweet.

New Zealander

The New Zealanders are described to be as tolerant as the English, as independent as the Scotch, as sentimental as the Irish and as poetical as the Welsh.

The Grasshopper Mind—A Quotation

You know the man with the grasshopper mind nibbling at everything and mastering nothing. At home in the evening he tunes in the wireless—gets tired of it—then glances through a magazine, can't get

interested, finally unable to concentrate on anything he either goes to the pictures or falls asleep in his chair. At the office, he always takes up the easiest thing first, puts it down when it gets hard, and starts something else; jumps from one thing to another all the time. There are 1000s of these people with the grasshopper mind in the world doing the world's most tiresome tasks and getting but a pittance for it—do the world's clerical work and the routine drudgery day after day, year after year endlessly, hanging on to the jobs—smallest salaried, longest houred, least interesting and poorest featured.

Some "Do Nots"

Do not twit me on my poverty for I have always acknowledged it and shall ever remember it.

Do not praise me for my intelligence for I have always repudiated it.

Do not compliment me on my good looks for I have outgrown them if ever they were there.

Do not blame me for my correctness for that is my forte.

Do not advert to my bald head or grey hairs for I have always laid them bare.

Do not in word criticise me but pray help me in my work.

Do not say I am inaccessible for I am always at the gate.

Do not rouse me in sleep for I have given up my practice for this privilege.

Do not tempt me with money for I discarded it deliberately.

Newspapers in the Black Market

We have all heard of Black markets for grains, drugs, liquor, Razor blades, cloth but we are yet to hear of a black market for news, for "news is sold in Lisbon black market" says *Time*, "smuggled uncensored copies of U.S.A. newspapers and magazines find their way to neutral Portugal in the hands of seamen or of clipper passengers. There they bring fancy prices. The buyers (Axis Agents) who want the latest dope of U.S.A. strikes, race riots, political discards and who flock to Lisbon's air ports and wharves every time a plane or ship comes in. Single uncensored copies of *New York Times* sold for \$60. One copy of *Life* brought for \$120.

The Aga Khan

By itself the Aga Khan's is a well known name not that he keeps or kept the best race stud in the world, not that he is the religious head of a 10 million Islamite Mussalmans, not that he married an Indian, an Italian and French wife successively, the last wife having been divorced in Geneva for reasons not stated to the public, not that he served as a great ambassador in World War I for Britain, not that he flew in the second World War from a French Spa to Switzerland having "enough to live on for a year", not that he headed the Muslim

FEATHERS & STONES

Deputation to Lord Minto in 1906 which led to separate Muslim electorates in India ever since 1909, not that he was selected the leader of the Indian Delegation at the 2nd Round Table Conference in 1931, not that he signed the joint memorandum of Hindus and Muslims presented to Premier Ramsay MacDonald in 1931 as representing the joint demand of India's new constitution but that his palace at Poona was rented by the Bombay Government to house Gandhi and his companions in their detention from 9th August 1942, then became the burial ground of Gandhi's beloved Secretary Mahadev and his dear spouse Kasturba.

The Myth of the Jew

Ritual murder, the most sensational charge against the Jews was originally charged against early Christians. Myers effectively disposes of the myth that Jews control trade and finance and are incurably deceitful and trickish. He points to a long line of Laws century after century which Parliament found necessary to enact to suppress deceit and fraud during the period when no Jews were allowed in England (1290-1655).

The Three Myths

A review of the Book entitled "History of Bigotry in the U.S." by Gustar Myers, Random House \$3-50 appears in *Time* (September 27, 1943).

(1) **The Myth of the Puritan.**—The belief that Puritans are and were responsible for U.S. bigotry in all its character forms is repudiated by the author who thinks the truth is otherwise. In all the American colonies there was the spirit of rampant persecution. Quakers were hanged in Massachusetts but they were persecuted in Virginia as well. In Massachusetts and Maryland the penalty for inveterate blasphemy was death. Blasphemy being any doubt that the Bible was the revelation or that Jesus was the son of God. Blue Laws began not with the Puritans but in England in 1448 when all England was Catholic.

(2) **The Myth of the Catholic.**—Catholicism was a target for bigots during the early part of the 19th century up to Civil War. There was a suspicion that the Catholics were conspiring against the liberties of the U.S. The Great Fire of London was blamed on Roman Catholics of 17th century England and the burning of Rome on the Roman Christians of Nero's time. Some insisted that Catholics never stood for liberty.

(3) Pope Innocent annulled the Magna Charta but the fact that the Magna Charta was drafted by Catholics and that Catholic Priests and Prelates fought for it and preserved it.

King Peter and Princess Alexandra

The news of this marriage on the 20th March, 1944 has created some surprise in some of us here and is likely to cause even more

surprise amongst the Indian public. The fact is that in India marriages are so celebrated that a disparity of 6 to 8 years in age between the bride and bridegroom is common. Public opinion demands it. The Sarda Act provides for a difference of 4 years (14 and 18) as the minimum. In the wealthy Bania classes it is known that the age disparity dwindles down at times to a few months. In this view, the low disparity being perhaps less than a full year. The small difference of age between Mahatma Gandhi and Kasturba was a matter for much comment at any rate in South India.

In the case of King Peter and Princess Alexandra the disparity is 3 years but on the other side. The bride is older by so much than the bridegroom. In discussions here, it is stated that such cases are not unknown in India too. But it may be amongst the Westernised folks not among the unsophisticated.

The *Times of India* said:—

"Although very sudden, the marriage of King Peter of Yugoslavia and Princess Alexandra of Greece comes as a pleasant surprise. When the engagement was unofficially announced in 1942 it nearly precipitated a crisis in the Yugoslav Government in London. The official reason for opposition was that the King should not marry until the end of the war, until his people regained their freedom. With Britain, the Boy-King Peter has many links. Through his mother, a daughter of the late Queen Marie of Rumania and a great grand daughter of Queen Victoria, he can claim association with the British Royal family. Princess Alexandra met King Peter at Cambridge and to use the Princess's words "mutual affection developed quickly." Princess Alexandra is 23, slim, dark and bears a striking resemblance to her cousin, the Duchess of Kent. When interviewed she said: "We go to cinemas and theatres or stay at home and talk or play cards. We are both fond of reading and we talk a lot about books...."

Birth of Quintuplets (Buenos Aires)

The story of quintuplets born to a business man in Buenos Aires has eclipsed all political and war news in Argentina. All children now average 20 pounds and are described as "frisky as colts and just as voracious." The father declared, "If the present rate continues I may have to buy a twenty-room house as it is impossible to forecast what the future holds for me."

—*Reuter*

Prophet's Coat on Display

On *Meelad un Nabi* the birthday anniversary of Prophet Mahomed, founder of Islam, thousands of Muslims and Hindus flocked to Feroz Hussain Hills, in Pallavaram 12 miles from Madras City, to witness the exhibition ceremony of a coat worn by Prophet Mahomed. Called *Jabbai Mubarak*, the garment, enclosed in a box, buried in a mosque on the hills, is taken out annually on the birthday anniversary of the

FEATHERS & STONES

Prophet. It is said that it is one of the two coats worn by the Prophet now existing, and still as good as new. The other is at Medina, Arabia. Prophet Mahomed was born in 570 and died in 632 and the garment is now over 1,300 years old.

After reciting verses from the Koran, Syed Shah Mahomed Hussaini, assisted by Mahomed Kasim Ali Sahib, opened the box containing the garment, a cream coloured coat of wool and silk, about one yard in length, with verses written on it in Arabic, and placed it on a decorated repository, specially erected for the purpose.

It is said that the coat was brought to Delhi from Medina about 100 years ago by King Timur, who had Arabic verses written on it. Later, it was purchased by Her Highness Khairunnisa Begum Sahiba, wife of His Highness Nawab Ghulam Ghouse, the last Nawab of Carnatic and brought to Madras. Khairunnisa wanted the coat to be preserved in a quiet place, and through her agent, Feroz Hussaini whose tomb as also the tombs of his two sons, is on the hill, purchased a piece of land and constructed a small mosque, where the box containing the garment is buried.

The mosque is about a mile from the foot of the hills, and about a mile and half from the Pallavaram railway station. Government have constructed a road to afford facilities to people visiting the mosque. After the death of Feroz Hussaini, the mosque is now being looked after by Mahomed Kasim Ali Sahib and Hayathunnisa Begum Sahiba, the trustees.

Group Life

Group life always tends to organize the contents of life as much as it may disorganise. When we began to get newspapers in a week it was all confusion. No one knew which paper of a particular date was where or which sheet of a particular issue was with whom. This led to the creation of a reading room, files old and new, ready reference, orderliness and peace, so that the following order soon came to be adopted. Major gives the papers to Maulana. Thence they travel to Sardar and Jawaharlal and the Reading Room. Between 7-30 and 8 p.m. Mr. Kripalani sees them. After 8-30 they go to Mehtab's room and return to Head Quarters at 10 p.m. Between 6 and 7 a.m. Shankerarao reads them and I, at 8-30. Prafulla Babu takes them at 9-30 a.m. and Narendra Deo at 11-30 and Pantjee at 4-30; before 6-30 p.m. Dr. Syed Mahamood finishes them. Asaf Ali reads selected articles between 12 noon and 4 p.m. This applies to papers other than *Times of India* and *Bombay Chronicle*.

Red Light and Yellow Light

The discussions of the Commonwealth Relations Conference held in Sydney to which Hon'ble Pandit Hridaya Nath Kunzru was a de-

legate were regulated thus 15' for opener and 2' for discussion. Thirty seconds before the end of his time, a disconcerting yellow light appeared and at the end, a red light before which the most eloquent quailed, says Norman Bentwick in "My Wanderings between the two worlds." The two worlds are,—the one that is dead and the other that is struggling to be born.

New Testament or Pack of Cards

"A Chaplin", it is said "addressed some soldiers on the importance of Religion. He told his hearers that a man in the Trenches had been hit by a bullet but had been unharmed. This soldier had carried a New Testament which the bullet struck causing no injury. As the men left the Chapel one of them was overheard to remark that a pack of playing cards would have served the same purpose. Surely it would be wiser to leave God out of the reckoning." So says Caldecott in an article on Humanism in the quarterly *Freedom—California*. Here in India it may be remembered that it was the metallic button of a diary in the breast pocket that saved the life of Mr. Hotson I.C.S., Home Member, Bombay Government from the shot of an assassin in Poona.

Tarana (25—3—'44)

Today is the Telugu New Year's Day (Lunar calculation). It is also the Nowroz for Maharashtra, Gujarat and U.P. minus Pahadi districts which together with Bengal, Uriya, the Punjab and Tamil Nadu observe the Solar year, the New Year day according to which falls invariably on the 13th or 14th April. The Andhras name the years and the new year is called *Tarana* and this naming of years from Prabhava to Aksheya—a cycle of 60 years is also observed by U. P. and Uriya. But neither the Maharashtras nor the Gujaratis nor the Malayalees know it. On the new year's day the Andhras take an oil bath before eating anything and then break their fast with an 'amalgam' of new tamarind, fresh margosa flowers, new jaggery and young mangoes—all raw. The Maharashtras take only Margosa flower but fried along with it also tendril of margosa leaves.

Bureaucracy vs. Democracy

Whether honest bureaucracy is better or dishonest democracy, is not a difficult problem to decide. But it is far more difficult to choose between efficient bureaucracy and inefficient democracy. In the first group one should choose honest bureaucracy while in the second, preference should be given to inefficient democracy. Democracy though inefficient at the outset, will in its very nature, under the inexorable pressure of the demos learn lessons in efficiency. But if the same democracy should from the very outset start with dishonesty, the lapse of time will only aggravate the malady instead of curing it or even abating its evil. True bureaucracy saps the initiative from the peoples.

FEATHERS & STONES

kills its zest for life, makes them sordid and servile but if it is itself honest, that may yield results in administration far more conducive to public interest than when that administration is entrusted to a set of dishonest patriots.

Flag Salutation

Reversing its famous *Gobitis* decision of June 1940, sustaining the expulsion of school children in Minersville, (Pa) for refusal to salute the Flag, the supreme court, ruled on June 14 by a 6 to 3 vote that the West Virginia Board of Education could not compel flag saluting in the schools. It is estimated that over 500 school children have been expelled throughout the United States for refusal to salute. All would now be reinstated.—(*Freedom*, Aug.-October, 1943).

The Mahabharata

The Mahabharata which was only incompletely translated (2 Parvas) in Akbar's time was completed by Naquid Khan, Haji Sultan, Thanewara, Shaik Faizee and Shaik Abdul Kadir Bidayuni.

The Ramayana also was required to be translated into Persian and Shaik Abdul Kadir Bidayuni did it and remarked that the army of monkeys and bears was *Bayeed ul aqal* (or far from intelligent view).

Atharva Veda

Akbar wanted to have the Atharva Veda translated into Persian because he thought the last part of it was mixed with the cult of Islam. One reason why he thought so was lam, lam occurred often in the Veda which was similar to the Islamic prayer *La illah illallah Mahamadan Rasoolillah*.

Contraceptives and Genius

When there is a general craze for limitation of population, it may be instructive to know that "Franklin was the 15th of 15 children; Rembrandt the youngest of nine, Leo Tolstoi came 5th and Samuel Colendgo—tenth amongst their brothers and sisters. And St. Catherine of Sienna was the youngest of her mother's 20 children."

Safety of Kitten.

The cat has become a fixture. It gets three brushings a day and several quaffs of milk. But her eyes are always upon some bird or other. Her best poses are when she is lying in ambush to leap on an unwary sparrow. I know a cat jumped on a crow perched on a tree and feed on it. True to her habit, she has started out with the kitten from its palatial bedding inside a wardrobe and when she was on her way, she was obstructed and returned. But seeing all people otherwise engaged she took the kitten to kitchen in the opposite row of rooms and lodged it in a charcoal bag and herself got covered with

charcoal dust. As ill luck would have it, the kitchen was locked in the night and the whole night she was mewling and moaning, so disturbing every one's sleep. From the next night onwards therefore the kitchen doors was left open and all trouble ceased.

600th Day (31st March, 1944)

Today is the 600th day of our sojourn and we have had a new visitor—the *Langoor* (ape) who was suddenly found perched on a big margosa tree on the premises. It has a black face approximating to human form and features with a white beard and hair and a long tail between 2 and 3 feet. They say it is of the mild variety unlike that with a red patch on its body of the Nagpur type, which was reported killed in yesterday's papers and taken in procession. Ours here has taken bread and *Chapati* and eaten it and has not seen a plantain placed for it on the tiles of the verandah roofing. The wonder is how the military have allowed it as it has neither a passport nor a photo with it. Either Mr. Bristowe (Home Member—Bombay) or Sir Reginald Maxwell must take to task some one for this surreptitious entry and interview. This evening at Tea time the cat was staring at something and we took it that it was a prowler for prey but we soon discovered that she presently ran away having sighted the *Langoor* (Ape).

F.R.S.

The Royal Society is described as the World's scientific aristocracy. "It has been the policy of the Royal Society," says D. B. Vohra in the *Illustrated Weekly of India*, "for the last 100 years to render the fellowship extremely difficult of attainment. Every candidate for election must be recommended by a certificate in writing signed by six or more Fellows of whom 3 at least must sign from personal knowledge."

Blind Watch Repairer

Surat has a blind watch repairer, Abdul Dawoodbhai Abdul Tayeh Kasubhai, who was born blind, can repair watches, electric pumps, stoves and other sundry articles. By listening to the beats of a watch, Dawoodbhai is able to detect whether it keeps good time or not. He can tell the time by feeling with his hand the position of the hands of a watch. He has a watch of his own too but without the glass. Dawoodbhai believes that if it were not for his physical infirmity he might not have been the clever mechanic that he is.

April 1

April 1 is by universal practice the All Fools' Day—a day duly celebrated in public offices and private homes by a clever combination of the higher and the lower grade officers and staff against some gullible, self-important, vain glorious imp of a creature. In Jails it is some Head Clerk that is the butt of the joke. An envelope bear-

ing the frank of the I.G. and his letterhead is secured and an order is duly typed making the Head clerk a Jailor. The letter is duly posted on the previous day and it reaches the Superintendent on the 1st April and on opening, he sends for the victim and confronts him with this order bearing I. G.'s signature much to the latter's jubilation. That evening of the pay day, after distributing salaries he gives away Rs. 20/- for a party and the *Jashan* and *Jyaphat* are gone through with great *Dhum Dham*. All is successful. He goes home and tells his wife, promises ornaments and early morning discovers the bold letters written on his door, "April Fool,—no longer a Jailor".

The Sanitary Superiintendent

Another case is that of a public man, a graduate in Arts and Medicine who went to Jail in the Civil Disobedience Movements three or four times. He is of the fussy sort, goes about the Jail with a shirt or a chadder as a free lance, disregards the warder and sepoys, and assumes familiarity with the Jailor and the Superintendent. In one of these bouts,—and he was being duly expected because his conviction has been published in the Press,—the Superintendent sends for him and presents him the following order from the Inspector General of Prisons.

To

The Superintendent,
Central Jail.

Sir,

The undersigned has much pleasure in informing you that Mr. B.A., M.B. & C.M. has been appointed honorary sanitary supervisor of the Central Jail during his 6 months' stay as a political prisoner. It is to be understood that every facility should be given to him in the discharge of his duties. He shall be free to go to all quarters at all times and shall be held responsible for the Sanitation of kitchens, bath rooms, lavatories, urinals and drains. Fortnightly reports on his work will be welcome. The step is taken by Government as a first measure in the process of nationalizing prisons as part of the scheme of Swaraj. It need hardly be emphasized that the success of the policy will wholly depend upon the success of the experiment.

I am,

Your Obedient Servant,
(Sd.)

Inspector General of Prisons

The order was duly shown to the prisoner and from that day forward in sunshine and in storm, in day time and dusk, he was to be seen everywhere and after 6 months of hard work—he was handed the original order so that he might keep it as his memento and it was

discovered that the signature of the I. G. was not of the incumbent then on duty but of one who had retired!

Gesticulations

Gesticulations of different provinces differ widely but in the same province they are markedly similar. Those of Malabar are characteristic and are highly significant. Indeed the operative portions of a sentence are left unsaid in words and incompleted in an expressive gesticulation. In Maharashtra also in addition to the violent jerks of the head and the chest swaying from left to right and from right to left in full unison with the hammer blows which the puritive speech resembles, the verb is omitted and a sweeping gesture supplies it. In Gujarat it is the left hand that operates singly unless both hands move in unison and from the highest to the smallest, they are remarkably the same. The index finger and the middle finger of the left hand are raised up to the chin and are smartly and suddenly lowered as if the two digits are dipped into a mass of butter; or on the right forearm kept at right angles to the upper, the left hand sweeps on to the finger tips, but much the most amusing thing is the practice of the stretching of the upturned palm of the left or right arm on oneself making a witty, humorous or striking remark and the man opposite is expected to react by some act which I did not know at first. On the first occasion I was puzzled and on the second I grasped it until on closer study I discovered that I should strike hard on the outstretched palm, with mine own, making an explosive noise in appreciation of his will.

Cat and Kitten

The cat having shifted her young one to the store room into the charcoal bag, we had the curiosity to see the kitten after a week or ten days and to our great astonishment, confusion and sorrow, found it missing. What happened? Did any antifeline conspirator remove it? Who may it be? May it be some one amongst us or may it be the warders or the officers? Anyway a diligent search was instituted but in vain. There was sorrow writ large on every face and after a short while, the little blackguard emerged from an unknown quarter and all faces brightened up. The passing sorrow disappeared like a whiff of summer cloud. It recalled a story in which a lady was weeping aloud and on enquiry, informed the questioner that she heard that cats were illtreated in the 13th century by the Persians. Our sorrow and perturbation were not unlike the lady's but whereas the lady could not revise her emotions, we could and did rejoice on the reappearance of the kitten. And from that day forward, the bringing of the kitten from the opposite row of rooms, feeding it and playing with it became a regular evening pastime.

Eclectic Religion

It was said of Raja Ram Mohan Roy that he admired the morality of the Christian Faith, the Theology of Islam and the Philosophy of the Hindu Religion. Perhaps his Brahmoism was intended to be an eclectic religion, being a blend of the three. But an artificial combination of cults like this is apt to remain more academic than practical and may be near allied to a new polity combining the Fascism of Germany, the Communism of Russia with the Capitalism of Britain. I mean no offence to Brahmoism but having been a great admirer of it in my youth I found that very soon its centre of gravity shifted towards Vedanta and Vaishnavism minus their idolatry.

Memory

It is difficult to say where memory resides, and how it works. Is it not wonderful that the verses you had learnt in your fifth year should come up to your memory as very handy fifty years later to be applied to Satyagraha? I had learnt by heart the names of the 60 years which form a cycle in the Telugu calendar. In spite of the fact that I had passed through the cycle sixty years one by one, each with its 365 days, I have forgotten the names of half of them. I made up my mind that I should recollect the full cycle and having plenty of time I tried to relax other activities and bring up the stratum in the brain in which the remaining 30 names were imbedded. It was like a rain washing off the earth on the surface and bringing up the quartz with the diamond in it as at Vajra Karur, Bellary Dt. In seven days I recalled 29 names but one name still baffled my memory.

The Dukes

What kind of men are they? A few ducal statistics taken from an American paper (*Life*) may here assist our curiosity. On an average computation each duke has 8.5 titles, marries 1.1 wives, propagates 2.2 children, lives in 3.6 homes, owns 45,000 acres of land enjoys 63.4 years' expectation of life, is 49% intelligent. The combined wealth of the Dukes is more than £50,000,000. They own a substantial proportion of the land of Britain. Only four have incomes of less than £20,000 per annum. The Dukes are of (1) Aberdeen, (2) Argyll, (3) Athol, (4) Beaufort, (5) Bedford, (6) Devonshire, (7) Grafton, (8) Leeds, (9) Leicester, (10) Manchester, (11) Marlborough, (12) Montrose, (13) Newcastle, (14) Norfolk, (15) Northumberland, (16) Portland, (17) Richmond, (18) Roxburgh, (19) Rutland, (20) St. Albans, (21) Somerset, (22) Sutherland, (23) Wellington and (24) Westminster.

Silver Fish

Like sword-stick and Governor-General, silver fish is a composite word but unlike them bears a meaning wholly different to what may

be suggested by the two words. A sword-stick is really a stick having a sword embedded in its calibre, though it is neither a sword nor a mere stick. The Governor-General is neither a Governor nor a General but a Governor-General. The silver-fish is neither silver nor fish nor silvery fish, but the insect which gets into old papers and books in the shelves and eats up the paper thereof. Oftentimes, when we look up old files or old records, a scorpion emerges from within their folds. Why so? It has gone there to eat these silver-fish. Thus the scorpion is doing a service to old records. The insect is shining and silvery in colour and has a sheen, hence the name.

14th April 1944

Today we have not received the Bombay papers nor those of Poona. Why? Did the connection fail at Dhond between the Bombay Madras mail and Dhond Ahmednagar-Manmad base line? Or may it be that some accident happened? Yes, the latter is the correct explanation. Owing to an explosion and fire in one of the docks in Bombay, as we learnt later (15-4-44) there was great damage, loss of life and dislocation of traffic in Bombay on the 14th. No train left the Victoria Terminus. It is said that some ammunition also was involved in the explosion. What a tragedy? Only 3 days ago we read that at Karad a military lorry ran against a hut and 3 inmates were killed. In Bombay, the death roll has already mounted up to 167. In Calcutta the other day, an Aeroplane crashed and a hundred people died in a Basti. War is thus brought home to distant places that know not battles and fight.

Vicious circles

Man is afraid of scorpion. A scorpion fears a lizard. A lizard dreads a cat. A cat is mortally afraid of a monkey and the monkey is afraid of man. Man is sometimes killed by a scorpion sting. A scorpion is eaten by the lizard. The lizard is killed by the cat. The cat is severely assaulted by the monkey. The monkey is caught and imprisoned by man or sometimes killed when it is itself destructive of crops and gardens,—so runs the vicious circle.

A post card after 18 years' travel is somewhat a rare thing, isn't it? No, it is a miracle not merely a marvel, yet this has happened. After an eighteen-years' fruitless search for the addressee a post card has returned to its sender with a note that the addressee is untraceable. The card which was sent by Mr. Shivapujan Sahai from the office of the Jnan Mandal, Benares, on March 27, 1926 to Mr. Ishwari Prasad Sharma, Editor of the *Hindu Panch*, Calcutta, was delivered to the sender back on Saturday, April 15, 1944.

Shaik Abul Fazl's sad end

The best known names of Mogul History are those of Todur Mull and Shaik Abul Fazl. The latter was Akbar's Dewan, "picked from

FEATHERS & STONES

the dust of the Masjid and raised to high eminence" to quote Abul Fazl's own words on the eve of his end. Akbar's reign was by no means a happy one towards the end. Jehangir revolted and had his name read in the Khutba in Masjids and struck his coins from Allahabad. Just then the Deccan invasion had concluded and Abul Fazl who was in charge of it was called away by Akbar on hearing of the Revolt. Jehangir knew of this and had carried on negotiations with Raja Narasingadas of Ujjain whose lot was then cast on evil times, and arranged that he should bring Abul Fazl to him (Jehangir). When Abul Fazl's lieutenant sighted and scented the enemy moving in their direction, Gudayikhan—for that was his name—considering the very small army they had, advised Abul Fazl to retire to a village nearby (within 3 Kos or 6 miles) and therein face the army with a force of 3000 which was camping at the place. It was then that Abul Fazl uttered these classical words quoted below. "With what face shall I see the fellow soldiers? If it is the decree of fate that I should die, let me die in the service of the King." Gudayikhan himself offered to meet the enemy and meet his own end in the affray. But Abul Fazl would not listen. He was pierced by a lance and lay bleeding under a tree. His head was severed and taken to the Shahzada Salim (Jehangir) who caused it to be flung into a latrine!

Youth and Age (20-4-'44)

Dunya ham ne saraye fani dekhi,

Har cheez yahanki ani jani dekhi, •

Jo ake na jaye o budhapa dekha

Jo jake na Aye, O javani dekhi,

I saw the world as a serai subject to destruction

I saw how entry and exit are the very nature of all things here,

I saw that youth which when it disappears, never returns

I saw (too) that old age which comes to stay and never disappears

The Egg Bursts—(20-4-'44)

Today we rejoice over a new birth both unexpected and surprising. We have already had many young ones of sparrows, a kitten born under Royal conditions of care and nursing and today at 4 P.M. when we all gathered for tea, the egg of some one's share automatically burst and a chicken came out. The poor thing had no dam or dad to care for but twelve "Congressmen of renown." 10 Sepoys, 12 common prisoners and two officials—a Col., I.M.S. and a jailor.

(21-4-'44)

The chick is alive and has already shown signs of growth. Who will fail to respond to the call of a new birth, whether of man or bird or beast?

The Old Birth

The kitten is now a month and half old. When brought out of its retirement, it looked rickety like the pup we had some months ago. But with careful nursing it has picked up. It has no play-mate except some one or other of the members of the Working Committee. It has made its dam's long and bushy tail its play thing. The cat kills all sorts of creatures, birds, lizards and insects and places the prey before the young kitten. The poor thing is afraid but ere long its carnivorous appetite is sharpened and kindled into activity and action. The kitten sleeps in a flower pot whose cold earth is welcome to it in these hot days and nights of April.

Maxwell vs. Broomfield

This story really relates to the spindle side of the two and not to their sword side. When in 1931, after the Irwin-Gandhi Pact, the taxes of Bardoli Taluka overdue to the extent of 22 lakhs were nearly all paid, leaving a balance of but Rs. 50,000 of the current year, apart from another lakh of previous arrears for which extension of time had been granted, Mr. Hotson, Home Member of Bombay thought that Gandhi's word should not be the Law of the Land and sent the Bombay Police to collect a token amount at least by the authority of the British Government. This became the subject of dispute between the Congress and Government and Gandhi refused to go to the Round Table Conference. But the Labour Government insisted upon his being sent to London. So, an enquiry was ordered into the allegations of Breach of the Pact and the two gentlemen, Maxwell and Broomfield were appointed Commissioners. One belonged to the Executive and the other to the Judicial. They had to pitch their tents in a Maidan in the affected Taluk and two big sites at a distance of 4 or 5 furlongs were selected by the Tahsildar for and pitching their tents. Both were spacious, both were in garden area but the good wives of the two Commissioners had a furious quarrel over the selection. Each wanted the same site as the other and the dispute created a bad half day for the poor Mamlatdar! What shall we say to this?

From Bad to Worse

Two accused, who kidnapped a boy and murdered him for his ornaments which they foolishly took to his very father for sale were detected and in a Sessions Court of Behar were sentenced to transportation for life. They preferred a Jail appeal and the sentence was enhanced by the Patna High Court to one of death by hanging.

A man who was well versed in the four Vedas,—a Chaube as he is called, wanted to become a Chhabbe or one versed in 6 Vedas and he returned as Dube (one versed in only two Vedas). It was Shakespeare that said that "when workmen strive to better, they mar what is well." 'Leave well alone' is good even for transportation for life!

Two Accidents—(20-4-'44)

I have two couples of sparrows in my room which is like the rest commodious being 22 ft. by 24 ft. with an arch in the middle virtually dividing the room into 2 compartments at the top at any rate, each of which has an electric light and an electric punka. The constant comings in and goings out of the sparrows jetting out and in at a furious speed made me the helpless spectator of two accidents both met by the same unfortunate male sparrow. The first time he came out unscathed. He shook off the blow. The mate which had emerged from the nest into the open came back immediately after hearing the clang of impact between the sparrow and the vane of the fan, sat by the side of her spouse, touched his body with her beak and a little while after, flew out; after taking some rest the male sparrow joined the female in their diurnal perigrinations. That was the first accident. The second occurred shortly after the same egress, the same clang, the same bird but this time I found the male seriously hurt. The left wing was broken. It was not working. The bird was only hopping from length to length. Even so it went out of the room in search of its prey. But there was the peril of itself becoming the prey of the cat. For the first time, we had a problem set to us. I shut the bird up inside the room and gave it water and broken rice, barred and bolted the door and went for my evening tea but found the ubiquitous creature roaming outside with its hops in the open lawn in search of insects. This time I locked it in, stuffing all the crevices. It again escaped through an unsuspected crevice, when the mate joined him. Both fed and drank. But it was not safe to leave him there as the cat which was never satiated with her catch of sparrows, lizards, squirrels and rats, could not be trusted as against this poor patient. So the bird was caught and kept in a basket overnight and early morning we found the fellow missing nor did I see the mate afterwards in my room much to my regret.

The Cage

As has been so often remarked 'necessity is the mother of invention' and the find of a parrot creates the necessity which at home would be met by a trip to Bazaar and the purchase of a cage. Here we have to improvise one. An old piece of asbestos cut into a circular form is the first find. Then bore holes in it all round, fix up bamboo khapchis (pegs) in them get two pieces of card board for the top. Bind all the khapchis together by means of an old iron hoop. A worn-out aluminium cover may well be fixed to the asbestos base so as not to allow it to be soaked in water and washings. Put the parrot in it and close the door. That is easily achieved. As often happens, the cage was found too narrow for the parrot, itself a grown up bird, with a long tail. The weakest part of a parrot is its tail which is apt to project in between the spaces of a barred cage

and is readily caught by a cat and the parrot is harassed, or even killed. So, wire gauze sides were thought preferable and a hunt for things in the nooks and corners produces (1) an old roll of wire gauze quite fine and nice at that except for the cobwebs over it and (2) an old deal wood box. Both made up the necessary materials for the cage. But then we didn't like imprisoning the poor parrot and it turned out that the original excuse of a broken wing proved false. Another pretext or fact took its place, that it was a tamed parrot and escaped but that the wild ones would not let the parrot into their society and therefore knocked it down. That is a fact. Whether, however, the parrot was a tamed one, remained doubtful though it looked very nearly true!

The chick and the parrot

I spoke of the chick. It was progressing and one of the sepoy's wanted to take it to his home and rear it. It was given away but hardly had it left when one of the attendants caught a parrot under peculiar circumstances. Two of the parrots were fighting and one of them dropped on the ground and it was readily caught. It is here now (23-4-44). Well might the parrot have said to the attendant what the fish of the proverb told the angler.

The fish and the angler

An angler caught a fish which swallowed the bait, hook and string. It was taken to the dry place, the gills were removed and the angler thought his catch was safe. Lo and behold, down came a kite and carried it away, but the fish as good luck would have it fell in its own pond. After a time came a second angler and the fish said to him, "I have passed through all these vicissitudes and have at last come back to mine own. Why do you now bother me? Whence hast thou come?"

Bale Miya

There are many places in India which have Mussalman shrines but attract thousands of Hindu worshippers. One such is at Bacha-raich in Oudh (U.P.). Originally, it was a place of Hindu pilgrimage, later it was taken by the Muslims but the Hindu pilgrims continue their worship. The place has now the tomb of Syed Salar popularly known as *Bale Miya* and the annual celebrations of the pilgrimage—*Gularika Mela* as it is called, are observed in June on a particular day fixed according to solar calculations. Hence the name of the Saint—*Bale Miya*—adopted after the name of the Sun—*Bala Arka*. The benefits of worship at the shrine are many. Leprosy is reputed to be cured. Women who are barren are, it seems, blessed with children and these two form the usual list of favours sought by pilgrims.

Is Mahatmaji Coming here?

Weighing is the weekly routine on Tuesdays. But early morning at 7-30, an hour sooner than the usual time, the Colonel came down with his weighing machine and explained why he wanted to weigh on Monday and not Tuesday as usual. He would be away for a short while. The weighments were over. Some of us weighed less and others more than the previous week perhaps because we were not ready for the test. Presently came a Military Engineer, head and shoulders taller than the Colonel, looked into rooms from the gate and went away. This was at 11 a.m. when all would be at the Dining room except two of whom one was myself. I gathered enough from their gestures and brief and muffled remarks that my room would be partitioned. We gathered that they intended to partition three rooms. Let us recall the events of the 5th April when the Major (he has since become a Colonel) took the measurements of the rooms himself aided by the Jailor. Obviously Mahatmaji would be coming here and extra accommodation would be required. Have they rejected the opposite row accommodation which contains a spare hall 80 feet long and 22 feet wide with two adjoining rooms each 12 feet by 22 feet? These rooms have in addition a kitchen attached to them behind them with a compound wall behind the kitchen. The main hall has in addition 5 first class windows each 4 feet by 7½ feet with a ventilator above and fitted with glass doors inside and wooden doors outside. Why is this fine accommodation given up? Because of the prisoners in the adjacent rooms or because there is no bathing and washing room on the other side or because there are two women in Mahatmaji's entourage who should not be housed in rooms adjacent to the common prisoners' lodging? And how many of them are coming? Will Dr. Gilder be released from Poona? Will the two lady members of the party—Mira Ben and Dr. Sushila Nayyar accompany Mahatma? Will all these be accommodated in our row crowding the whole series of rooms, and even so, why should rooms be partitioned when we are quite willing to take each a friend without the inconvenience of a partition? But we are not asked or told what is to happen. Bureaucratic reserve is the order of the day in Ahmednagar Fort. But when is Mahatmaji coming? This tall Engineer came once again that very day with a blue print in his hands. The building is a Military one. They would not like substantial alterations in it. Any changes must be approved of by the Military Head Quarters in Delhi. That is to say blue prints of changes proposed must be sent to them. In the first place has the transfer been finally decided upon? If not why should Military Engineers and Blue prints parade our grounds? So it would be right to presume that the transfer has been decided upon and Government of India Military Department's approval of changes is all that is necessary. Will it take a month for all this?

The Cat and the Electric Light

By itself electric lighting is a complication. All too suddenly, when dinners are running or public meetings are being held, it goes out leaving Viceroy in the dark and the Executive Councillor to speak unseen. On the 25th night, the lights went out and Military candles of the size of a big fist and the relics of our Deepavali earthen oil receptacles have stood us in good stead. In the dark has one friend knocked against the kitten which raised an alarm. Another as a safeguard in the interest of the kitten lifted it up bodily and was bringing it into the verandah. On hearing the cry of her kitten and seeing a man handling it, the cat rose in fury and hit the 'culprit' with its widespread paw—an event which elicited our unmixed admiration and raised the cat in our estimation for its motherly attachment, daring and retributive procedure.

Bakula

A curious legend is narrated by Hardy which helped Cunningham to identify the modern village of Kosam with the site of Kosambi but nowhere had the mention of the Jumna been made earlier and he had a doubt which was cleared by the legend of Bakula by Hardy is his "Manual of Buddhism". This infant was born at Kosambi and while his mother was bathing in the Jumna, he accidentally fell into the river and being swallowed by a fish was carried to Benares. Then the fish was caught and sold to the wife of a nobleman who on opening it found the young child still alive inside and at once adopted it as her own. The true mother hearing of this wonderful escape of the infant proceeded to Benares and demanded the return of the child which was of course refused. The matter was then referred to the King who decided that both the claimants were mothers of the child, the one by maternity and the other by purchase. The child was accordingly named *Bakula* that is of two *kulas* or races. He reached the age of 90 years without once falling ill when he was converted by the preaching of Buddha who declared him to be "the chief of that class of disciples who were free from disease". After this he is said to have lived 90 years more when he became an *Arahant* or Buddhist saint.

Prayag

There is a legend that the name of Prayag was of recent origin traceable to the time of Akbar. The story runs that when the Fort was being built, the walls facing the river repeatedly fell down despite utmost precautions taken by the architect. Ultimately, it was stated that the walls would not stand unless the foundations were held together by human blood. So, a Brahmin named Prayaga offered to give his, provided the fort was named after him, hence the name. But this legend is unsustainable in view of the fact that the name was

known to the Chinese Traveller H. T. Sang in the 7th century and is in all probability as old as Asoka who set up the stone pillar about 235 B. C. while the Fort was not built till the end of the 16th century.

Mahoba (Mahotsava Nagar)

The traditional story of the foundation of Mahoba by Chandra Varma who was the founder of the Chandel dynasty is highly interesting. The city is situated at the foot of a low granite hill 54 miles to the south of Banpur at the junction of the Betwa and Jamuna 34 miles to the north of Khajuraho in Central India. The story was originally given by the bard Chand. The Chandels are sprung from Hemavati, daughter of Hem Raj, the Brahman Purohit of Indrajit, Ghairwar Raja of Benares. Hemavati was very beautiful and one day when she went to bathe in the Rati Talab, she was seen and embraced by Chandrama, the god of the Moon and he was preparing to return to the skies. Hemavati cursed him. "Why do you curse me?" said Chandrama. "Your son will be Lord of the Earth and from him will spring a thousand branches." Hemavati enquired: "How shall my dishonour be effaced when I am without a husband?" "Fear not" replied Chandrama. "Your son will be born on the bank of the Karnavati river. Then take him to Kharjuraya and offer him as a gift and perform a sacrifice. In Mahoba he will reign and will become a great King. He will possess the philosopher's stone and will turn iron into gold. On the hill of Kaluyar he will build a fort; when your son is 16 years of age you must perform a *Bhanda Jag* to wipe away your disgrace and then leave Benares to live at Kalinjar." According to the prophecy Hemavati's child like another Chandrama was born on Monday—the 11th of the waning moon of Vaisakh on the bank of the Karnavati, the modern Kayan (or Kane) river. The Chandrama, attended by all the gods performed a great festival 'Mahotsava'. When Brihaspati wrote his horoscope and the child was named Chandra Varma. At 16 years of age, he killed a tiger when Chandrama appeared to him and presented him with the Philosopher's stone and taught him polity (Rajniti). Then he built the fort of Kalinjar after which he went to Kharjurpur where he performed a sacrifice (Yagna) to do away with the mother's shame and built 85 temples. Then Chandravati Rani and all the other queens sat at the feet of Hemavati and her disgrace was wiped away. Lastly, he went to Mahotsava or Mahoba, the place of Chandrama's great festival which he made his capital. The date of the event is about 800 A.D.

(30—5—'44)

Today's news about Gandhiji in the Press is disconcerting. Government were cautious even in their previous communique, which had stated that though he was free from his malarial fever, his general condition was not quite as good as desirable, rather was only what

could be expected under the circumstances. Yes, the circumstances were none too favourable for a recovery. Age, bereavement, high blood pressure, previous attacks of dropsy and brain fag, all form a bad enough background on the top of which come Malaria, Mental concern over the economic situation, the Bombay fires, the Bengal famine, the Japanese invasion, the British pusillanimity—who would not be concerned with these embarrassing events? We have been expecting Gandhi this week end but fear his disturbed health may not permit the transfer. It is the usual puzzle. Change of place alone produces relief. Weak health forbids removal and non-removal weakens still further. The vicious circle must be cut at some point and there may not be much risk in transferring the patient in the cool hours of the night by a good car.

Monday, 1st May, 1944

The Colonel has returned today from Bombay for which he had left last Monday. Why he left suddenly is not known. I have a presentiment that he went to Bombay, rather was called up there to receive personal instructions regarding Gandhi, when he should be brought over here. That he will be brought over is certain to our minds. If you ask for proofs, I can only point to the Military Engineer, the blue print, the proposed partition of rooms and the sudden visit of the Colonel to Bombay. The Colonel himself is reticent and taciturn. On critical days he does not turn up this side but spends time in office. Why should the Colonel be sent for personally even if Gandhi is coming? We did not know when he left last Monday that Gandhi was so ill. From the two communiques, it was evident that Government were nervous about Gandhi's recovery. That they permitted Dr. B. C. Roy to see him bears testimony to the fact. Was not Dr. B. C. Roy refused permission to see Gandhi a month after the conclusion of the fast? Such a Bidhan Chander Roy has now been allowed to see. Apparently Government wanted the news of Gandhi's seriousness to leak out. There are a hundred and one matters on which Government's personal instructions should be given. After all the Working Committee were not put together for the joint delectation of the members or for their joint sorrow and repentance. Much may be studied of the currents of thought coursing along the channels of their minds and when Gandhi comes, it is like opening the Head sluice into the irrigation canals, fresh water flowing to the F.S.L. (Full supply level). And these levels, these currents and their repurcussions on the banks and sluices and dams and tunnels, and aqueducts and weirs should be carefully watched by the staff. We shall not be surprised if Government should be studying our letters and correspondence with the same scrutiny and watchfulness and diligence as Engineers and overseers would be studying the effects of full supply level on fields and bunds and banks.

4th May, 1944

Today's news of Gandhi's condition worsening, delays his arrival the more.

"Compression of the Brain"—5th May, 1944

When I appeared for my M.B. & C.M. examination, one question in the final university surgery paper was: "Describe the symptoms, signs and treatment of concussion and compression of the brain and Cerebral Irritation and discuss the differential diagnosis of the three conditions." This was in May 1905. Forty years after in May 1944, I have come across a case of compression in the Ahmednagar Fort. It was 6 this evening and suddenly while we were in the Badminton court, an attendant-prisoner came tremulously to the court and gently broke some news to one of us in Marathi. Forthwith he went to the pantry and brought the cat out. When it was placed on the ground it lay in a heap and friends rushed to see what it was. It had a wound on the forehead and showed signs of paralysis. It crept a few inches dragging its weight and fell into a semi-comatose state which soon deepened into full coma. When the wound was dressed, it fell into full stupor. The poor kitten when put to the mother, instinctively discovered her illness and would not approach her—this kitten which was till a moment previously jumping on the mother, biting its skin, playing with her tail, licking her body. In the night the kitten quietly occupied a chair in the dining room and equally quietly lay thereon till all dined. The fact was the pantry was the scene of the accident where the attendants were dressing fish for the evening. The cat pounced upon the fish and the attendant involuntarily warded her off with the instrument in his hand—a heavy knife. The forehead was injured and the depression in the skull showed that there was not merely concussion but compression of the brain resulting in partial paralysis of the right side. All night the cat lay unconscious and in the morning woke up i.e. opened its eyes but was not conscious, did not receive the young one, touch water, or milk but submitted docilely to a vigorous dressing of the wound. The second day the cat continued in the same state and the kitten appears almost to have made up its mind that it should not approach the dam. The cat has shown this evening remarkable recuperative capacity. It is crawling and learning to use the limbs.

7th May, Morning

The cat has just managed to mew a bit but no diet is touched nor is the kitten recognized by the dam.

8—5—'44

The cat has been sent this afternoon to the veterinary hospital and admitted as an in-patient. Some pus formed at the seat of

injury was evacuated and some injections were given. Milk and glucose were being administered—how we know not for in spite of its stupor it resented any attempt to feed her here and even growled in anger. The bulletins cease to be issued from today as it is expected to make some kind of recovery for one leg is being dragged, being partly paralysed. The kitten has forgotten its mother. It plays with us till 7 o'clock in the evening and then repairs to the Dining Hall, where it goes to sleep in a chair under the fan.

9—5—'44

Today the 22nd month begins. We are reminded of the fact, for no one thinks of the monthly count.

This morning there has been heavy thunder and lowering of clouds and threat of rain but as the Sanskrit shloka says—morning clouds are only heavy in threat but are light in fulfilment.

The fight of goats the obseques of saints, the loud morning thunder and the quarrel of husband and wife are ostentatious in beginning but light in operation.

Mrs. Shaw's Will

Mrs George Bernard Shaw made some bequests and left the remainder of her fortune of £154,000 for certain purposes chiefly endowments. Several bodies tried to get hold of the money. Mr. Bernard Shaw refused to commit himself to an explanation of his late wife's will. "I should like to say" he added "that that part of the will does not come into operation until I am dead." Referring to the many that wanted the money Mr. Shaw said, "They want the money like every other organization in the country. What I have, I hold. Mr. Churchill's attitude is my attitude."

Alice in Wonderland

The author of "Alice in Wonderland" was a mathematician, and it is said that when Queen Victoria charmed with Alice ordered all his other books she was startled to receive a box of treatises on the calculus and pure geometry. The author of "Sunshine sketches of a Little Town" was a political philosopher, who as a professor of McGill in Canada and a writer on political theory and distributive justice had a high place in the world of education. To a larger world Mr. Stephen Leacock was known as a delightful humorist whose sense of fun was robust as well as refined. His books especially the one mentioned above and "Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich", made the nations laugh loud and long, and are likely to come back into popularity again and again.

Gandhi Released (6th May, 1944)

Gandhi should have been brought here on the 5th of May. His illness intervened and interfered with his transfer. The news how-

FEATHERS & STONES

ever, of his release on the 6th having duly reached us, gave rise naturally to mixed feelings. Release is good but illness is bad. Release is, however, not so good as to be welcomed if it be the result of an illness. But no one would say illness is not so bad as to be detested provided it leads to release. Health is valued more than release. Release is valued only when effected for political reasons. Whether, however, release 'solely on medical grounds' will have political sequels is more than one cares to speculate about. Where there is no settlement, the best place for politicians and patriots is the prison, provided the prisoner does not fall ill.

Polyglot

The war is truly a global war. It is said in America, there are 16 languages used in addressing people on the Presidential election. And here is a roll call of the army under the American flag with names and answers which illustrates the point given by Mr. Samuel T. Williamson in *New York Times Magazine*.

Swanson	Here
Gui Mares	Present
Van Buskirk	Yo
Sikorsky	Yay
Placek	Ho
Kechopoulos	Yeah
La Motte	Hi-O
Kechopoulos	Yow
McPherson	Aye

From General Eisen Hower (Iron builder or cutter i.e., Blacksmith) who is a Swiss, to a Kenny of Irish origin, Eikelbergher (a Swiss), Chennault (French), Tytus Grzedzica (Polish), Shin Mingtang (Chinese), George K. Nicolopoulus (Greek), Emily Lee Shek (Chinese) Moon F. Ching (Baltimore born). Thus Poles and Greeks and Yugoslavs, Indians, Scots and Rhodesians, Boars, Newzealanders, Austrians, French, Moraccan and Russian are all represented in the Army as in the population.

The Roumanians

"No country in Europe is so poor and backward as Roumania" says Ilya Eherenburg in his *Russia at War*, (p. 128). "The Roumanian policemen are unable to sign their own names—signatures are not required for bribes. The peasants don't know what boots, lamps or houses are. They live in dark smoke mudhuts. The Government Ministers receive commissions from the brothel keepers. The officers are pimps and the pimps are senators. In the League of Nations building in Geneva I heard a cloakroom attendant say "keep your eyes on coats, there are a lot of Roumanian journalists here today".

Hitler has driven the lousy soldiers and the syphilitic officers against Russia. They are to bring culture to the Soviet People."

Cat (14-5-'44)

We have been receiving daily bulletins on the cat's health. It was taking milk and rice. The glucose was very helpful. It was able to move with ease, support itself on its four legs and the doctor promised to discharge it on Sunday, (today). A fitting welcome is being got up for the cat. The first to meet would be the kitten which need claim less attention and get less cajoling from its human companions and playmates.

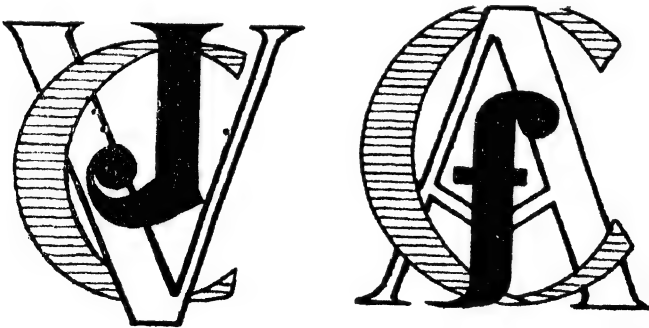
(15-5-'44)

The cat was reported ill yesterday evening. There was a relapse and no food was touched. News comes this noon that the cat passed away. What a bereavement to the kitten which appears to have forgotten the mother altogether but for which we were laying in store a surprise joy on meeting unexpectedly its mother. Likewise the anxious expectation of all of us has been rudely broken and thus are we left to suffer our own additional and self-wrought sorrows!

Austerity Suits and Tailor-made Freedom

From February 1944 onwards tailors and clients in Great Britain could go back to turned up trousers, double breasted jackets, four waist-coat pockets and other refinement till then forbidden under the Austerity code. How this was brought about was not known. But man's obstinacy—apart from merchant tailors and the Director General of Civilian clothing—in respect of fashions was a factor. Man moves, it is said, slowly while women may endorse sweeping changes from year to year. Some of the austerity details turned out to be hard to justify. The turned up trouser wears better than the one not so treated and there are men, it seems, for whom pockets are a necessity not merely an ornament nor a convenience.

Two Monograms



Here are two monograms one of the Vellore Central Jail where I had spent the longest period in a Jail or outside my native place

and Ahmednagar Fort Club where we have been for over 22 months. Vellore, people used to say humorously, was a place noted for several things. A river (Palar) without water, a Fort without a King, a Temple without a God, a College (Police) without a degree and women without beauty. Ahmednagar has also acquired a certain importance for a Fort without a ruler, a river (Bhingar) without water and clouds without rain.

Duels

Duels are almost forgotten in the 20th century though it is said, they still persist in Germany. As young students we had read of the challenges between Warren Hastings and Francis for a duel and there was no loss of life. Most of us have read about them in novels. The two parties having selected their seconds—back each other and walking say five paces gently turn round and shoot each other. They have to stop after the stated time or under the conditions prescribed in the rules. In Germany the man with the sword or the revolver is a great feature of society. A good swordsman or marksman is often a great bully for he can challenge any one and cut him or shoot him. A man with a scar on the face is often regarded in society as one with a mark of honour and in Germany public opinion has limited the sword-play attacks to the region of the face.

“Bakshis—Quit India”

Beggars are ubiquitous in India and they clamour about Europeans for small Bukshis. They have learnt a new cult and have employed it for their beggary and an American officer, so the story goes, asked an English friend what a strange country this,—in which beggars ask for money and ask us to ‘Quit India’ Some are taught ‘Bakshis-Quit India’ as often happens when a new language is picked up by ignorant people.

Mars

One day man may go to the Martian atmosphere and study its characteristics. The atmosphere there is supposed to be only $\frac{1}{6}$ as dense as the terrestrial. And it seems H. G. Wells has spoken of a person going to Mars and incidentally taking a jump. But he would not come down to the ground. He would take enormous time perhaps an hour or two, as the gravity power of Mars is considerably less than that of the earth.

The story of Soviet Asia is a thrilling one—the story of the opening up of a continent by aeroplane and wireless, ice breaker and anti-scorbutics, mining drill and ore crusher, industry and agriculture, optimism and self-confidence. Here is the description of life at Tgarka reached by a six day steam boat trip down the Yeneisi from Krasnoyarsk. The inhabitants have to put tarpaulins over the cucumber frames for 8 hours daily to give the vegetables a rest from

growing in the arctic summer and grow crops in underground hot houses. They produce delicious honey by bees imported by aeroplane and eat from the local gardens straw berries as big as plums smothered in cream. Tgarka is within the Arctic circle but to us it is merely a suburb of Krasnoyarsk.

Kalidasa's Time—आपादस्य प्रथम दिवसे,—

How many people reading this verse from the *Meghaduta* have ever paused to fix the date of Kalidasa. I wonder! To those in the north, the computation of Kalidasa who perhaps belonged to Malwa would not create any difficulty but to those in the South whose months end with Amavasya—not Poornima as in the north. "*Ashadhasya prathama divas*" falls fifteen days later. Today is the 27th of May—that is Jyeshtha Sud Panchami for the south, and "*Ashadhasya prathama divas*" is still 25 days ahead whereas to the North it is only 10 days ahead.

Revenue Officers

In U. P. the Executive Heads of Districts are called Dy. Commissioners in Oudh and Collectors in the Agra Province. Wherever there are Scheduled Districts (non-regulation) the executive head is a Dy. Commissioner, in regulation district, he is called a Collector. In Madras they are all Collectors. In Mysore, they are all Dy. Commissioners. In Bombay, they are Collectors. In U. P. the officer over the Patwaris is a Kanungo* so also in Bengal but on account of Permanent Settlement in Bengal his jurisdiction is wider, his pay is larger. In Utkal also you have the Kanungo who takes place of the Revenue Inspector of South India.

English Servants and English Women

To us in India who are accustomed to see the Englishman engage the Indian as a servant for every kind of service, the spectacle of an English porter carrying boxes at the Railway station, an English servant carrying the Indian passenger's chamber pot and commode on board the steamer, the Englishman carrying bricks on his back and cement under his arm and conveying loads from place to place—look all quite strange. And even more strange is the sight of an English woman openly quarrelling with an Englishman who is a co-tenant with her in the same house and calling him names, laying accusations against him and unjustly claiming compensation for loss of property in a house breaking and theft. This quarrel amongst women is not rare even amongst the highest circles as when the wives of a Commissioner of a division and of the Judge of a High Court are arrayed against each other as in a case.

(See behind *Maxwell vs. Broomfield*) p. 264.

Socio-Religious Law

Different parts of India are governed by different systems of Hindu law. South India and greater part of Utkal as well as U. P. follow the Mitakshara. Bombay, Mayukha, and Bengal—Dayabhaga. Areas in Utkal which hyphenate Utkal with Bengal follow some Mitakshara some, Dayabhaga.

The Kitten

The loss of a mother is a calamity to any child—more so to a kitten that knows no father. The orphan kitten becomes an object of universal sympathy but here opinion was divided. One section—a small wing favour its expulsion. That would be a good riddance as its sorrows would no more engage our sympathies. But the majority were for keeping it. Let it not be thought that there was a formal sitting of the committee. As usual the sense is as certain and that too not formally nor methodically. The view and attitude are either openly disclosed in the course of casual conversations or casual remarks on the conduct and attitude of those who may have cherished an intense dislike for the poor little creature. Anyway to make a long story short, the kitten is retained but to meet the wishes of those that abominated or dreaded its presence, it was told off to the other row.

In spite of varying opinions, the kitten became an object of close attention and even affectionate endearment in the evenings. Someone took a fancy to leave it on the height of a neem tree. It enjoyed the joke and began to climb up and up to the softest tendril but was unable to come down. In fact it was almost lying suspended by its claws and express its misery by mewing. A child in distress even at home is a source of unmixed pleasure to some. In fact this provokes the child to cry and assume those contortions of lips and raising of cheeks and closing of eyelids which prove highly fascinating to a brother or uncle but greatly distress the mother. Even so the idiosyncrasies of some in their demonstrativeness did not please others, but both were equally lovingly inclined. The climbing of the tree became a daily practice. Prior to that for a few minutes the kitten was swung in a small volunteer's handbag and the kitten enjoyed the sport though to the onlooker it looked perilously near being cruel. Once the kitten was on the tree, it soon learnt to climb down as it had learnt to climb up and depended no more upon the favour of onlookers below for its coming down. Quite a gathering greeted its tricks and jumps and sported with it by flying their kerchief on to its grasp keeping it tantalized. Every evening this feline sport became a regular programme and a call went forth to all those that were devoted and demonstrative to the kitten to gather under the branches

of the now celebrated neem (tree). Thus was time spent in a playful way in this arid Fort.

Another fine aspect of the matter was that when any one did not relish the kitten coming near him, he would threaten the fellow by throwing a pebble at it or making a noise or stamping his foot all of which it would honestly interpret—as invitation to play and the little fellow would pose and pounce and jump and romp on to the very feet of its opponent—much to his discomfiture and disgust.

Did You Happen to Know That—

Cotton in such natural colours as black, red and green has been raised on Soviet experimental farms.

* * *

Over 6,000 doctors in Holland have temporarily given up their work rather than submit to compulsory membership in a Nazi medical organisation.

* * *

Beeswax is used as a protective coating for practically all types of ammunition because it neither expands in tropical heat nor cracks in extreme cold.

* * *

Rationing and reduction of the rubber content of tyres have saved Great Britain, on civilian tyres alone during the past year, the rubber equivalent of 700,000 giant tyres.

* * *

American planes have synchronised bomb-release mechanisms so that the bombs can be photographed at every stage of their flight and by means of flash bomb the target is illuminated at the precise moment they strike.

* * *

Over 1,500 Indian doctors and physicians regularly receive a scientific medical newsletter distributed by the U.S.O.W.I.

* * *

Average torpedo weighs, 3,000 pounds, contains 5,000 parts and costs Rs. 40,000.

* * *

Battleships of the U S. Navy are named for states; cruisers for cities and territories; destroyers for officers and men of the Navy, statesmen, inventors and former Secretaries of the Navy; submarines for fish and other denizens of the deep; and aircraft carriers for battles and famous Early American ships.

* * * * *

Reduced size and thickness of bus and tram tickets in London diminishes paper consumption by 600 tons annually.

* * * * *

Post-war passenger planes will carry 100 persons, travel 300 miles per hour, have telephone and telegraph communications to the ground, individual compartments, *a la carte* meals.

—(U.S.O.W.I.)

Yoga

Day by day the Western Scientists are coming to recognize the eternal verities of Yoga and correlate it to Physiology and Science on one side and Philosophy and Religion on the other. Hatha Yoga is the Yoga of power over the body, while Raja Yoga is the Yoga of development of consciousness which it is said stands in the same relative position to the mind as Hatha Yoga does to the body. Thus Yoga of body control also confers on the Yogi the capacity to overcome pain. Dr. Kennette Walker quotes well authenticated cases of masters of Hatha Yoga who have gained such control over vital processes that they have been able to pass into a state of suspended animation resembling that of a hibernating animal. A famous instance of this was Sadhu Haridas who is recorded to have been buried for 4 months under the supervision of the Maharaja of Lahore, early in the last century and to have been disinterred alive. The Yogi was sealed in a chest by the Maharaja then buried and barley seeds sown over his grave which was enclosed by a wall and guarded night and day by sentries. On the day of 'internment' the Yogi's face was shaved and it is reported that when disinterred his face was still smooth indicating that growth had been suspended. It is interesting to recall that the pituitary gland is believed to exercise control over the phenomenon of hibernation.

Cassino

Cassino was at last destroyed. It might have been built only in the 17th century so was St. Pauls. But the crypt is ancient and so is the traditional cell of St. Benedict. It had associations which made it unique in the history of Christian civilization. From this cradle radiated the creative and conserving influences of the Benedictine

order, the 1st guardian of culture in the darker period of middle ages. Here too was its library rich in priceless manuscripts.

On Matter Military

It is strange how phenomenal is the ignorance of the average Indian graduate, Civil Official and politician regarding elementary facts pertaining to military administration. Let alone points relating to strategy and tactics, Martial Law and Court Martial. We do not know the way to distinguish from dress and decorations a second lieutenant from a Field Marshal except perhaps by the disparity of age between the raw youth and the seasoned lieutenant.

We may begin a study of these details appropriately with the non-commissioned officers. They are—

Lance Corporal	1 stripe
Corporal	2 stripes.
Sergeant Havildar	3 stripes.
Sergeant Major	3 stripes and a crown.
Senior sergeant major in a company is a company sergeant		
Major	3 stripes plus crown plus a bangle (metal) round wrist.

These are known as Warrant officers, midway between Commissioned officers and above group.

A Second Lieutenant has on his coat one star.

1st Lieutenant	2 stars.
Captain	3 stars.
Major	Crown.
Lieutenant Colonel	Star at bottom and crown at top.
Full Colonel	2 stars and a crown.
Brigadier	3 stars and a crown.

Full colonel and above wear two reds on either side of the sternum and on the cap.

Major General	a sword and a baton cross. and a crown.
Lt. General	Sword and a baton and a star (no crown).
Field Marshall	Baton and Sword.

Field Marshall never retires. He can only die. He draws his pay till death. Field Marshall Birdwood dead and Chetwood alive, Cassels was a Lieutenant General. Wavell is a Field

FEATHERS & STONES

Marshall. Does he get the Viceroy's pay and Field Marshall's pay as well?

Pay

Major General	..	Rs. 2,500.
Lt. General	..	Rs. 3,000 or 3,500.
Full General	..	Rs. 4,000.

Navy

In the navy you have

1. The Captain of the ship or
1. The Captain and
2. The Commander in which case the Commander is responsible for the voyage while the Captain supervises.
3. Above the Commander is the Commodore and over him
4. The Rear Vice Admiral
5. then The Vice Admiral and
6. The Admiral.

There is none corresponding to Field Marshall.

Air Force

You have the Flying Officer

Pilot Officer (1 aeroplane)
Flight Lieutenant (3 planes)
Squadron leader and (20 planes)
Wing Commander
Group Commander
Air Vice Marshall
Air Chief Marshall
Air Marshall.

In the Indian army, Commander of a Division is a Major General. Commander of a Corps is Lieutenant General. Commander of a whole Army is General Commander. Brigadier is Commander of a Brigade, 3 or 4,000 men with all arms. There are 3 brigades in a division, 3 Divisions in a corps (it varies). On the Indo-Burma border, they don't talk of corps but speak of an army unit e.g. 14th army. The 14th army in Burma has 3 divisions scattered.

2nd Lieutenant's average life on the field in the last war was 5 days. The chances of the Insurer were very few in the last war. That was because Haig rushed his 2nd Lieutenant against machine guns. Now there are tanks and ambulance aeroplanes which carry the wounded quickly. But the weapons now are more lethal. In the last war mortality was 1 to 4 amongst wounded now it is half and half.

In the I.M.S.

	Period of service.
You have Lieutenant	1 year
Captain	3 years
Major	10 years.
Lt. Colonel	Later promotion depends upon ability and also on wire pulling.
Colonel	
Major General	
Lt. General	

Why after the Colonel the Major General comes and then the Lt. General instead of the Lt. General being the lower and the Major General being the higher passes understanding and no officer has been able to explain this to me, or why the Captain General has disappeared from the heirarchy.

A *Badshah* was going along the roads in the town with all pomp and circumstance and a certain person was standing by without salaming him. He was ordered to be arrested and the poor father of the 'offender' having learnt the news of the son's arrest sent his brother to the *Badshah* to enquire what was the matter. He was told the reason whereon he said, "what the hell did this fellow mean by not salaming the *Badshah*? He might have salamed him and his paunch for which he too was detained. The father himself went to the Vazir in person and having enquired about the arrest of both his sons, said, "why did they not salam? the *Badshah* and his paunch go to blazes —for which the father also was arrested. Then came the turn of the mother to enquire and she went to the Vazir and having learnt the facts of the case, cried out in fury, "what the devil did the father and his two sons mean? Neither the *Badshah* nor his paunch can go to the blazes. They cannot be cremated but must be buried. This led to her detention as well and ultimately to the dawning of wisdom on the *Badshah* and the release of the intractable four.

Dwadashi and Devadasi

It has become almost a rule to count the day of the fortnight in expectation of the full moon in the *Shukla paksha* and in dread of the new moon in the *Krishna paksha*. Luckily, I have a Telugu *Panchanga* (Calendar) which gives the *Tithis* with the date and tonight I have stated it is *Dwadasi* looking at the moon over head. "What has the moon to do with the Dancing Girl?" asked our Major (Colonel) at once I looked surprised; and he explained does not that word mean that? Then it occurred to me that he was thinking of the word *Deva dasi* when I said the *Tithi* was *Dwadasi*! Now we can

realize how when we learn other language the slightest variation of emphasis makes a world of difference.

Governmental Waste (5-6-'44)

At last my letter home of the 22nd May, 1944 was delivered in the envelope I had enclosed it in. For the past 21 months the Bombay Government's practice has been to receive our outgoing letters, throw away the envelopes, enclose the letters after being duly censored in fresh envelopes and send them to the addressees and *vice versa*. We are allowed to write 2 letters a week i.e., 104 letters a year and here we are twelve. We have written in one year $104 \times 12 = 1250$ letters in round numbers and received twice as many since we can receive 4 letters a week against the two sent. The incoming mail involves 2,500 envelopes. Altogether in a year 1250 plus 2500 or 3,750 envelopes have been used up extra by changing the one originally used. In 21 months it will be 6,475. Then in 21 months 6,475 envelopes have been wasted by Government apart from the waste of ink and pen and labour involved in re-writing addresses. Only on one occasion have we received letters without envelopes. What should one say to this reckless—one had almost said, criminal waste in view of war scarcity and Government responsibility!

Adieu Sparrows (5-6-'44)

With today I believe I can conclude these references to the sparrow life. The young ones have come down today from their nest. They were conceived on the 28th April. These 38 days are consumed in conception, delivery and incubation and growth. The young ones are full fledged. The mother and one of them fly on to the rim of the *Tribune*, which Sardar is reading in my room next to me! The father and the mother watch the young ones jumping from the floor to the easy chair, its bottom, its arms and its top, with visible emotion indicated by the upraised tail and drooping wings and restless movements of the parents. I do not hope to catch a glimpse of the young ones from this evening for they will have obtained the key of freedom and learnt to pick their own food and fly into the Heavens. It is thus that freedom is deserved and not by a condition beforehand that they should fly before they are let off.

District Courts

In U.P. the Ministerial Head of the Collector's (or Deputy Commissioner's office) is called a shirastedar; so is he in Madras. In Madras the Ministerial head of the District and Sessions Judge's Office is also called by the same name. In U. P. however, though there is a shirastedar in the District Judge's Court, he is next in rank to the ministerial head who is called 'Munssarim' which means 'Inseram

Karnewalla (he who makes arrangement). *Shirasta* means 'nature or arrangement.' Then there is Peshkar who presents papers to the Judge. In Bombay the Shirdastedar does the presenting and takes down depositions in Gujarati. In Delhi and Bombay the Ministerial head is called the Shirastedar as in the South. There are of course translators in the South and interpreters in the North (Dubhashi).

As Seen by Others

It is always interesting for one to know others estimates of oneself and in a jail one has only the sepoys (warders) the attendants (common prisoners) and the Jail officials to make such estimates. Here the number of attendants is about 12 of whom 4 or 5 come into close contact with the members of the Working Committee. The following estimate by them, weird as it looks, is worth while recording. They consider barristers the biggest of all people and are of opinion that the rooms are assigned, regard being had to this aspect of the matter. Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel's is the first room coming from North to South. Then come Maulana, Asaf Ali, Jawaharlal, and Dr. Syed Mahamud. "All are big barristers" including the Maulana! But why is it, they ask themselves that he never talks English if he is a Barrister? Next is Pantjee. He is a High Court Vakil—not a barrister but Vakil of the High Court. Dr. Ghosh and Dr. Pattabhi—are they medical doctors or doctors of Sahitya they intelligently inquire. Of Shankerrao they have not much doubt for he never wears a shirt or shaves his beard, nor maintains English crop, nor even wears a Dhoti as a *Grihastha* does. Acharya Kripalani and Acharya Narendra Deo are obviously Acharyas or Professors—they know, and they know Mehtab Babu as a big Zamindar.

Gaya and Pandas

From all over the country pilgrims gather in Gaya to offer *Pin-dams* to their *Pitrus*. But the Brahmans that sit as *Bhooktas* at the *Shraddha* ceremonies enjoy a bad repute that they assist at more than one ceremony. Even if it were true, the offence would be quite a venial one compared to the fact that they are not strict vegetarians. The Pancha Gowda are the Saraswats, Kanyakubjas, Vangas, Kalingas and Maithilis. These have no objection to eating meat but they don't eat eggs. Have the Pancha Dravidas who don't eat meat or eggs ever pondered over this situation?

'Khan Khanan Mirza Abdur Rahman'

The above was one of the Durbaris in Akbar's Court. He was warrior, statesman and poet. But it is as poet that his name endures. He was a fine Hindi poet. That is the particular point about his talents.

Anecdotes of Khan Khanan Mirza Abdur Rhaman

It was the time of Jehangir. The King was displeased with a Bhatt and ordered that he should be trampled under the foot of an elephant. That Bhatt who was wit of the Court said "Why an elephant, your Majesty, a rat is enough for me to trample me under foot. If it is a big personage like the Khan Khanan, an elephant would be necessary." Jehangir was pleased and looked at Khan Khanan. The latter ordered rich dresses and presents be given to the Bhatt.

Conquer Sumeru

It was stated that every day the sun rides his victorious horses and goes behind the Sumeru Mountain when he sets. The Bhatt prayed that the Khan Khanan should conquer the Sumeru so that the sun might never set.

The Bhatt's age

The Bhatt was asked how old he was and when he told he was 36, the Khan Khanan said it must be 100 years for you and I grant Rs. 5/- a day as long as you are alive. The whole amount was calculated and paid down to the Bhatt.

(The amount would be $100 - 36$ or 64 years $\times 365 \times 5 = 64 \times 1825$ —roughly Rs. 1,16,800).

See or Own

A person stated to the Khan Khanan that he had never seen a lakh of rupees in coin and was eager to see the heap. Khan Khanan caused a lakh of rupees in coin and the man expressed his thanks to the Khan Khanan. "But" asked Khan Khanan "why thank me for seeing the heap: Thank me for giving it to you." And so he gave him the lakh.

The Two Sisters

One day Khan Khanan got word that a certain person who describes himself as his *Ham Zulf* (wife's sister's husband) wanted to see him. "Bring him in" said the Khan Khanan being puzzled as to who he would be. He entered and cleared the point. He said that *Sampatti* (Prosperity) and *Vipatti* (Adversity) are sisters and that while Khan Khanan was the former's lord, he was the latter's husband. Thus it was they were *Ham Zulfs*. The poor beggar got plenty of presents.

Gold for Iron

One day a shot pierced through the thigh of Khan Khanan and the man who had fired the shot was arrested. The Khan Khanan said that he must be released and given as much gold as the shot for

it would be said that when the baser metal touched his flesh it became gold.

A Lakh a day

There is a Persian saying that whenever a generous man camps whether on a hill or on a plain, he pitches his tents and holds his *darbar*. One day Khan Khanan received a *Fakir* and gave him a lakh of rupees. That way the *fakir* came on seven occasions and got seven lakhs of rupees at each of the relays in the journey. On the 8th he did not turn up and Khan Khanan was hard put to it to find the man saying "on the day I started on the journey I put by 27 lakhs for the 27 *manzils*."

Adopt Me

A young and beautiful woman who was in love with Khan Khanan sent word through an old woman to Khan Khanan that she desired a son like him with the eyes, the tongue, the arms and the shoulders of Royalty. Khan Khanan replied and said "it may be that I shall marry her but not beget a child, that even if a child is born it may not be a son and even if it be a son, it may not have all the traits visualized by the woman. Why not adopt myself as the son and I shall bring with me grandchildren!"

Life or Money

One day a certain person brought a letter in which the writer said "O Khan Khanan, I have a beloved who is the very image of Chinese Beauty. Did she ask for my life I would give it. But she wants money." And the Khan Khanan asked what she wanted. "A lakh of rupees" was the reply. "Then give him *Savalakh* (1¼ lakhs of rupees)" was the response.

Gold for Clay

Some one threw on the Khan Khanan a sod of earth while he was moving in a procession. Khan Khanan said "give him Rs. 1,000". The courtiers objected but Khan Khanan replied "If a man flings a stone at a tree, he gets a fruit. And by flinging a sod of earth at me, he must get something in reward. Must not he?"

Lips or Feet

One day a painting was brought to Khan Khanan representing a woman in the sitting posture drying her hair after a bath and with a smile on the lips. Khan Khanan was very pleased with the painting and ordered Rs. 5,000 to be paid to the painter. But the painter asked Khan Khanan what it was in appreciation of which he had so generously sanctioned the reward. Khan Khanan pointed to the

face and the lips. Then the painter invited his attention to the feet which were being rubbed gently in the soles by a pumice stone which was tickling her; hence the smile. The Khan Khanan was mightily pleased and said he deserved 5 lakhs of rupees.

Philosopher's stone

An old woman was carrying an iron (cake) pan on her shoulder and happened to graze against Khan Khanan who was going in a procession. When the servants were about to arrest her, Khan Khanan intervened and ordered as much gold as the pan weighed, be given her. He further explained that there was a traditional belief that the bodies of Kings and great men were like the Philosopher's stone that would convert baser metals into gold. Hence the reward.

The two nails

Once a certain young man full of animation and spirits and with a style and show came to Khan Khanan seeking service. He had two nails in his turban and when asked to explain said that one of them was for the master that employed him and might not pay him his salary. The other was for himself if, taking the salary he did not serve his master aright. Khan Khanan asked his age and also asked what his expectancy of life was in his own estimation. Khan Khanan himself fixed it at 120 and gave orders that the man's salary at Rs. 5/- a day for the balance of his age, be paid away to him at once ('unka tankhwa bebaq karo') and saying this he told the young man "now take away the first of those nails and use the second."

The long lost husband

Rai Singh of Jhela was going to his marriage. When he passed through Cutch, Jessa Raja obstructed the procession and asked that the *nagara* should be stopped and offered two alternatives,—either that the party should go back or that they should fight. The party chose the latter course. Many people fell in the battle and their wives committed *Sati*. The Raja's brother died and having lost all his party, the Raja himself was given up for dead. He was picked up by a Yogi, cured and himself became the Yogi's *chela*. His new wife had not committed, however, *Sati* like the other wives. After years, the Yogi with his *chela* chanced to be seen by the Khan Khanan who hearing the story took them to Akbar's court. And Akbar having heard the whole tale ordered the Raja's (*chela*'s) kingdom to be restored to him. When, thereafter, he went back to his place, he found his newly wedded Rani alive and it was a happy and unexpected meeting of husband and wife after years of separation the rigours of which had been aggravated by absence of all hope of reunion.

The drop of honour

When Khan Khanan was going in a procession he saw a young man subverting a bottle which contained only a drop of oil and the Khan Khanan said he has a drop of honour ('abru ka ek boond') and he has saved it.

Vegetarianism and Gujarat

Most of the Gujaratis—Parsis and Mussalmans excepted, are vegetarians. It is unusual to have a whole tract of country wedded to such a principle. The people are mostly Jains and Vaishnavites. As Hindus they are the followers of Swami Narayana or Vallabhacharya. Elsewhere it is the castes that are vegetarian or non-vegetarian (i.e. meat eating). In Gujarat, however, it is otherwise and one must salute Gujarat with upraised hands.

Jeep

The war has brought new inventions and discoveries. The jeep and the Helicoptre belong to the former category. The Helicoptre descends vertically from the air, pauses for a couple of minutes at man's speaking level, allows a conversation and flies up vertically. The jeep cuts its way on any ground. It is now a motor and now (in a quarter of hour's adjustment) a rail car which can travel on rails locating bombs by the side of the railway.

The Python and the Tiger

A tiger is known for its agility, fierceness and strength. A python is known for its slow, slumbering, slovenly characteristics. But in a fight between the two, the python has won. It happened this way. Seeing a big python—hardly mobile, the tiger took it into its head to attack it and the python nothing daunted and with its pride offended, gently wound its tail as the tiger was attacking it leisurely, round one of the hind legs of the tiger and after two or three rounds extended the tail to the other leg all the while coiling itself into a big disc underneath which it hid its head. This operation it continued with its tail, all the while, head unseen—until the tiger's hind legs were followed by the tiger's back—to be caught up in the windings, making the tiger powerless and at this stage the python began to crush the tiger's body. And the curtain fell on the scene in the cinema.

Sanskrit and Provincial Languages

We have seen how the same sanskrit word taken into the provincial languages is made to mean different things in different areas. Here are more examples of the observation.

Santapa means in Sanskrit anguish—mental agony. But in Maharashtra it means anger—not so in Bengali or Telugu where the original meaning continued. *Raga* is another word which means

attachment and love, but is made to mean anger in Bengali, Utkal and Maharashtra. This is a real difficulty in learning Hindi.

Adultery—no offence!

It is said that only in India is adultery a crime punishable in Law. There was a prosecution for adultery years ago before a Magistrate who was an I.C.S. and Chukkerburttu by name. He was not quite a prohibitionist nor a temperancewallah and when the Defence Counsel was proceeding with the defence, he was too alert. The Shirestdar as usual in the court played the part of Magistrate taking down depositions, asking questions, interrupting counsel and noting points. The Defence Counsel bound up his papers and prepared to quit saying "I come here to argue my client's case before the Magistrate and not before his Shirestdar". The Magistrate mumbled an apology and requested the Counsel to proceed but soon history repeated itself and the Magistrate once again woke up and this time argued with the Defence Counsel. What is this case? How is adultery a crime? Nowhere in the civilised world is it so. Why is it so in India? Nonsense, your client is acquitted. Then came the real difficulty. When the Counsel and the client cleared out of the Court premises, the Shirestdar rushed to the Counsel and salaamed him. "What is the matter" asked the Counsel. "It is alright Sir, for you to get an acquittal but how am I to write the judgment?"

The widowed sparrow—(27-6-'44)

I thought I had done with the sparrow, but a new couple which was setting up a home met with a serious reverse. One day when I returned from the dining room at 7-30 a.m. after Chotta Hazri, I found nothing noticeable opposite my gate. I put the fan on and began spinning when within another 5' a friend that came from the dining room and was passing my room drew my attention to the prostrate carcass of the male sparrow lying in the supine position, motionless—dead. Opposite the doorway another friend wondered whether the kitten could have played foul with the bird but I had no doubt it was hit by the vane of the electric *punkha* and forthwith was flung dead. This is the third accident. The first was a minor one and the sparrow after a while flew. The second was hit on the wing and was disabled and we lost sight of it. The poor widow was screeching for a while, having no idea of its bereavement, then lay on the *punkha* coupling almost stunned and then disappeared. After 4 days, it has reappeared today with a husband looking rather old and unromantic. The poor widow could not bargain for a sprightly spouse much less for the romance incidental to such a pairing.

She became a widow again—(28-6-'44)

When I wrote the last few paragraphs, I little knew that this newly married widow had a second widowhood in store for her. At

10-30 a.m. today, I heard two sounds in succession in my room,—one a twang (metallic) and the other a thud. The vane of the moving *punkha* hit the new bridegroom on the head and it fell dead behind a chair. Even as we spotted the dead bird, down came his spouse and at once she went into a stunned and shocked state. Apparently, she was watching the accident and she sat beside the corpse for more than half an hour—motionless and mourning silently until the dead body was removed.

Kittens and the Mongoose

The Kitten has become a settled inmate. It has its amusements which are also ours. Every day after its feed at 7-30 a.m. and 4 p.m. it is brought and placed upon the *purlins* of the verandah. At first it felt nervous and became querulous. After a couple of days, it learnt to jump the 7 ft. of height or depth. Later it is accustomed to the trick and sleeps quietly on the 5" broad beam. The next sport is to fling it on to the tiles of the verandah. It positively likes the feat and roams about the roof as it pleases and jumps down somewhere. For the past four days it has cultivated the habit of running away outside the premises and playing with the mongoose tribe in the outer compound and affording considerable entertainment to the warders (sepoys) and the common prisoners who go out on some duty or another.

Childish—(3-7-'44)

'Childish' or 'kittenish' both mean the same thing when you are describing the sportive pranks of the kitten in the Jail. The frolic of putting it on the tiles of the verandah has had this evening an unexpected sequel. The fellow straight climbed up to the terrace, jumped on to the big *neem* tree that overhangs the terrace and climbed up its branches almost to the last tendril where the birds were perched for the night. Friends got nervous supposing it leapt on to a bird and lost hold and fell down. 'Supposing it does not climb down the whole night. The anxiety spread all over the house, detenus, sepoys, prisoners and officers—all gathered under the tree. At last the familiar voice of Shankerrao who has the portfolio of feeding the kitten, acted like a charm. The milk time too is approaching. It is 7 p.m. But what is milk compared to prey? Anyway the chap came down to the verandah but would not jump to the ground. Then came the man who would give it meat and he from the ground, led the kitten on the verandah along its whole length of 100 yards to the pantry area, where after a little coaxing, it jumped from on my palm to my shoulders and the adventure of the evening perilously near a tragedy, ended luckily as a comedy.

Widow and Virgin

The sparrow again! the little sparrow, the female sparrow, the twice widowed sparrow began to draw suitors from the morrow of

her second spouse's death (by *punkha* accident). On the first day two male sparrows hovered round her and fought each other the whole day, with herself as an interested spectator. Next day it was a male sparrow and a female sparrow. With the latter this seasoned widow had its fearful fights plucking its feathers, hitting it, pecking it and both fell upon my back.

That was something!

The male sparrow all the while, remained an interested spectator. On the third day five males entered and had a furious fight which was short and swift, they then dispersed, only one remaining. The theory of this wooing is interesting. I had heard and have now verified the fact that usually it is the male that woos the female—not only by the display of its coloured feathers but by its dancing, and wins her by showing the ready-made nest. If the female is satisfied after inspection which we can watch and verify—well and good. But as in the present case where a widow, and that, not a child widow,—woos, she shows her ready-made nest to the new suitor and if the latter is satisfied, well and good. All is well. Thus five days have elapsed since the widowhood set in and in this period of less than a week, a new assortment had taken place. I have decided not to run the *punkha*, so as to avoid further bird-slaughter and misery.

Ratnagiri and Satara

The cities are fed by the Districts so far as servant, supply is concerned. Calcutta's servants come from Utkal and clerks from Behar and durwans from U.P. In Bombay, they come from Satara and Ratnagiri. But there is a difference. All servants do not do all kinds of service. For instance the Satara man does not make a bed, does not wash women's clothes and does not touch *Jutha* vessels. The Ratnagiri man does these things unhesitatingly. The same experience is doubtless met with in other provinces. The Uriya barbers who have spread far and wide in the Telugu country are highly serviceable and are specialists in 'oil baths' and are on the whole most trustworthy. In Andhra Desa, many servants do not wash clothes or spread beds. Caste is an exacting social factor and is public opinion embodied.

Flowers and Worship

It is all right for the gospels to preach the worship of God in spirit and Truth but through the Messiah. The Quoran also preaches divine worship in spirit but through the Prophet. In India it is open for every one to select his or her own form of worship or decide upon no worship. But commonly the idol is worshipped and worshipped with flowers. What flowers must be used or may be, is definitely prescribed and which flowers for which god or goddess. In Bengal it seems sweet scented flowers are forbidden for purposes of worship.

The lotus, however, is used for worshipping Kali. Yet *malli* (*mogra* or jasmine), rose, 'champak' and 'gandharaj' are forbidden. 'Hazari' (Mari-gold) or 'Banti' (Telugu) is allowed. In Maharashtra no such restriction prevails nor in Gujerat nor in Andhra though in Andhra *malli* is prohibited. Apparently scented flowers are forbidden in Bengal because they might have been smelt by people while on the tree or on the creeper at close quarters. All flowers which have been smelt are taboo for worship everywhere.

Primitive or Civilized

(a) Watches

One day it was remarked that the bell for morning coffee was given a minute too soon. I said I saw nothing amiss that day as I had spun my usual three slivers after the military bugle and that was the usual quantum spun in between the bugle and the bell. This gave rise to an observation that my standard was a primitive one, particularly untenable in modern times to which I said THAT IN TIMES WHEN NOT EVEN ONE IN FIVE HUNDRED had a watch, it was perhaps well to be primitive. I got a retort at once that even if it was one in ten thousand, a man must be modern and try to lead his fellow men along modern paths of progress and civilization. But what if the watch or the time-piece did not keep correct time? I asked. The matter ended but as if by a curse, from that day forward the time-piece began to lose 4' a day while another watch began to gain 1' a day. There was an ever increasing gap between not only the bugle and the bell but one watch and another, the watches in the Fort and the time given by the Telegraph office and the Post Office. It was, therefore, decided to correct a minute for each of the four bells given in the day. But that would only correct the previous day's loss. What about that day's and next day's? I felt more and more convinced that my primitive criterion was not altogether so hopeless as the correcting of watches and time-pieces thuswise for I have always held that people that possessed watches and motor cars were they that missed trains.

(b) Thermoflasks.

Again there is the Isola or the Thermoflask. How does milk fare when stored in the night for the morning coffee? On several occasions, I had noticed coffee prepared at night and stored in it, showing curdling of the milk content apart from the question of cooling down. This was seriously questioned and it was said that to clean an Isola was quite easy. But every one must learn by his own experience if one could learn at all. In less than 10 days milk stored in it overnight 'broke' and became useless for morning tea. It is thus that scientific inventions become complications in life. An electric coffee kettle lasted three months but cost Rs. 95—a rupee a day. Another small electric kettle costing Rs. 10 or 12, when sent

for repairs came back with a bill of Rs. 18. So often the tumour is heavier than the subject that suffers from it.

Mr. Elmhurst is a rich Englishman who also has a richer wife. It is their pleasure to spend the money on experiments that make for the progress of culture. They belong to Devonshire and started a school where the children are allowed to grow unhampered by this restriction and that. One day a boy of twelve was smoking a big cigar and his father went to see him. He continued smoking and after a little while it occurred to him to ask his father whether his own smoking thuswise did not irritate him. The father showed no emotion or irritation and the son forthwith said "oh! it is disgusting that I should be doing thus." So he threw away the cigar.

Mr. Elmhurst has helped the Sri Niketan in the Shanti Niketan with a laboratory and takes a fancy for helping well-chosen young men throughout their education.

Indian Exploitation

It is well known how architects, painters, upholsterers, builders, furnishers, haberdashers, musicians and motor manufacturers are recommended by high placed men to princes and zemindars and crores of money are thus drained away from India.

While Lord Willingdon was the Governor of Madras, there was a market for the Sunbeam cars—manufactured by Viscount Brasse his father-in-law. When he became Viceroy, Hillman cars were recommended to the Princes. Lord Birkenhead at the same time favoured the Rolls Royce. But whoso heard of Governor General's Barbers getting into service in the courts of Nawabs? During Lord Auckland's time (1815-20) an English Barber was barbering the Nawab of Oudh on Rs. 400 a month and additional presents! Is it any wonder that India should have supplied the finances for the Industrial regeneration of England!

Children and Freedom

To let children do whatever they want is alright so long as they do not play with fire and water and weapons. To say that a knife with the blade open may be allowed to be handled by a child of three is to take great risks. To allow a child of three to play with a bath tub full of water is to risk its death. To watch a child of three play with fire is to risk a catastrophe. I once saw a child of three sitting on the parapet of a well face bent towards the water, perhaps watching its own reflection with the legs dangling inside the well. The child was saved no doubt by a quiet manœuvre from behind but was that a risk to be even remotely countenanced?

Angarkha and Sherwani

The long coats tight above the waist and loose below, reaching down to the knees, buttoned closely up to the navel with a closed

neck—so graceful in appearance and so vividly bringing out the contours of the body is called *Angarkha* which is really a Sanskrit word *Anga raksha*. But the origin of the word *Sherwani* is not known. *Sherwani* is in use for almost the same pattern of coat in Hyderabad (Deccan) and must have been so named after one named Sherwani who might have introduced the fashion and the pattern. Readers may remember the name of the late Tassadduq Sherwani of U.P., a Barrister-at-Law and an ardent Congressman.

Bepin Patel on Government's Economics (14—7—'44)

One day in July, Sardar received by post a printed circular of two leaves, from his grandson Bepin who had just passed the Matriculation Examination. The circular is an invitation to all matriculates of the year 1944, to join certain subordinate posts in the Army, Navy and Air force. The get-up is excellent and artistic and the names of the officers are—corporal, sergeant, Flight sergeant and warrant officer in the Air Force; the salaries and the grades attaching thereto are all detailed. It seems that similar invitation circulars were sent to all the matriculates individually by post. The officer sending them is an M.L.A., (Central) from Delhi. Throughout India there would be easily a couple of lakhs of matriculates this year and 2 lakhs or more of those invitations were sent all over India. Imagine what they should have cost in paper, let alone printing and postage! The young matriculate who has received it and sent it to his grandfather, suggests that Government's purpose would equally have been served if Principals and Head Masters had notified the same and added their invitations to the young matriculates orally. The boy contrasts this wanton waste of paper with the deplorable dearth of Text books for students for want of paper! On the one side the newsprint control order created a furore amongst the pressmen and on the other, the students were embargoed for want of text books. Yet this unconscionable expenditure of paper goes on unchecked or even uncriticized.

Births, Marriages and deaths

These three go together, sometimes it may be births and deaths only. The words used have apparently become commonplace and so some wag has changed them

from	to
(1) Births	Yells
(2) Marriages	Bells
(3) Deaths	Knells

This has encouraged another to render them into (1) hatches, (2) matches and (3) despatches.

How to Make an Eiderdown at Home

(From the *Illustrated weekly of India*).

"It is early in the day to think as far ahead as next winter, but making an eiderdown takes time. Blankets seem these days to fall into three categories—wickedly expensive, impossibly heavy, or completely lacking in warmth. So I set to and made an eiderdown. It costs very little, except in time and patience.

"Tell the cook to keep all breast feathers and as many more suitably small fluffy ones from all table birds—chickens, ducks, game, and so forth. When you have collected 4-lb. of feathers, put them in a large *degchi* with 4 oz. soda and one gallon of water. Boil them all up together for half to one hour until all feathers are thoroughly saturated. Set aside to cool in the same water for 24 hours, then rinse thoroughly, drain and wash well, several times if necessary, in soda and water. When quite clean, spread feathers to dry in the sun and leave them for several days.

Material and Pattern

"Meanwhile measure the size of the bed for which you wish to make the eiderdown. Downproof material is not available at present, so buy unbleached calico (not dosuti). It can be bought double-width, so, for the average single bed, you need five yards. Double this over and seam one side, so that two sides are still open. Now decide what pattern you want to make. Spread your doubled material on floor or table and arm yourself with pencil and ruler. Bisect the material from north to south and again from east to west, as it were, with fine pencil lines, and on them base your pattern. In the exact centre pierce a hole through both thicknesses, and buttonhole it. Next, make an elongated diamond centred on this eyelet hole. Machine three and a half sides of the diamond and pierce eyelet holes at each corner. Then comes the filling. Pick your feathers literally one by one, fluffing out the ones that have remained matted after their saturation, rejecting any with thick sharp quills, or stripping the feathery parts from the quills, starting from the tip downwards. The diamond takes a surprising amount of feathers and patience to fill, but stick to it. When sufficiently padded, sew up the opening, and draw your next pattern, leaving eyelet air-holes as before. Proceed thus until the whole eiderdown is completed. Then cover it with thin silk, chintz, or what you will, to match the colour-scheme of the room for which it is intended."—Sidney Ralli.

The Minah

The minah is a peculiar bird in that the parents take their young ones longer with them than the sparrow. The parents con-

tinue to feed the young ones even after the latter have learnt to fly. The father that refused to share a piece of soft bread with his spouse has reserved it for the young one and reached it into its mouth.

Wajib-Ul-Urz

This expression means *that which must be submitted* and is the heading in one of the returns that must be submitted by the Patwaris in the Punjab villages. Really it is a column which furnishes the socio-economic information relating to the population. The Mussalmans following the system of four castes amongst the Hindus, have devised four divisions—Syeds, Sheiks, Moghuls and Pathans. The basis of classification follows no particular standard or criterion. The Syeds claim descent from three of the *Kaliffs*. The Sheiks are the converts in India to Islam. The Moghuls and Pathans are racial divisions as the names indicate. Now the occasion for this note is the ministerial crisis in Sind which has arisen from the Hindu Ministers voting against the Land Alienation Bill introduced by a Muslim Minister and likewise, some Muslim Ministers opposing the Karachi Municipal Reforms Bill sponsored by a Hindu Minister. We are not concerned with the politics of Sind. But the Land Alienation measure is one like its fellow in the Punjab, under which there is a prohibition against sale of land to non-agriculturists. The question arises then who are agriculturists and who are non-agriculturists? In the Punjab, certain divisions are classified this way. The Syeds are agriculturists and the Sheiks are non-agriculturists. It is a hardship indeed that any one caste should be declared as non-agriculturists. It may be that many of the converts to Islam who are known by the name of Sheiks are artisans—weavers or potters or smiths or carpenters. But in India these artisans always held land as an auxiliary to their looms or tools and such a classification is bad in society. Yet there it exists. In Sind, it is possible that a more rational definition will be given.

The sparrows again

I thought we had the last of these but a strange phenomenon has happened. One male sparrow died in the electric *punkha* accident in one of the compartments of our rooms. In the next compartment, the male sparrow has thought fit to practise bigamy and has wooed and wedded the widow. Of course there was jealousy between the two females which, however, time has softened.

Exit Kitten—(15-7-'44)

One day suddenly the kitten was sent out unhonoured, unwept, unsung, out of the premises of our Fort. No farewell address was

given because no one knew that it was going. In the afternoon there was *Khalbali* all over the place. Friend and foe alike were surprised at the sudden departure of a companion, an object of playful sport, a source of amusement and entertainment. Even the few that had never taken kindly to the feline intruder could not readily reconcile themselves to its sudden disappearance. There was a pang of sorrow in them that they might have unwillingly served as the operative cause for its departure. Curiosity at once began to be roused as to why it was sent and how and whither, whether it was sent to the veterinary hospital for its ophthalmia, whether it would return and why it should have been so unceremoniously got rid of. "No. The eyes were alright. It was only an injury to the eyelid, not catarrah of the eyes," said another. While conversations were thus continuing, one friend said, "Oh for the last two days, it has been lying in my bed with me. How does it happen that it was sent away?" This remark and this revelation had a telling effect. Hostility ceased and even those who did not relish the cat melted in sympathy and wished the cat were brought in again for his was the obstetric room and he was the obstetrician that had assisted at the birth of the kitten. It was, therefore, decided to bring back the kitten from its new abode. A sepoy was told off to do it. The kitten was tied up loosely in a bag of cloth and when it came into the Fort premises, it escaped, however, through the opening of the bag and jumped out from the cycle on to the nearest place which happened to be the Fort bakery—not a bad resort for there was plenty of bread, and some meat to boot.

The Solar Eclipse

This eclipse was a grand affair on the 20th July (1944). We saw the crescent of the sun which almost looked like the *Hilal* (or ~~the~~ lunar crescent). The morning was cloudy and we despaired of being able to follow the ravages of *Rahu* and *Ketu* over the poor Sun but what was our surprise when the very cloud helped to show us the eclipse the better—serving as the smoked glass through which the lay world would watch the event. But more, the fast moving clouds—now grey, now crimson, now purple and now blue, now flaming red and now pale pink, presented as it were a scene from the movies which was glorious indeed.

Its Effects

The solar eclipse is associated in the Hindu mind with cataclysms affecting nature and man. It was on the 20th a few minutes before the eclipse began that news came on the wireless (as we ascertained long after) of Hitler's peril which however failed of its purpose only because of the incompleteness of the eclipse. But why,

if the eclipse should have its effect on empires and rulers, on Tojos and Hitlers, (Tojo had resigned his command on the 17th July '44 and his premiership on the 19th) why should it not cover other nations, other rulers and other empires? That is a mystery which can be solved only on the basis that those who had escaped disaster were all righteous and those who suffered were all iniquitous! rather a big presumption to act upon. Anyway, the eclipse was a magnificent affair and recalled to my mind the fuller one of 1896 when I was fifteen and in the college course.

Brahmin Soda

In the early days of the introduction of soda into the markets of Indian towns, there used to be a bottle called the sparklet, into which a gas bulb used to be introduced and the gas later liberated into the water in the bottle and the charging of the water with the carbonic acid gas made it soda which strangely had nothing of soda (sodium bicarbonate Na_2CO_3) in it. Later on people came to sell Brahman soda which was soda to which Liquor had been added illicitly.

Russian Promotions (28-7-'44)

Today the head of the All Russian Military Medical Service is M. Smernoff, a man of remarkable antecedents. He was more or less illiterate, till the age of twenty, except for a smattering of elementary knowledge. Then he joined a glass or boot factory and showed exceptional talents. This led to his regular studies which completed by leaps and bounds and to make a long story short, he holds his present position with only 17 years service behind him. He had attained it at the age of 38. This is possible only in Russia.

Shakuntala's Bower

The Sardar has a remarkable corner of our building in the Fort—all to himself. It is the bend of an L form structure and the short limb of the L is his room with a verandah in front of it. In front of the verandah, he has grown the 'Heavenly Blue' and from morning to evening, the blue flowers interspersed with a few pinks present a beauty which is undoubtedly of heavenly glory. Of course, we have not seen the Heavens and must form an idea thereof by the magnificence of this flower. The whole creeper forms an arch at limbs of which stand two big pots with fine roses. The Sardar is very proud of his achievement and incidentally described this as Shakuntala's bower. But it was only Shakuntala's bower from which Shakuntala had flown away to Dushyanta leaving Kanva to his sorrows as her foster father.

Pandharpur

We are told in the Bible that man was made after the image of God. In our own scriptures and *Itihasas* we learn that God created Brahma from the water and from Brahma's navel, arose, a lotus from which all creation followed—at first *Manasic* and later reproductive. Anyway one point is true that man makes his Gods after his own image. He lulls the Gods to sleep, performs their marriages, wakes them up in time, carries them in processions and so on. On the 17th of this month (July) fell the *Deva Shayana Ekadashi* which is considered the most sacred of the four *Ekadashis* observed as great and sacred festivals in Pandharpur. *Ashadha Shud Ekadashi* is the day on which God Vitthal retires and he wakes up after four months, i.e. on *Kartika Shud Ekadashi*. Owing to war conditions, Government have prohibited journeys to Pandharpur but on public agitation, the order was relaxed at the last moment. So pilgrims have had recourse to peculiar ways of reaching Pandharpur. For instance, one of our sepoys (warders) has gone to the place by a circuitous route, taking tickets beyond the necessary junction stations and travelling short. He has travelled from Ahmednagar to Dhond on the Madras-Bombay line, thence took a ticket to Sholapur but got down at Kurundwadi, thence took a ticket to a place 14 miles beyond Pandharpur and got down at Pandharpur. He spent Rs. 9-8-0 on a ticket which on return journey cost Rs. 3.

Lokamanya's Anniversary

The 1st of August has once more brought to the fore memories of the Lokamanya, his plans and policies, his tactics and his strategy, his colossal intellect, his inestimable patriotism, his immeasurable services and sacrifices. Twenty-four years ago, Lokamanya passed away, but he had left behind him monuments of his services alike to Religion and Philosophy and to the country and the nation.

Rationing (1-8-'44)

At last we too inside the Fort have had a foretaste of Rationing. Bottles of sugar have been distributed to each of us twelve, each bottle containing 12 ozs. for the week. To pool them all together and to place the sugar on the table as if nothing had happened or to carry the bottle to the dining hall each member four times a day—that was the question and it required no long deliberation—though a short, sharp discussion was natural,—to decide in favour of the former. With some who never take sugar and a few who have partly taken to *Gud* (jaggery) the new rationing gave no ground for complaint.

Exit Parrot

It has been said earlier that our parrot was injured in the wing. Oftentimes when still the cat was here and everyday after it had left, the parrot has been enjoying freedom for some stated hours of the day. This evening as usual at 5 o'clock it was allowed to air itself. It had not even given signs of a secret plan to run away. It could not, for aught we saw and knew, fly beyond the height of a chair. This evening, however, it began a quarrel with a Minah before it and as if in pursuit of it took to its wings and disappeared. The whole compound, all the rooms and roof, the trees round about were diligently searched but it was not to be found. Not even the presenting of its familiar cage with its abundance of fruit and food would discover it. At last, when every attempt was given up, suddenly it was found in a small creeper of Heavenly Blue—within a couple of yards of where it was released. But then the problem was to get it into the cage. The crafty fellow that was every day getting into its cage-home, gave the slip today and suddenly, with unwonted alertness as well as with unsuspected power of wings, it flew away the whole 100 yards length of the yard and rose high in the air, on to the top of a big neem tree from which it would not descend for all the calls and the caressings, for all the show of food and water, for all the whistles and talks which the parrot itself had taught us. Goodbye to the parrot which under the hospitality of the Ahmednagar Fort, recovered its strength in wings and once more joined its aerial and arboreal homes.

Modernism

What a difference between the yokel of the village, the urban citizen and the highly civilized magnate of the town! Every five minutes the last of these operates a pump on his table and charges his palms with the aroma of Eau de Cologne. It is said that some take small doses of sandal wood oil, not to cure any lurking disease of the genitals, but to cover even the lavatory with a certain aroma. Under modern civilization it is said that ladies take arsenic to improve the colour of their skin, apply faint traces of Belladonna to dilate their pupils, a wee bit, and small quantity of amyl nitras to flush their cheeks!

Judge Aright

"O Chataka, listen with an attentive mind. There are many clouds in the sky,—some roar (thunder) vainly and do not yield rain. Whatever (cloud) you see before you, do not humble yourself before it."

—Bhartruhari.

Re-enter kitten—(11-8-'44)

Four or five days ago, when we were in the midst of our Sanskrit *Mahabharat* studies one of the pro-cat party came running and said "Do come out at once. Our cat has come." That was the signal for all except the anti-felines to rush to the verandah and search for a running cat or kitten black, white or mottled. No one knew whether there was not a chance of its being our dear departed kitten. Then on enquiry it turned out that it was a black cat with a brown tail, according to some—a white cat with a black tail according to others, but not our cat which was white and brown mottled with a tail likewise of mixed colours. But suddenly this morning, the cat or kitten for it was born only on the 15th March and is barely five months old, has walked in and there was jubilation even in anti-feline circles. At once it walked straight to its feeding place and feeding cup and had its full and then began to move on hither and thither. Altogether it looked duller, less playful, more reserved, less demonstrative, more grown-up, less childish, weighed down with a sense of responsibility or at any rate, under a number of disciplinary measures in its new abode. That brought to mind the young Hindu bride newly sent to the husband's house amidst the tears of the parents,—the bride who until her journey was playful, childish, irresponsible and undisciplined, but who on her first return to the mother's roof is dignified, reserved, taciturn and overpowered with a sense of household duties,—now sweeping the floor, now removing the cobwebs, now dusting the furniture, now cleaning the vessels, now washing the clothes, now clearing the rice of its stones, now cutting the vegetables, now kindling the fire, now churning the curds. The mother is intensely affected because this untutored child has prematurely become a woman and housewife. So the mother-in-law must be oppressing her own dearly-loved daughter, little remembering what treatment she was giving to her own daughter-in-law. Any way the kitten went and the cat has come. It hesitates to go to its old resorts, walks slyly into room after room, answers the call of her old patron with faltering steps and at last has to be coaxed by Asaf Ali to get on to its wonted seat and bed, and it hesitatingly leaped up to the Maulana's windows where it was wont to get occasional sips of milk. The cat is dirty, thinned down and sluggish. So a fine bath was decided upon with scented oil and fragrant soap. It was washed and thrown up to the tiled verandah to dry its skin but it presently leaped down and rolled itself in the dust.

The arrival of the cat had its repercussions on the avine population. There was a stir among the 'minah' family—of dad, dam and young one. A screech has been raised early morning by them all on sighting the cat. The sparrow mortality—especially infantile,

had gone down these 20 days. But once again the sparrows have begun to screech in fear of their avowed enemy. Nor was the squirrel happy, for it began to hoot. And the grasshopper was miserable as shown by its fugitive movements. There are a hundred other victims of the cat, little insects whose names we know not, whose language we *wist* not. Thus is proved that the creation is a mechanism and a machinery for the killing of the weaker by the stronger of its elements.

Battle of Chassa Khand

One notable feature of this battle described earlier and denominated as such in the monument as well as in the District Board Records was that Kilby, the Collector of the District, left a note appreciating the rare spirit of cheerfulness with which the principal enemy (shall we say) Jotindranath Chowdhuri with two gunshot wounds in his abdomen died in his presence. When asked to state his last wishes, he answered by asking that the other two, the surviving members of his party (a third had died) should be saved as he himself, the principal member was dying. But as it happened one of the two Chita Priyanath Rai Chowdhari was hanged and the other was given transportation for life. The Police Party was headed by Mr. Rylonson and the 'battle' took place in 1917.

Procrastination

An old man was living near a burial ground in the open with his old wife. The latter said, "Dear, it is all very well in the dry days of summer but rains will begin shortly. Let us improvise a *jhonpdi* (a hut). But the old man would not listen for his comfort, lay in the remembrance of the old adage which said Ashadh is passing, Shravan will be so and so. Bhadrpad is my brother and in Aswayuj, the rains will be destroyed.

Grammar and idiom

These are not merely the attributes of language. All arts have these features. Weaving the warp and the woof form the grammar, but the coloured and floral borders of silk and lace form the idiom. Even so in cooking. To boil rice is the grammar but to prepare *pulav* or *viringe* is its idiom. To boil vegetables is easy, but to season them with spices is to idiomatise the preparation. Speaking is simple, but to speak with humour, wit and wisdom is an art!

Lord Sinha

The president of the Bombay session of the Congress (1915) was not a politician. He was a lawyer of eminence of whom John Morley said in the House of Commons, from his place as Secretary of State (for India) that he had no rival equal in Common Law and Customary Law, Codified Law and Case Law, when he called

him to the office of the Law Member of the Government of India. Later he became a K.C. and P.C. a Peer of the Realm and Under-Secretary of State for India in 1919. On his return he was made the Governor of Bihar which place he held only for 2 years. His position was made so unbearable to him in the Government House that he invited a friend who went to see him to his bed room for a chat as that was the only place where he could speak what he liked. These be thy Indian governors O Britain!

Shankar Kunj

We have taken advantage of the flagstaff and its platform, and the four steel twisted wires that hold the staff in position, to plant at the foot of the each wire-creepers,—Railway creeper, Heavenly Blue, (morning glory) and these have spread to the staff on the four sides on the south and north of the staff. Geranium, zeia, petunia and balsam. The flower beds are radiant with beauty. There is a small flower bed under the *neem* opposite the Colonel's office and one of us asked for a back bench to be placed there for a nice afternoon sitting. But the Colonel thought it was too near the office and visitors might not like it. But this new *kunj* or bower has become far more inviting and is right in the midst of the lawn in front of our rooms. And we got two back benches which have added to our amenities. We could not take the benches to the *Kunj* but we have brought the *Kunj* to the benches.

Rose Seeds (18—8—'44)

The very title must be baffling at the first glance. It may be so even on the second. Have you ever heard of a rose flower bearing fruit with a seed in it surrounded by flesh and skin? I have. There are some rose plants here in our garden and three of them have borne 73 flowers and 93 buds as counted by me yesterday at 5 p.m. These are blood red flowers such as those you see growing wild on the hedges in hill stations like Ootacamund and Waltair. I was surprised when I was shown by a friend two fruits on one plant rounded and deep red in colour with a fleshy envelopment of a hard seed within!

Six Prafullas,

About 3 months ago, five members and visitors at the residence of Mr. Shroff were arrested by the Police under D.I. Rules. After a few weeks, four of them were released. One was Mrs. Banerjee of Allahabad who was probably mistaken for her sister Mrs. Aruna Asaf Ali who was 'wanted' by the Police for some time past. Identification only proved that she was not the suspect. But she continued to be detained. One other person arrested was Sri Vijayanand Pathak who was the son of a District Superintendent of Police. It appears that he was arrested under the mistaken impression that

he was one Pratap Shah. This story reminds one of the arrest of Six Prafullas in connection with a terrorist outrage in 1916. Three of them were released as not the Prafulla that was wanted. Three others were detained for two to three years. And then it was discovered that the real Prafulla was yet to be found.

'Symbolic Arrests'

On the 9th of August, 1944, it will be remembered that Gandhi suspended any disobedience of Police orders all over the country except in Bombay where some symbolic resistance was to be offered according to plan. From the orderly conduct of the plan which pleased everyone, there was a move for the release of those arrested and they were released with the humorous remark that the symbolic disobedience led to some symbolic arrests ending in symbolic releases!

Good News (20—8—'44)

No one knows what the morrow brings. The family of 3 minahs, —father, mother and child has suddenly become dwindled into the couple. Apparently the young one has attained bird's estate and therefore become self dependent. A second change is that the cat which came here some days ago has gone away somewhere. It was not the result of any conspiracy on the part of the Felinophobes. The swallows have entered the rooms and surveyed the ceiling with a view to build nests. A telephone message brought the good tidings of the birth of a grandson to Shri Jawaharlal and the occasion was duly celebrated with distribution of sweets at Pantjee's instance.

Teachers in America

To us over here, America is a name to conjure with, a centre of civilization and progress, a land of plenty, a stronghold of freedom. But look at the fate of teachers in U.S.A. There are 900,000 teachers of whom usually 3,000 used to change jobs in a year but in '42—'43 over 1,89,000 changed jobs. Why not more pelf though that was a consideration. They really labour under serious disabilities. Men teachers cannot smoke, drink, swear, dance, play pool or take part in politics. These negative virtues are enforced much to their discontent. Women teachers cannot fall in love, or marry, should not use rouge and may not go with young men except for Sunday school collections. No manicuring is permitted. Forty per cent of teachers receive less than 1,200 dollars a year, i.e. about Rs. 400 a month! School teachership is therefore considered such a terrible profession. In addition there are supervisors composed, it is said, mostly of nitwits, nincompoops and crackpots, indoctrinated with weird ideas. Teachers have to salute them in a stated way. The window shades must be kept at in particular angle no matter what the weather is like. Children are terrorized. Fifty thousand of the teachers left for the army and 50,000 for

FEATHERS & STONES

Industry. Remedies proposed are to free teachers to lead their own lives, to allow women to marry, to increase their salaries, to relieve certain keymen from Industry and war and to induce ex-teachers to return to their jobs.

Idolatry

India is a land of idol worship and one need not be ashamed that it is so. Much has been said in its favour and in its glorification. But one point against it is that he who worships the idol with flowers, ceases to worship the flowers themselves—the flowers whose beauty is “too deep for tears.” A rose in the garden is the delight of the soul but the idolator vandalistically plucks it out to place it at the feet of an idol or on the head of a picture. His religious faith makes him a vandal, a selfish individual that seeks his own salvation in preference to the artistic gratification of the sense of pleasure, beauty and happiness by society.

Marriage

The dissolution of marriage is less easy than the contracting of it. Not that marriages are not easy to make but that they are difficult to break. There are, however, exceptions. “Marriage is dissolved by a box on the ear in France, by an epithet in Germany or simply at the wish of both parties in Sweden. In U.S.A. there are certain States such as the Indianapolis where the Porters are reputed to cry “Indianapolis,—20 for divorce”. Bernard Shaw considers “marriage is only a commercial contract of property and slavery (subjected to some religious restraints and elevated by some touch of poetry) between two people under the influence of the most violent insane, delusive and transient of passions, the parties being required to swear by that excited, abnormal and exhausting condition until death do part them.”

“God is Everywhere”

A *Guru* taught his *sishyas* (Chelas) the lore of Theology and Divinity and at the end of the course, wanted to test the *sishyas* as to their knowledge of the godhead. He gave them a dove each and wanted each to kill his at a place where no one saw them. One of them went aside, saw no human being anywhere and choked the dove betimes to death. The other went farther and yet farther and tried to choke his dove likewise but its eyes met his and he could not carry out the murderous intent despite repeated attempts. So he returned to the *Guru* and said, “Master, I see the God in its eyes when it looked at me and could not kill.” To the believer then, God is really everywhere.

,God and Montgomery (7—9—'44)

A story is told of General Montgomery who has just been elevated to the position of a Field Marshall. News comes almost simultane-

ously that General Eisenhower has relieved him of the command of the American troops. Apparently, they were not too fond of him. Montgomery's asceticism has perhaps bred in him a certain self-righteousness which is a general accompaniment—not of pure men, but of puritanism. As compensation, he becomes a Field Marshall. The story is that two military police met with their end while on duty and naturally went to Heaven. Angel Peter who was the door keeper there enquired who they were and then welcomed them and said, "Hallo, you have come in time." "Why, what is the matter" asked the Military Police. "The fact is" said the doorkeeper, "there has been a row going on inside. God is claiming that he is General Montgomery himself and some one is required to police the place."

Seeds

Our garden has become well established. It has furnished seeds of all the flowers already enumerated. Sardar has taken pains to collect them and Jawahar to sort them and put them into small envelopes and pack them together in a dealwood cigar box and present one each to the members here. Hereafter these will spread to other jails if we are transferred and to all the provinces when we may be released.

Swallows vs. Sparrows

The first and second weeks of September have witnessed new fights between the sparrows and the swallows. Apparently this is the breeding season for the latter and they have strayed into our rooms to explore the possibility of building their highly artistic, wholly feathery, hanging nests. But the sparrows will stand no such nonsense. They are old denizens who would not allow others of even their species. How could they tolerate these bat winged birds with the appearance of bats and the speed of bullets? This evening I saw a wonderful spectacle. The swallows have managed to occupy two niches in the ceiling of the room. The male and the female sparrows occupied a position of vantage on the wiring of the electric light and began to raise a cry of alarm or challenge. When this went on for half an hour, the two swallows one after another sneaked out dashing from the niches vertically down and away from the sparrow waiting for an attack and successfully evading that punitive assault.

The Colonel and his enemies

Major (now Col.) Sendak, I.M.S., M.D., M.R.C.P., (London) is the superintendent of this Fort prison. He has an inveterate hatred of the sparrow and even the nightingale if they happen to make nests in his office room and of the coppersmith that may be hooting furiously away. He has employed one prisoner to hold a flag and drive away these birds. The absence of the Jailor on a month's leave has

obliged the colonel (he has lately been promoted to the rank of a local colonel) to sleep on the premises. He has taken the Jailor's more spacious double room as his bed room. But the Jailor was not an enemy of the birds. So the new tenant has taken ill to the old denizens. There was a regular war. The ventilators were barred by wiring. But the flights of birds came over the partition from the office room adjacent to the bed room. The ventilator of the office room has been dealt with. But the birds entered through the windows. So their nests became the target of attack. They were all closed up with mortar. Two days hence foul smell emanated. They had to be opened up and the decaying eggs and decomposing bodies of the birds had to be removed. After all these major operations the ingress of the enemy could not be prevented. Perhaps if the flag waved by the gate keeper—a mere white rag, had been a Tri colour of the Congress, or a Union Jack there might have been better success.

How The Sparrows are Taught to Fly (14—9—'44)

When the parents think the young ones are sufficiently grown up to come out, they no longer feed them in the nest but repeatedly keep on flying between a watch post and the nest until starvation compels the bolder of the young ones to come out. Then it is fed. All this is being watched by the other young ones which follow suit the next day. It is in this short period of the young ones just emerging from the nest that they come and perch on your lap, or foot or shoulder as has happened to myself, Sardar and Pantjee respectively. The Maulana has specialised in the art of inviting them to his chair or lap for only then he feeds them.

Life in Mars

“What is called an astronomical unit is the mean distance from the earth to the sun. The solar system has the sun at the centre, and round it the different orbs in the following order—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto. The Saturn is the second largest planet. It is itself a small scale model of the Solar system, corresponding to the sun's nine planets, the Saturn has nine moons (Satellites) revolving round it and pursuing elliptical orbits. The question is whether any of these planets and satellites has life. Except Mars, the rest of the giant orbs (planets) are composed largely of superchilled gases enveloping comparatively small rocky cores and attended by satellites. There is evidence that only the Mars harbours life. It has an atmosphere which is almost stratospherically thin but it contains oxygen perhaps also water, the temperature ranging within the extreme tolerances of life as it flourishes on earth. The vast regions of Mars change from green to brown in seasonal cycles and therefore are, it is logical to conclude,

covered by vegetation. Polar mountains 'probably covered by snow, autumn storms indicated by patches in Photos which disappear two days later, furnishing evidence that the patch was largely cloud formation, the shrinking of polar cap indicating arrival of summer, the ruddy colour of areas indicating deserts. Uranus was first identified by telescope in 1781. Neptune and Pluto were both predicted by mathematical calculations."—*Life*, May 29, 1944.

American Divorce

An interesting case is that of James and Doris Duke Cromwell who were married in 1935, the bride being the richest girl in the world. In December 1943, the Reno (Nevada) Courts awarded Doris Duke Cromwell a divorce on grounds of cruelty. Cromwell got the divorce set aside in New Jersey's Chancery Court, it being declared null and void in New Jersey when the wife has some 10 million dollars worth of property, on the ground that the wife was never a resident of Nevada, though she had bought a house there and that the Nevada Court had improperly concealed the evidence in the case. James pleaded his case in court saying "I don't think that marriage license alone suffices to keep a woman in love with her husband. What happened to me can happen in the best regulated families." The facts of the case are interesting. James persuaded Doris to contribute \$50,000 to the Roosevelt campaign in 1940 being a good "New Dealer". But the attorney was a "Republican" reactionary who helped "poison Mrs. Cromwell's mind against me." James was in due course made minister to Canada on the strength of \$50,000 contribution and the domestic relations continued to deteriorate. James' counsel said "She humiliated him greatly by her indifference to the responsibilities of a diplomat's wife even though she dutifully joined him in such choices as inspecting a Canadian gold mine. Her 'conduct and carryings on' were shameful and shocking. It was Mrs. Cromwell that subjected her husband to the acme of cruelty. When Mrs. Cromwell's valet was compelled to wait several hours because Mr. Cromwell's bed room was occupied by his successor in his wife's affection. A deposition from her mother-in-law stated that her daughter-in-law 'frequently travelled without James 'and with companions of which my son deeply disapproved.'"

Jimmy contended that her behaviour was the chief cause of his humiliating defeat when he ran for U.S. Senator for New Jersey in 1940. When she fell ill in her lush Hawanian estate with an orchid-hung solarium and a \$20,000 hydraulically elevated diving board and learnt that her husband wanted to rush to his wife's bedside, she telephoned to warn him that he would not be welcome and in fact be locked out. Jimmy didn't care whether she wanted him or not but said "I will come even if it is only for the sake of public appearance."

FEATHERS & STONES

Doesn't she know that I am about to enter a political campaign? Doesn't she realize what the women of New Jersey will think? They all think I am brutal." In answer to the divorce suit, Jimmy said "It is I who have suffered the onus of cruelty after you wrecked my political campaign. Then he charged Mrs. Cromwell with adultery and proposed to divorce her in New Jersey because you have sufficient grounds." In cold virtuous tones, Jimmy said he replied "Gentlemen don't divorce their wives in this country." At week's end Doris appeared undisturbed by the fact that her divorce is good in Nevada, no good in New Jersey, questionable in 46 States and the Dt. of Columbia."—*Time*, May 22, 1944.

Tithi Dwayam

We have heard the Panchangam Brahman who takes *Bhiksha* from house to house and in turn announces the day of the week, the Tithi, (the day of the fortnight) the Nakshatram, the Yoga and the Karana,—sometimes saying "today is tithi Dwayam". That is to say, (e.g.) both "Chathurthi and Panchami" or "Ekadashi and Dwadashi" are combined that day. In other words, it means that the month is shortened by one day. Kautilya in his *Artha Shastra* explains this seemingly erratic calculation. It is really according to prescription—it is not erratic at all. It is prescribed by the ancient astronomers that in the 3rd and the 7th weeks of each third of the year which represents a season of 4 months in Hindusthan, this double tithi should be observed so that the year which strictly should have consisted of 12 months x 30 days (Fifteen days in each of the two Pakshas, bright and dark)=360 days now consists of 360—6 days on account of Tithi Dwayam (as aforesaid on 2 days in each of the three seasons (3x2=6 days). The lunar year thus consists of 354 days only and falls short of the full year of 365 days by 11 days. Therefore, every three years, they add a month as *Adhika Masa*. And the Muslims calculating their year strictly by the lunar movements make up the loss once in 33 years. When they add a year all at once instead of a month in 3 years as the Hindus do (33x11 days=363 being the days lost over the period and equivalent to one year in effect.)

New Year

Kautilya in his *Artha Shastra* says that the King's new year began on Shravana Shuda Pratipadi perhaps because by that time sowing would be over. In Orissa the new year begins on Ashada Bahula Dwadashi. Kautilya has a whole system of Time and Space relations and the following gives an idea of his lunar year calculations.

• Local Self-Government in Madras

In Madras there are two features of longstanding which are absent in other provinces. In Bombay, they know not what it is

to have profession tax. In Madras, the tax is graded according to income and ranges from $\frac{1}{2}$ rupee to Rs. 50/- per half year. In olden days, there was a rule that the tax was not leviable unless the person to be assessed spent 60 days in the headquarters. Thus Collectors used to tour 121 days in the half year and spend only 59 days in the headquarters Municipality, so claiming and obtaining exemption. Later, this rule was abrogated. A second point of interest is that in the southern province, the important posts in Municipalities and District Boards are provincialised. The District Panchayat Officer, the Municipal Executive Officer, the Health Officers of both, the Engineers of both—all these come under a provincial cadre and are liable to transfer. This is considered a clear improvement in Local Self-Government administration. It is surprising that other provinces have not such an arrangement which is conducive to discipline and efficiency in the services.

Gnaneshwar

What Shankara, Ramanuja and Madhava are to the South of India, so is Gnaneshwar to Maharashtra. We have just read a piece of news that the Governor of Bombay was shown a manuscript in the Deccan College Research Institute. That was the *Ms.* of Gnaneshwar written by Gnaneshwar the great philosopher of Maharashtra. He flourished 700 years ago. His father Vitthal Pant named his sons:

Nivrutti •

Gnaneshwar

Sowpan

Muktabai (daughter)

Gnaneshwar wrote his commentary on Bhagavadgita and attained his *samadhi* in *Alundi* on the banks of the Indrayani to which river (by the bye) the remains of Mahadev Desai and Kasurba were consigned in part. The names of the brothers and sister are chosen so as to represent the ascending order in one's way to Mukti or salvation.

Muktabai

Even greater than Gnaneshwar was Muktabai, and a story is told of her which is highly interesting. There was a Yogi named Changdev who was reputed to have lived for 700 years. He was mightily conscious of his purity and spiritual eminence and one day, went to the Gnaneshwar brothers, riding on a tiger with a cobra for whip in hand. The three brothers were sitting on an old ruined wall and on seeing this saint, began to move with the wall. This stunned Changdev for after all, he was riding only a living animal however fierce, but they were riding a dead wall. So he prostrated himself before Gnaneshwar and said "You are my Guru".

FEATHERS & STONES

"No" said Gnaneshwar "go to this girl Muktabai and she will show you the way to salvation." Changdev was the more humbled because he was directed to a woman for spiritual initiation. Nevertheless, he obeyed the advice. One day when Muktabai was bathing naked, he pushed open the door and was aghast at the sight, shied and withdrew. The girl, nothing daunted, asked him why he was afraid. "Because you are bathing naked". "Oh!" said she "You see the crack on the wall and what difference is there between that and this?" The Yogi was ashamed at his own imperfection and bowed before the girl guru.

Shuka and Vyasa

This story of Muktabai recalls that of Shuka and Vyasa. Shuka who is perhaps the greatest of Indian saints, was going along the wilds and was being pursued by his father Vyasa. He came across a tank in the forest where women were bathing naked and did not move or cover themselves as Shuka passed, but as Vyasa approached next, they shied and felt abashed and hastened to cover themselves. "Why do you do so when I pass by you, I, an old man with a flowing white beard, while you remained unmoved as my young son passed by you?" "Ah," said the women in one voice, "the young man has no sex-consciousness despite his youth but you despite your old age and your flowing snow-white beard have not outlived your sex-consciousness." That was so for it was Shuka that once asked his father on seeing some naked women the question as to what the peculiar bodily structure in contours and curves of these strange people meant. Such was the innocence and purity of Shuka.

Badri Narayan

Amongst the sacred places of the Hindus on the Himalayas is Badri Narayana located 10,000 feet above the sea level. There are a number of *Pandas*, there as elsewhere, but unlike elsewhere they are reputed to be good, hospitable and honest. They provide good food and sleeping accommodation and extra blankets at moderate charges. They live there with families only in the season, say five months in the year (May to September) for after it, the houses are all covered with snow. *Dall* at Badri Narayana does not cook on account of the rarefied atmosphere and therefore a low boiling point. It is therefore soaked in water, ground and dried. The dried powder (flour) is put into boiling water and used as *Dall*. All loads are carried on the Hills long distances on goats' backs.

Prayag

On the way to Badrinath and Kedarnath you come across Deva Prayag and Karna Prayag. Deva Prayag is the place where the *Pandas* take their permanent abode. You have the famous Prayag

which is now called Allahabad. Prayag seems to imply the sacred place where *Yagas* were performed of old. Some of them are the seats of the confluence of rivers such as the Jumna and the Ganga or the Alakananda and Mandakini making up the Bhagirathi. Possibly it was the confluence of the rivers that made the places sacred and caused the selection of the seat of their confluence for *Yagas*. At Kedarnath, there is more of plain land covered with beautiful flakes of snow below which the temple is situated. About 19 miles from Badarinath is the seat of the Joshi Mutt one of the four *Adi Pithas* founded by Sri Shankaracharya named, Joshi in the North, Dwarka in the West, Puri in the East and Sringeri in the South. The Gouri Kund is very near the Kedarnath temple and contains hot water of unbearable temperature. But just below runs the Mandakani from which the cold water is taken and added to the hot water to provide a comfortable bath.

Navaratri (26—9—'44)

Once again we are celebrating the Dussera, the third, in the Ahmednagar Fort. It is the greatest festival of Bengal and the grandeur of it is that the tallest of Bengalis goes to his village for its observance. Animal sacrifices which used to be common—particularly of Mahisha (He-buffalo) used to be common but they have become latterly scarce. At the most goats are sacrificed and even this has become obsolete largely by the propaganda carried on by the Jeeva Karunya Samiti—activities of the Marwadis some of whom however, spare the animals but suck the life-blood of men through usury.

In U.P. these sacrifices of sheep or goats or both are general and Vindhyachal is a place noted for them.

In Bengal the Brahmins serve as priests. In Chaitanya's time, the Brahmins made the waters of Bhagirathi red in the Nadia District of which the Headquarters is Krishnagar.

Cards Play

Indoor games are far more absorbing than outdoor ones. Tennis and Badminton, Football and Cricket, excite interest but the players are able to listen to anything said to them. In card play, Chowpat and Chess, it is impossible for any news however depressing and dangerous or however exciting and sensational, to penetrate even the ears, let alone the mind of the players. Once a cards player was told that his mother was dead. The shock of it roused him from his absorption but he said "Carry the corpse this way to the cemetery"—the implication being that he would join the funeral in that case. Another instance was that of a player who was told that his son was bitten by a snake. "Whose snake?" he queried and he resumed his game!

The Pacific Colonization

The language of the Philippines was known as *Tagalu* and in it occurred words such as *Maun* (silence) *Dukh* (grief). In Malaya there is a town known as Amaravati which, with other evidences, points to ancient colonization by Andhras. It is true that there is an Amraoti in Berar, besides the famous Buddhistic University centre in Andhra but the Maharashtras have not counted emigration and colonization as an additional virtue to their large stock of national virtues like prowess and heroism.

The Grady Mission

The Grady Mission which visited India from America told a friend that the Hydro-Electric power used in the whole of Eastern India,—Bengal, Assam and Orissa does not come up to the volume employed by the single Ford Car Factory in Canada. That reminds one of what was said in World War No. I, namely that all the Scientists in the British Isles were not as many as were employed in the Krupp's factory in Germany.

Eiffel Tower

The bower which we have named Shakara Kunj has ultimately shaped itself, it is said, after the manner of the Eiffel Tower of Paris—which is built of steel to show the artistic and Engineering skill of the architect. The tower has three storeys and except for the topmost one there is a lift. It is about 270 feet high according to one version (while another puts it at 800 feet). The base is however, about 40 yards square and presents a picturesque scene in the city known for its beauty the world over. On the first floor, the flat is well furnished and people are treated to refreshments.

Swallows and Frogs

In Andhra, there is a proverb which speaks of weighing the frogs. When people are to assemble to form a quorum and the earlier comers begin to leave as the late comers enter, it is, they say, like weighing the frogs, some of which jump out from the scale pan as others are placed in it. Not less difficult is it to count swallows than to weigh frogs for even though they are put ten in number, they execute such rapid and irregular flights in the sky right over your head that by the time you count four or five of them, others cross and recross the lines of flight and the appearance is as if a hundred of them are flying pell-mell.

Oils (12—10—'44)

India is such a vast country that in different provinces and parts, the people consume different oils. In Malabar, it is the cocoanut oil and cocoanut jaggery and cocoanut toddy that are in exclusive use. In Tamil Nadu, Karnataka and Andhra and Gujarat, the oil used is

gingely oil. In between, the Maharashtra 'uses Karada oil or Kusuma oil made from the sap flower seeds! The flowers are yellow and red and it is said that the Japanese use the yellow portion to colour their cheeks. In Bengal and U. P. and Uriya country, the mustard oil is in vogue; though in Barisal and Noakhali, cocoanut oil is in use. In Andhra, some Districts like Krishna use ghee for all preparations preferably. But when oil is used, it is the gingely oil. In some parts of the world, sunflower seed oil is used. In Russia it is said they eat the sunflower seeds. Here in our compound, a lot of magnificent sunflowers have emerged in October and today a number of parrots have approached the flowers to consume their petals.

Colour

Colour is perceived by the eye. It is associated with light. Its perception depends upon subjective as much as objective conditions. The rays of light have different wave lengths which determine the colour that is perceived. Also the person that sees may have variable conditions personally. He may be altogether colour blind due to structural or functional errors of the eye. The taking of santonine over night as a helminthicide (killer of round worms in the bowels) causes yellow vision next morning. There are variations too of sharpness of vision accounting for differences of colour vision. But primarily the nature of light is the determining factor. "The waves of visible light" are a narrow band in the known spectrum of Radiant energy. In the spectrum you come across waves of the radio miles long, then the infra-red waves of heat, the visible wave-lengths of colour and later the invisible ultra-short, ultra-violet waves and on to the infinitely short-waves of cosmic rays. The visible colours of the spectrum i.e. a ray of white light seen through a prism range from violet to red, through violet indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. The spectrograms of different substances present variations such as those of sodium, vapour, calcium, mercury, neolight, cadmium and iron. If white is the result of the addition of all the colours, black is the result of their total subtraction. In most cases, there is only partial addition or partial subtraction. Hence the colours of all the objects seen are not white, nor black. They vary according to the partial character of the addition or subtraction. There are, however, only 3 primary colours—red, green and blue. These three by their permutations and combinations produce a variety of colours—even the other 4 colours of this spectrum. This power of rendering the mixtures into different visual effects of colour resides in the response mechanism of the human eye of which nothing else is known, except that mixtures of wave-lengths produce mixtures of colours. These new mixtures of colours are sometimes other than those in the spectrum. Purple is produced by red and blue; where red, green and blue

FEATHERS & STONES

converge, they produce white; subtract from white, (1) blue and green, you get red, (2) green and red, you get blue and (3) red and green, you get yellow. The formation of new colour by subtractive mixture may also be illustrated. When yellow and blue are both subtracted from white, they yield green.

Agriculture

Kautilya gives the crops that must be sown in the particular seasons and in particular places—river beds—(pumpkin and ground), wells area—vegetables and roots, lands overflown with water—pepper—grapes and sugarcane. Low grounds—green crops; marginal furrows between two rows of crops—medicinal herbs, fragrant plants, cascus roots, hira, beraka and pindulaka. Details are given as to how the seeds are to be treated before planting, e.g. the seeds of sugar cane and the like are to be plastered at the cut end with the mixture of honey, clarified butter, the fat of hogs and cowdung. Always when sowing seeds a handful of seeds bathed in water with a piece of gold shall be sown first and a mantra recited which means,—“Salutation to God Prajapati, Kashyapa. Agriculture may always flourish and the goddess (may reside) in seeds and wealth.” A prescription is given to ward off snakes which abound in the field “Where there is the smoke caused by burning, the essence of cotton seeds and the slough of a snake, there snakes will not stay.”

Widow Remarriage

It is not merely a shastric relic that people quote which states that a married woman can remarry under certain conditions. Kautilya deals with the subject at length. The system was widely in vogue in 300 B.C. The rights of woman to *streedhan* and husband's property are in detail given by him in relation to a second marriage. A wave of agitation must be started to redress this national wrong which has proved to be the source of a great economic calamity. If the Muslims grew in population by 84 per cent while the Hindus multiplied only 35 per cent the cause must be sought not merely in conversions, not merely in the polygamy of the Muslims but in the consignment of the widow to a life of single blessedness (cursedness) to which neither she nor Hindu Society is equal.

Unrelenting Nepal

Some years ago a Raja in U. P. arranged the marriage of his son with a bride from the Royal Family of Nepal. And the date of the marriage was fixed. Invitations were sent on a grand scale. Amongst the invitees was the Governor of U.P. and the private tutor of the bridegroom—who too was a European. When Royalty in Nepal knew about it, they declined to allow the Europeans in the party to set foot in Nepal. It was undoubtedly an awkward predicament for the

Raja who made apologies to the Governor. The marriage was stopped for the time being and delicate negotiations were put through, resulting in permission being given only to the Private Tutor and that for the period of the ceremonies.

18th April, 1944

We have now direct service of the newspapers. Now they don't go to Bombay to get redirected here. They come straight. Thus we get almost all the papers so addressed,—the *Tribune*, *Hindu* and *Amrit Bazar Patrika* and the Provincial language papers at the earliest possible time.

Our Attendants

We now take leave of those who have served us these months. They are not all here. They came in groups and went away individually. Twelve of us have had 10 to 16 attendants, whose average, however, may be taken as twelve,—a barber and a dhobie, two cooks in the kitchen and two in the pantry, one cook for the prisoners, one hot water man for us and four room attendants for the twelve of us at the rate of one attendant for three of us. Their history and qualifications are the really interesting part of the story. The average duration of each set may be taken as 6 months. The first 'barber' was an Indian Christian whose profession outside was horse-hair trimming from which he found himself promoted to human head cropping and beard shaving. How we fared at his hands may easily be imagined. Our first 'dhobie' was an unusually clever chap. When asked by the jailor in Poona what his profession was outside, he found the dhobies would be safest and passed for one. He knew not how to wash a cloth or rinse it or fold it or iron it. But then there are about 70 dhobies in a central prison. He could pick it all up easily. The second dhobie came here for having committed 'rape' and in his five years' sentence became a real good dhobie and repented his crime too. The cooks had never cooked at home or in jail. Yet they were picked and chosen at the I.G.'s instance. One said that he was counting breads (the loaves) and rotis and so he was specially sent as a cook. But no one could satisfy us, for one thing we are vegetarians and meat eaters, rice eaters and chapati eaters. Maharashtras who eat less chilly and Andhras who eat more, northerners who never know tamarind and southerners who can never be without it, Bengalees that eat fish first, fish last and fish in the middle, and with it rice like the Uriyas and the Andhras. U. P. is vegetarian and non-vegetarian, fish eating and meat eating, rice eating and wheat eating. Delhi is wholly wheat eating. A real good cook could serve all. But 'no cook' is government's solution. Provisions we had but cook we had not. The room attendants have all been good,—Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Bhils, Rajaputs, mostly

Maharashtras, one Andhra 'weaver from Ahmednagar, three from U.P. one from Bengal, several from Karnataka and Gujarat and one from the Punjab. They have all been nice and most of them have earned good remission. Once a prisoner is in jail, it makes no difference what his section in the I.P.C. is. The murderer is humane, the dacoit is gentle, the thief is honest, the rioter is peaceful, the illicit manufacturer is abstemious, the rowdy is good mannered and they please the officers and satisfy the members but not seldom they are apt to resume their old ways on release—particularly cases of theft and pickpocketing.

Not The First Brick (6-10-'44)

When a brick wall has to be broken into, it is the dislodging of the first brick that is of moment. The rest make way easily. Even so in regard to releases. Today Dr. Syed Mahmood has been released. The release order came all of a sudden. If he chose to go yesterday, it was open to him to have done so. But the appropriateness of the serving of the order yesterday lay in the fact that almost simultaneously Mr. L. S. Amery stated in answer to a question in the Commons that he did not see any reason to release members of the Working Committee. But few of us knew that the release was out of the way event and thereby hangs a tale!

"Who is to Give Way?"

The story of Brahmadata, the king of Varanasi (Kasi) in a Gujarati story is of absorbing interest. He succeeded his father to the throne and soon acquired great fame for his honesty and fair play. When the king was honest and fair, so were the people and the courts were soon emptied of their clientele. The King was happy but wanted to know what his own defects were. No one however would tell him what they were. He, therefore, decided to go out incognito and know them first hand. He went to a place riding in his chariot and met another coming the opposite way. The two could not pass each other as the lane was too narrow for it and each charioteer was asking the other to give in. They questioned each other as to who their masters were and learned that they were respectively the King of Kasi and the King of Kosala. Then they asked each other about their master's age and both were of equal age. Then the charioteers took to comparing the extent, the population and the prosperity of each of the two kings and found they were all equal. Then the charioteer of Kasi asked the other how the King of Kosala subdued his enemies and was told that the King of Kosala overpowered evil with evil and good with good, anger with anger and wickedness with wickedness. But the charioteer of Kasi said that his King overcame his enemies by pitting evil with good, falsehood with truth and wickedness with service. At once, the king of Kosala

made way for the King of Kasi, got his horses unharnessed and walked up to the King of Kasi and made his obeisance to him.

10—10—1944

Today is China's national day and it behoves all to give China a prayerful thought in its present crisis. The allies contend that they have sent abundance of material help to China. But China has proved that it is all help sent to the Stillwell Army. Far more critical is the internal condition of China—the conflict between the Communists and the Kuomintang. This appears to be grossly exaggerated for we read in the columns of the *American Nation* (June 17th) the following interesting account:—

China

The Communists and Kuomintang need each other. The Communists whose army consists of several hundred thousand men, and who have perhaps an equal number of poorly clad, under-nourished guerilla troops know very well that their primary aim to defeat Japan, cannot be accomplished unless they combine forces with the Central Government. The Kuomintang on its part, realizes that the Communist Army, though badly armed and inferior in numbers, is located in the north, the strategic centre and that the influence of the communists is spreading, probably into the Shantiang. Thus, increasing prestige derives from the fact that although they have received no support in the form of arms or money in the last few years, they have continued to fight Japan with great local success. Moreover, they have understood the advantage of organizing the population into effective guerilla bands.

The ideological gulf between the Communists and the Kuomintang is not so wide as to prevent an understanding. The Communists have not set up socialism on the land, have not collectivized the farms. On the contrary they have kept the land in the hands of the peasantry as private property. They have not displaced landlords but have directed their chief effort to establishing reasonable taxes and to preventing the money-lenders from bleeding the peasants white, as they did before. They have organized small co-operatives to supply the needs of the people but they have not imposed a policy of collectivization. They have brought self-government to the villages, opened schools for the people, eliminated corruption and they share all the hardships of the population. If the Chinese Communist party is not so red as may be thought abroad, neither is the Kuomintang so black as its directors pretend.

The Kuomintang party is today composed of various social groups, Landowners, Military Leaders, Financiers, Industrialists. Its ideology has changed with its composition. But it still contains demo-

cratic elements today in a minority and even the conservative members realize the importance of Land Reform. A measure of Land Reform has been obtained by the creation of a state-owned bank, which grants loans to farmers for land improvement and furnishes funds with which to buy land for division amongst the landless peasants to develop irrigation and for settlement schemes, like those in Yunnan and Sinkiang.

(11—10—1944)

3rd Year, 3rd Month, 3rd Day

Third year, third month, third day,
Thus does time fly, say what you may.
Success is not in mortal's power to command,
Suffic't for man to hold fast to his stand.
Oh reader! life is short and love is long.
Let that be your eternal song.

Narabhakshaka—Cannibal

Brahmadatta, King of Kashi became a *Narabhakshaka* and was expelled from his throne and country. He took a vow that he would capture a hundred princes—sons of ruling kings and give a blood bath to his deity, the Devi, by sacrificing them. He carried out his project in part and planned next the capture of the son of the King of Kosala who was in the habit of going daily to a tank for bathing. Brahmadatta hid himself behind the meshwork of lotus stalks and when the Prince came as usual, pounced upon him and captured him: and while he was leading him to his own place, the Prince ascertained from Brahmadatta the purpose he had in view and asked for time so that he might go to his home and perform a sacred duty which he had promised to do while on his way to the tank. The fact was that he had on his way met a Brahmin from Takshasila (Taxila),—a poet who offered to read to him four verses for each of which however, he had claimed a lakh of *Mohurs*. The prince having agreed, sent the poet to his *Durbar* with his servant as guide. And it was when thus he was alone at the tank that Brahmadatta captured him. Now Brahmadatta was in doubt about the Prince's return but the latter reassured him and he was allowed to go. He went home and treated the Poet to the promised courtesy and honour and paid the reward due to him and having narrated his experience to his father, went to him to take leave of him. The father dissuaded him from such a suicidal errand which led him to his death voluntarily but the son in answer to the enquiry whether he did not fear the impending death, replied that he feared the breach of his promise more than death. The father let him go and the Prince, to the surprise of Brahmadatta, presented himself duly before him, whereupon the *Narabhakshaka* expressed surprise and appreciation and asked the

Prince to state what boons he wanted. The Prince prayed for 4 boons, (1) that the *Narabhakshaka* should abandon his cannibal's life, (2) that he should release all the Princes in his custody and that he should escort them back to their kingdoms, (3) that he should abandon his vow of bathing his deity in the blood of a hundred Princes and finally (4) that he himself should live to see the *Narabhakshaka* happy and prosperous and attain the age of 100 years.

The four boons were granted and acted up to. Brahmadata himself was admired by his people and restored to his lost throne.

Poorna and Buddha

A young man named Poorna one of Buddha's *Sishyas* approached Buddha for initiation in his lore and after that was done, sought permission to go to Sonapura, a place known for its wickedness. Buddha asked him a series of questions before giving permission.

Q.—What would you do if they abused you?

A.—I shall feel glad that they have not beaten me.

Q.—Supposing they beat you with their hands?

A.—I shall be glad that they have not stoned me.

Q.—Supposing they stone you?

A.—I shall rejoice that they have not lathied me.

Q.—Supposing that they lathied you?

A.—I shall be gratified that they have not hit me with any weapon.

Q.—Supposing that they used a weapon?

A.—I shall feel happy that they have not killed me.

Q.—Supposing they kill you?

A.—My soul will rejoice that they have released my body from this bondage and thus saved me the chance of my committing suicide one day.

On hearing these prompt and sedate replies from young Poorna, Buddha gave him the necessary permission.

Bharadwaja and Buddha

One day, Buddha went to Bharadwaja's place as a mendicant begging for food. Thereupon Bharadwaja raised a cry saying "You *clean* shaven, crowned Chandala, get out, get out." Buddha addressing him as "O Brahman!" asked him what he would do if guests came to his house, would he not give provisions? "Yes" said the Brahman. But supposing they don't accept them, would he not take them back? "Yes" was the reply. "Likewise" said the mendicant "you have given me your anger but I as a guest don't accept it and it shall remain with you." Thus did the mendicant teach the arrogant Brahmana that *Shanti* was better than anger.

"Mai Bhi Deech"

In Gujarat, there are 84 sects of Brahman all of whom are to be fed on ceremonial occasions. An *Oudeech* Brahman had a Mussalman friend who was intimate with him and who wanted to attend a dinner. He was taught how to comport himself but enjoined to keep silent. When ghee was being served on the *Malida* he wanted more and losing temper burst out saying 'Arey! Malida mey ghee dalo'. The neighbours were at once roused for no Brahman would employ such language or tone and being questioned he said, "Mai Bhi Deech." meaning *Oudeech*. At once an enquiry was instituted. The whole dinner party was aghast and stopped eating. The host came and adjusted matters by saying even if he is a Muslim, what has happened, has happened. Let us make no more fuss about it.

Thanks and Please

An Indian Raja happened to go to England and there engaged the services of a maid-servant. The young maid was all attentive and carrying out the behests of the Raja. One day, she approached him and said, "You seem to be a stranger to the manners and methods of this country. I have been waiting to see if you will possibly learn to say 'please' whenever you ask for anything. The Raja was unable to follow the protest but at last he learnt the manners. This reminds me of the observation of an English author at an Indian Bookstall observing the manners of this country and remarking with surprise and regret that no one says "Thank you" to the servants in this country. That shocked him. But he did not know that there is a way of indicating the thanks, by a grunt, a smile, a nod of the head, or a statement "Oh, you have taken a lot of trouble".

Suit Notice

Now to revert to the Raja in England. On a Saturday the maid servant packed up her things and was preparing herself to leave the house and politely said to the Raja "I am going". "Why" he asked. "Today is Saturday. I go at noon." "Then who will look after the baby?" "I don't care." "Then I shall not let you go." She did not care and left the place. On Monday, she came with a bailiff and notice from her lawyer of a suit for damages against the Raja on his threatening to restrain her wrongfully." With difficulty, the poor Raja wriggled himself out of the scrape.

"Phuthava, Siyova"

Here is a Japanese story taken from a Gujarati school reader which relates to a boy who was born with "forgetfulness." However often you may tell him, he did not remember his own name. His mother therefore attached a servant to him to accompany him always and everywhere, so that the boy may not cut a sorry figure. But

sometimes the servant would be absent. Moreover, the boy was put to a *guru* who taught him to repeat his name. Still he would forget. The boy—not too dull—therefore devised a plan. He asked that he should be given another name also so that if he should forget the one, perchance, he might remember the other. But not content with this, he asked that the two names be written on the two ends of his *uttareeyam* (upper garment). That was done and the two names were “Phuthava and Siyova.” He was always repeating the names so as not to forget them. One day in his wanderings he went near a river. In Japan, they put up boards on which are written the names of the rivers, their depth, and the place where they must be forded. The boy read them, duly tucked up his clothes and wanted to step into the river but slipped and fell into a pit and wriggled himself out. In his anxiety and efforts to save himself, he forgot the two names and consequently examined the end of his *uttareeyam* for the names which however got wet and washed off the cloth. The boy was clever. He at once discovered who ‘stole’ the names and accused the river of having committed the sharp practice. He demanded of the contractor and the waters the prompt restoration of the names and when there was no response forthcoming, he resolved to discover his names which he was sure, must be lying hidden at the bottom of the river. So he decided to bale out the waters by his cap and inaugurated the task with fervour and firmness.

All this was being, however, watched from afar, by a man seated on the top of a hillock, who was the contractor of the pearls contained in the river. He came down from his height promptly and roundly addressed the boy ‘You *chor*, you are stealing my pearls from the river’ The boy nothing daunted with equal promptitude replied, “You call me *chor*, it is your river—that is the *chor* and it has stolen my name.” “What is your name” asked the contractor. “You duffer,” said the boy, “don’t you follow what I say—It is my two names that your river has stolen.” From exchange of words, thus, the two came to blows and the boy got the better of the old fellow and began to belabour him demanding the restoration of his names to him. At last when the boy got hold of the contractor’s neck and throttled him, he cried out in despair, “Phuthava Siyova” meaning by the former “That is enough” and by the latter “you leave me”. “Ah, cried the boy, those are my names and thou hast at last restored them to me. Now go thy way and get thee behind me!”

Pure Vernacular

There are not a few who make a point of speaking only in their mother tongue. A Brahmin was going to a Railway Station and not knowing its location enquired of passers-by as to where the *Agni Rathu Vishram Sthana* (Railway station) was. On reaching the book-

ing office he put some money at the window and asked for "Bey Mulya Patrika" (Two tickets) to a certain place. The clerk not understanding asked, "Arey Seedha kyon bhsta nai hai? (why don't you ask straight?)

How to control the Enemy

Some rare prescriptions are given in Kautilya's *Artha Shastra* to overpower and destroy the enemy,—namely to set fire to the enemy's houses, to cause instantaneous death by the smoke of certain powders or slow death in a month when administered to a person, to destroy animal life by smoke as far as it may be carried off by the wind, to cause blindness, to poison water, to cause madness by smoke, to cause leprosy, Gonorrhoea, consumption and fever, to destroy the tongue, to cause people to bite, making those bitten bite others, to die at sight of certain things, to make fire burn unquenchingly, to enable a man to fast for a fortnight, for a month, to alter the colour of both biped and quadruped animals, to cause white colour, to make the hair white, to cure leprosy, to emit light at nights, to burn with fire without hurt.

Whoever has anointed his legs with the oil extracted from the paste prepared from the roots of pari Bhadraka, (*Erythrina Indica*) Pratibala, Vanjula (a kind of ratan or tree), Vajra (*Andropogon muricatum* or *euphorbia*) and Kadali (Banana) mixed with the serum of the flesh of a frog, can walk over fire, (without hurt). The book contains also prescriptions to walk over a hot mass of white fire as though on a bed of roses, to breathe out volumes of smoke and fire, to enable fire to burn even in the storm, in water, to bind the legs of a man covered with a paste, and thus break them to pieces, to break *ayakantha* (sun-stone) magnet, to pieces, to enable a person to walk 50 *yojanas* without fatigue, walk a 100 *yojanas*, also 'medicines and mantras' to enable persons by ointments, 'to see in pitch dark at night', to 'walk invisible', to make beasts and birds invisible, to throw the whole of the animal life into slumber, to make doors open themselves, and put inmates to sleep to cut to pieces strings of machines, to cause a man's body to grow in width and length, to cause blindness, loss of 'livelihood', to destroy families, to cause foodstuffs in vessels never to decrease in quantity, to cause butter produced by the cows to collect itself in a vessel, to call out a collection of fruits to come out of their own accord, and to remove the bad effects of poison, and to remove consumption and madness.

Deepavali (16—10—'44)

Last year (1943) the festivals were not celebrated owing to the Bengal Famine. The Deepavali was as dark as *amavasya* would be. But this year, our eiffel tower has been lighted in five tiers and the cemented circular platform at the bottom made a fifth. Luckily there

is no wind. This day, the 16th of October, once used to be observed as the partition day of Bengal. That partition dating back to 16-10-1905 was undone on 12-12-1911. This year, we were perilously near another partition (Pakistan). That has been luckily averted for the time being and we have with unmixed feelings celebrated Deepavali subject to the limitations of rationing.

Those two gourds

On the day of the Lakshmi Puja, an interesting episode, took place in the pantry. It was really a tragio-comedy. The cooks who have ever so many grounds for mutual quarrels especially when one steals something and does not share it with another had a quarrel as usual and when the time came for cutting the evening vegetables from the 'cooker', the two gourds (Lokis) disappeared. At first, the man in charge searched for it here and there and elsewhere and then reported the loss to the Havildar who reported it to the Jamadar, who duly communicated it to the Jailor who thereupon held a court, summoned all the prisoners—some thirteen in number and made them stand in a double row observing strict silence and guarded by sepoys (warders) and took them one by one, recorded depositions. Then the 12 sepoys were set the task of search for the two gourds or their cut pieces or remnants thereof and some of us joined in the search. It was exciting and there was fun. We searched the clothing and beddings, the baskets and the water tubs, the drains and the gutters, the hot water boiler and the cold water reservoir, the eaves of verandahs and the surfaces of the tiles, the terraces and the roofs, the lumber rooms, under the carpets, within the *niwar* of the cots, at the roots of flower plants, on the branches of big trees and all in vain. There was a quarrel and one or two prisoners were fettered for a while and released. The fact was that whenever a saucer or cup was broken, it was being thrown over the roof into the yard outside our block. These two must have met with a like fate and there, being found sound and edible, must have been removed by some servant living on the premises. It is thus that packets of tobacco find their way into jails over the high walls and it must be thus that our two gourds must have found their way outside the block over the low roof of the lavatories.

The Deer and the Wolf Cubs

In spite of these acts of mischief and worse on the part of the common prisoners, much attention and kindness were lavished on them. That is the Indian temperament and there would be discussions whether all this was worthwhile doing in relation to men who robbed and raped, who rioted and murdered, who drank and danced, and who would do all this again. But the justification is to be found in the Russian Fable which tells how a deer lost both her young ones

and her udder was heavy with milk. So she suckled two cubs which she found in the forest and when a passerby asked her whether she knew whom she was suckling and explained that they were cubs of a wolf which on growing big would kill her, she simply said, "my udder is heavy with milk and it is my *dharma* to unburden it."

Girl or agile (17—10—'44)

Dr. Syed Mahmood's interviews outside as reported in certain papers—the *Leader* and *Amrit Bazar Patrika* (Allahabad Edition) have helped to provide some badly needed amusement. He stated that the elderly members were playing indoor games while the girl inmates were playing badminton. We have no girl inmates here, however, much one might wish there were some. Or may it be that Government sanctioned some and the Jailor and Superintendent misdirected them? It may be remembered that an English daily in London in describing the meeting of August 7th and 8th in Bombay said that it was tumultuous and disorderly until a bevy of dancing girls came on the stage and provided dancing and music which alone restored order.

The fact seems to be that the U.P. telegram was despatched by the signaller using the word 'girl' in place of 'agile'.

Who is to Manage

The Gujarat Vidya Peeth has published readers for young boys and girls which are really a remarkable production abounding as they do in diverse stories of artistic interest at the same time carrying moral lessons with them.

Dhanya was a rich Sheth who had four sons,—Dhanpal, Dhana Dev, Dhana Rakshak and Dhanagop. He was greatly worried in his old age as to who should be the consultant and adviser in the management of his property and wealth if he should go abroad on a pilgrimage, or if he should be debilitated by advancing age or if he should die. The four sons were married and their wives were Ujjik, Bhogavati, Rakshika and Rohini. He called his daughters-in-law one day one by one and gave each of them five grains of paddy asking that they should take due care of them and produce them before him whenever he should so desire. Ujjik smiled to herself and said, "What need is there that I should secure them? There is a whole granary full of paddy in the house." And she threw them away. Bhogavati shelled the grains and ate away the rice, thinking to herself like Ujjik that the five grains could be easily returned from the tons of paddy in the stores. Rakshika carefully tied them up in a piece of silk cloth and put the bundle under the pillow and was every now and then opening the bundle and verifying their existence. But Rohini dug the earth and planted them and watered the plants which

grew each producing twenty to forty stalks and all yielding measures of paddy which was resown next season and so on, so that in due course the paddy filled whole *Kothars* or paddy storing jars. At the end of five years Dhanya Seth called each of them. Ujjik produced the five grains from the granary and owned up what she had done. Likewise did Bhogavati. When the turn came to Rakshika she proudly produced the very grains and equally proudly narrated how she protected them. When Rohini was asked to produce her 5 grains she asked for a number of bullock carts and when surprise was expressed as to why she required bullock carts for carrying five grains, she related in detail the story of the granaries of paddy into which they grew. Then Dhanya said to Rohini, "You are the person to be consulted and to manage the whole property." Rakshika, the protector, was made the Treasurer as she could only take care of what she had and could not reproduce. Bhogavati, one who enjoys life, was put in charge of kitchen to cook and to feed the rest. Ujjika, the wastrel (from Tyaj--to abandon) was told her duty was to sweep the house and keep things clean. Each daughter-in-law was true to her name and accordingly assigned duties appropriate to the name she bore.

Roosevelt and the Baby (29—10—'44)

An American citizen had a son whom he proudly showed to his friend. The latter blessed him and said, "May he live long to be the President of the U.S.A. Republic!" "Why, what has happened to President Roosevelt?" was the prompt taunt of the father against the unending greed of Franklin whose 4th election comes off on the 7th November 1944.

A Prince and the Working Committee

India has 562 princes of different categories and one of them maintains 200 dogs for which a special train is formed whenever they are moved. Showing the worst looking amongst them, he said to Lionel Fielden who had been the Controller of Broadcasting for 5 years (1935-40) and resigned and wrote a book on India "Beggar My Neighbour" "there you see the Working Committee of the Congress".

Malvi and Moulvi

In better taste undoubtedly is the christening of his two dogs by a District Magistrate in U.P. as "Malvi and Moulvi" whether the combination is due to their incomplete rhyming or whether it is because Malaviyajee is as good a speaker in Urdu as in Hindi and is therefore very near being a Moulvi, it is not easy to say, but there is no bad taste in the christening.

Prof. A. V. Hill's Errors

The Indian Scientific Mission that is visiting Britain and America was welcomed by Prof. A. V. Hill, M.P., F.R.S., and Secretary of the

FEATHERS & STONES

Royal Society. He was asked at a Press Conference why men like Sir C. V. Raman and others of the superior grade did not turn up in Britain. His answer was not merely lame but untrue for he said they were not heads of Institutions or holding important positions. The statement may be examined from the standpoint of the qualifications of those who have visited and those who have not visited. Dr. Sir C. V. Raman is a Scientist of International position. He is the Head of Physics Department in the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore and is the President of the Indian Academy of Science. But he is an independent man and if selected, should have been made the leader of the Delegation in place of Dr. Bhatnagar who is a Government officer and therefore could be better relied upon for Government purposes. Jnanendranath Mukherjee is only a Ghosh Professor of Chemistry in the Calcutta University and likewise S. K. Mitra, a Ghosh Professor of Physics. Like Bhatnagar, Dr. Nazir Ahmed and Col. Bhatia are Government servants and therefore 'trusty' lieutenants of Government. Amongst the omissions are besides Sir C. V. Raman, Professor Birbul Sahnii who is the Dean of the Faculty of Science and an F.R.S. and Dr. Bhabha who is likewise an F.R.S. These three omissions are glaring and inexplicable on the grounds mentioned by Prof. A. V. Hill. Thus the selection was defective on grounds both of omission and commission.

The Spirit of Korea

Korea came under the control of Japan. The Independent movement began in 1919 and as a reprisal some villages were burnt. Two American journalists watched this and asked some of the villagers who were victims, what it was that endeared Independence to them so much. One of the party, an elderly man said "Gentlemen, we are villagers. We are ignorant. We know not what Government is, but these lands—and he stamped his foot on the ground—have been ours from the days of our ancestors. Would you not feel it if you lost your lands to another nation?" Not merely the old man but the children were permeated with the spirit of Independence. A number of them were arrested and kept in Police lock-up for having made a demonstration in favour of Korean Independence. After two days they were made to stand in a file and warned not to do any such thing. At once, they pulled their belts out which relaxed their trousers and bared their abdomens on which they showed the Korean flag was painted. The colours were black, red-black of the earth and red of their iron blood!

Three Epigrams

(1) The fly is described as a pendulum that moves from the latrine to the kitchen.

(2) A scion of an aristocratic family being ultimately reduced in circumstances and dragged to the court answered the Judge's en-

quiry about the cause of his fall by putting it down to "slow horses and fast women."

(3) A general warned his officers always to take work, wine and women in the particular order but they persisted in beginning at the end and "moving from last to first."

Cat's Eye

A *Reuter's* message runs as follows:—

German Scientists have invented a new "cat's eye" drug which trebles the eyesight in darkness, according to a Berlin report in the *Aftonbladet*. The new drug is called "noctan bee". Injected in the eye it makes the retina perceive ultra-red rays. It enables a night-flier to sight an enemy plane in darkness at a distance three times longer than had hitherto been experienced. Mass production of the "cat's eye" drug has begun, the report added. The Germans expect soon to be able to inject all their night-fighters before sending them into battle.

* * * * *

Only a few days ago, I referred in these pages to the devices of Kautilya's time to enable people to see at night but desisted from quoting the prescriptions. I must now quote them for India's honour.

"Having pulled out both the right and the left eyeballs of a cat, camel, wolf, boar, porcupine, vagula, crow and owl or of any one or two or three or many such animals which roam at nights, one should reduce them to two kinds of powder. Whoever anoints his own right eye with the powder of the left eyeball and vice versa can clearly see things even in pitch at night.

"One is the eye of a boar, another that of a Khadyota (Fire fly) or a crow or a maina bird. Having anointed one's own eyes with the above, one can clearly see things at night."

(Page 449, Chapter III Kautilya's *Artha Shastra*).

The "Additional"

A farmer was accused of having stolen the bull of his neighbour whose argument was that he had 3 bulls not four. Farmers may have pairs of bulls, but not three. The third was obviously stolen. No amount of argument by the accused would convince the Magistrate who cast in his weight on the side of the prosecutor. At last in utter despair, the farmer said, "Your worship, you are an additional Magistrate and my bull is an "additional" bull. This closed the matter. If he so chose, he might cite the instance of the Government Secretariats where they are the Secretary, the Additional Secretary, the Joint Secretary, the Deputy Secretary, the Additional Deputy Secretary, and the Joint Deputy and the Assistant Secretary.

'Gentlemen?

Mr. Maxton, Labour Member, it is said, addressed the members of the House of Commons on a certain occasion "Gentlemen". The speaker at once raised a point of order and stopped the member. The member profusely apologized saying "Hon'ble Members of the House, I am profoundly sorry—I called you 'gentlemen'." The fact is that in all such assemblies, the chair has to be addressed and not the members.

Some Definitions

(a) **Democracy**—"Democracy is the art of governing according to the ignorance of majorities."

(b) **Political Science**—"Political Science is the devising of the best ways of fulfilling the will of the world. Once the method is laid down, the way is discovered and machinery provided and the Statesman's work is done. The official's begins."

Says Bernard Shaw in his Preface to "Getting Married" (p. 6).

"Any atheist could pass himself off on them as a bishop, any anarchist as a judge, any despot as a Whig, any sentimental socialist as a Tory, any philtre-monger or witch-finder as a Scientist, any phrase-maker as a Statesman."

The Gospel of Laodiceo

An immoderately good man is much more dangerous than an immoderately bad man; that is why Savonarola was burnt and John or Leyden torn to pieces with red pincers whilst multitudes of rescals (unredeemed) were being let off with clipped ears, burnt palms, a flogging or a few years in the galleys. Socrates was poisoned and Joan of Arc was burnt.

The Gospel of Laodiceo urges people to be temperate (moderate) in what they call goodness as in everything else.

Grow More Food

To plead want of food for a growing population is as stupid as to plead want of air for breathing, of water for washing and drinking and light for seeing. They produce it. It is hands that produce not the soil. It is the brain that makes two blades of grass grow, that can grow more trees and fruit, that can train wild growth into gardens and food for man and beast.

The more you need, the more you produce and consume and reproduce and reconsume.

Dissolution of Marriage

Marriage, it has already been pointed out, is dissolved by a box on the ear as in France, by an epithet as in Germany. It is dissolved simply at the wish of both parties in Sweden.

Dependence of women on men reduces the difference between marriage and prostitution to the difference between Trade Unions and unorganized casual labour.

Women don't object to Polygamy because full share of a 10th rate man is no better than 1/10 share in a first rate man (Income); men object because best men monopolize all women just as in Polyandry women object because best women have all the men. Hence all men and women support monogamy because men object to polygamy and women to polyandry and only inferiors and mediocres object-not the best men or women. So screw up the inferior and the average to higher level and Polygamy and Polyandry would disappear.

Shavian Wit

"Send the Husband and Wife to Penal servitude if you want to punish them but do not send them back to perpetual wedlock".

"Never forget that if you leave your law to Judges and your religion to Bishops, you will presently find yourself without either law or Religion."

"Journalists are too poorly paid in this country to know anything that is fit for publication."

"Let us rejoice in death as in birth for without death we can't be born again and born better is fit only to represent the city of London in Parliament or perhaps the University of Oxford."

Communist vs. Capitalist

The Chessmen of U.S.S.R. were on show in July 1944 at the Manhattan Metropolitan Museum. In U.S.S.R., chess is the most popular indoor game and the chess pieces represent figures in the class struggle. There is a chained worker who is a capitalist pawn. There is a sinister piece whose head as a grimacing skill is a capitalist king. There is a rugged collective farmer who is a communist pawn. And there is an aproned worker who is a communist king.

(Time July 24, '44).

Thou 'Moorkha'!

On one occasion King Bhoja went into the harem when the Queen was talking to a lady friend of hers and seeing him break in upon their privacy, the queen called him "thou Moorkha. The King lost his balance thereon not knowing why he was so treated and being wholly upset began to so address every one he came across including Kalidasa who said:

"While eating I walk not,
While laughing I prate not,
I regret not the past,

I praise not mine own deeds,
When two are speaking, I make not the third,
How then O, Bhoja! callest thou me *Moorkha*?

On this King Bhoja forthwith realized why his queen reprimanded him as *Moorkha*.

Electricity and Life

All living things exist surrounded by an electrical aura of their own making. This aura of electro-dynamic field, plays a great part in determining the size, shape and behaviour of every plant and animal. It is influenced moreover by all the little understood phenomenon of the universe like cosmic rays and sun spots. This means that life on earth is connected electrically to the whole, mysterious, dynamic pattern of the universe. To prove the existence of this electric field, in an animal, Dr. Burr puts a live salamander in a dish full of salt water which acts as an electrical conductor. Leading from his bath to an extremely sensitive delicate recording apparatus are two electrodes in effect, conducting wires. As the dish and the salamander are turned, an electric current flows through these electrodes and is registered on the recorder. The living salamander has thus become a tiny electric generator. In so doing the salamander provides a conclusive proof that he possesses an electric field, for it is a Physical law that when such a field is rotated, an electric current inevitably results. Again the influence of the universe on Begonia plant is shown by an experiment. When attached by two electrodes to the recorder, it registered large increase in voltage at full moon. Dr. Burr, however, believes some larger force in universe affects both plant and cycle of the moon. Trees all over the world are affected alike by forces in universe.

In a growing corn as the seed sprouts and the root grows downward, more and more electric current is generated. Dr. Burr concludes from this and other experiments that electric fields play a major part in determining the shape and design of all living things.

What is more, wound diagnoses can be done electrically. When healthy forefingers are dipped in cups of salt water, connected to a galvanometer, the dial shows 1.5 milli volts flowing between positive left hand and negative right hand. Current changes when the 2 middle fingers—one with slight cut one end,— are dipped in the cups. The left is now negative and current has gone up to 12 milli volts. It may soon be possible to diagnose internal lesions like ulcers by a similar method.

Women Warriors

Is it a fact that she goats are not killed for meat nor the she sheep? If so it is a wise and far seen plan of providing meat and

perpetuating the progeny. So it is with cows. Apart from the religious objection of the Hindus to cow killing, economically, it is disastrous in its results. And if the women are sent as food for cannon, they help to destroy the progeny.

"Ham, Ayen?"

One eminent Divine in Bengal was somewhat taken aback when the Bengalee on concluding his business with him said "Ham Ayen?" and got up. Why does he say "we come" a half an hour after he has come and why does he say that and rise to go? The practice is almost universal,—In Bengal, in Utkal, in the South of India and elsewhere. The Tamilian says, "non, varren" which means "I come". The Andhra says "I shall come" or "I go and come", the Kanarese says, "nan Baritheni" (I come and so on) which means I go and shall come again. To say merely, "I go" is inauspicious. This practice does not seem to be prevalent, however, in Gujarat.

Moyne's a Guinness

The news that the British Resident Minister in the Mid-East was fatally shot by two civilians as he was stepping from his car outside his home in Cairo, shows that terrorist outrages are spreading from Palestine abroad. He is Irish and was formerly Col. Walter Edward Guinness and a joke is associated with his name. He was the head of a family which owned a large concern of manufacture of Beer known as Guinness. In Great Britain and Ireland the host at a party asks each guest "what is yours" and the joke was perpetrated in answer to this: *Moyne is a Guinness*. The joke is perhaps better understood in India at any rate if it is made clear that Guinness is the name of a celebrated beer and that the Irish pronounce 'Mine' as 'Moyne'—the title that Sir Edward Guinness assumed on being raised to a peerage. Pun is not a good form of wit yet there it is, "Myon is a Guinness."

Three Great Events (7—11—'44)

Great events seldom occur singly. Professor Blackie is credited with having made a joke when he said "Great men are not born singly. They come in groups. For instance three great personages were born in 1809—Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone and myself." On the seventh of November too three or even four great events happened. The Russian Revolution and Stalin's anti-Japanese speech, the Presidential election of U.S.A. and my own birthday. But there is a fourth which is not less interesting.

Thief Neighbour

The fourth is the daring act of housebreaking and theft in the night by a little rat or mouse. For years, I have been wont to keep

FEATHERS & STONES

a plantain by the bedside to be taken between 1 and 2 a.m., when I get an attack of hunger pain. This particular night when I fumbled for the plantain at the usual time, I found my finger ran into a cavernous hole 2 inches long and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch broad and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep and on examining the accident by switching on the light, I found that a rat or mouse had made a circular hole in the mosquito net 1 inch in diameter popped in its head and encroached upon my precious medicine for my *Gastralgia*. For 2 years and 3 months I have kept the plantain by my bedside and it was unmolested all along. Why then did this act of spoilation happen? Really it was an act of revenge for we had a bunch of plantains which was wrapped up in grass and kept in a corner. Two plantains were eaten into and I removed them into the cupboard which made them inaccessible to the thief my neighbour. Apparently the rat or mouse is on short commons and not admitted to the privilege of rationing in the city either. And too it has reason for taking revenge on me in particular. I am therefore obliged to keep my plantain in a bottle, cork it, and keep it under the pillow and the pillow under my head with the bottom of the bottle—not its mouth—towards the curtain, so as to make my diet rat-proof.

Cultural Losses

The greatest tragedy of wars is the loss of Libraries, Paintings and Art Treasures. India has suffered in the past as much as any other country both from wars and from the ravages of time. Kalidasa has referred in *Malavikagnimitra* to dramas of Bhasa, Saumilla and Kaviputra. Nothing is known of the latter two while some of Bhasa's works were discovered by Ganapati Shastri, Bhaskaracharya the great Indian Mathematician refers to the solution of quadratic equation by Sridharacharya and Padmanabh. No book is known to be extant of either of the two. The "Abhidharma Kosa" of Vasubandhu is only found in Chinese from which it has been translated into French and Acharya Narendra dev (one of our twelve) has rendered it into English and Hindi.

The libraries of Nalanda and Vikramasheela were burnt by the Muslim invaders.

Fracture (14—11—'44)

No one knows what is awaiting him or her the next moment. This evening Shree Hare Krishna Mehtab has finished his badminton and gone to the Volley Ball which is played by the sepoys and the common prisoners. After a while, he suddenly complained of pain in the middle phalanx of the left little finger and was obviously in distress. On examination, it was found to be a case of fracture. He was immediately sent to the Colonel who bandaged it with a splint

and next morning took him out for x-rays which revealed a fracture of the end of the bone in a V-shaped form in which is enclosed the conical bit. Plaster of Paris bandage has been applied and he has recovered in time.

Match-makers

To an Englishman, it may sound strange that marriages should be settled by intermediaries. In India generally speaking it is so. But what should one say when one hears of the 'match-makers' in France who bring about alliances between girls and boys and get in return a share of the dowry that the bride takes to the bridegroom? In France, the girl population is much larger than the boy element. There is therefore competition among girls for boys and the deciding issue is the dowry along with other factors. It is possible that the girl and the boy have not met before marriage and they seldom throw out any proposals made by their parents. In Bengal, there is a class of people called 'ghataks' who bring about marriages. It is said that they are experts in casting horoscopes or even recasting them as the *Kundalis* of the boy and the girl must agree for the alliance to be fixed up.

"Where do you drag me"

Quarrels between a wife and her husband are not uncommon in life. A certain wife in a fit of anger left her husband's house and stayed away for a day. She then changed her mind and wanted to return but found no one to cajole or coax her. So she had recourse to a device. The cattle were returning home from the fields. She got hold of the tail of one of them and was all the while crying, *Go vapas* (the cows are returning) *Mujhko kahan kheench le jate ho* (where do you drag me?). So she made her way home!

The People

One of the most popular quotations in politics is Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address. It seems most of us make a mistake in emphasising the prepositions instead of the noun *people* in the sentence, Government of the *people*, by the *people*, for the *people*. Everyone says "of the people, by the people, for the people."

Do Animals Think?

(1) Sparrows can steal and conceal the stolen property in some secret place, avoid detection and pick it up for use later when the owner has left the place.

(2) The wolves can conspire to inveigle a dog that pursues them into a trap where a group of them lie in ambush to destroy the dog.

(3) The spider when it notices that its thread tied at one end to a plant is sagging, it makes the plant erect by spinning a thread from its top and attaching it at the other end to some low shrub.

(4) Two healthy porcupines guide a blind one in between them every morning to a pasture and guide it back home in the evenings.

One Life

How often have we not heard of India being a congeries of nations? Yet they observe a common calendar,—solar or lunar, their common festivals being regulated by the lunar. The festivals are seasonal, astronomical, religious or historic. Their marriage customs and death ceremonies are the same. Births and deaths are observed with varying emphasis on pollution. Sea baths, Chaturmas, are common to India. The Gods and their anecdotes, the lore of faiths and philosophy, the methods of worship, the practice of Yoga, the system of medicine and surgery, the folk lore and folk-songs, the music and dance, the drama and their rendering on the boards in-doors or in the open, the division into castes and their ideals, the codes of conduct and the Laws of Society, the prohibitions and inhibitions of relationship through marriage, the treatment accorded to women, the laws of inheritance (with small variations), the social laws and Civil Institutions, the dress and diet (with slight climatic adaptations), the bathing and washing, the superstitions and prejudices, the conception of eclipses, of Hell and Heaven, the 12 sacred rivers and the seven Parvatas, and pilgrimages, the seven island continents, the influence of stars on human life, the personification of the earth, the Ganges and the cow as the three mothers, Bhumata, Gangamata and Gomata—all these and many more are common to the Hindus from Kashmir to Cape Camorin and from Dwarka to Sylhet. These thoughts re-occur to the mind when in friendly chats, we compare notes and discover that the months of Paush, Ashadh and Bhadrapad are inauspicious for entering a new house, celebrating a marriage or sending a new bride to her father-in-law's place. In the north, they observe a period as *Kharvamas* and in the south as *Mudham*—(*Maudhyami*).

American Trains

"I travelled down to Los Angeles by what is called Caylight—a train of extreme modernity" says J. L. Hudson in his *American Note Book*—VI. "A voice over the loudspeaker told us where we were, how long we should remain at the next stop, who had a telegram waiting for him and from time to time got the news bulletin also. It was something of a bombardment."

Comedies of Language

When Englishmen learn the Indian Languages, they commit queer mistakes as for instance using the word for "washing" (the

clothes) in place of the word for washing the leg of the horse. Likewise Indians are known to commit comic blunders in the use of English words and expressions. A lawyer of North India—let us call him Parvati Charan, when asked by the Judge what the correct time was, said, looking at his watch ‘shut up, my Lord’. “What do you mean” says the Judge. “Shut up my Lord” was the reply. The fact was his watch stopped (or shut up) as he put it. The same lawyer in congratulating the Judge on an occasion said “My Lord you are truly a eunuch Judge” in place of a ‘unique judge’. An Uriya prisoner in the 1922 campaign complained of his monthly course having debilitated him, when he had a nocturnal emission. There was a man named Das who sought a job and represented himself to the European officer who knew a bit of Uriya that he belonged to a slave (Dasa) Dynasty and deserved to be uplifted. He was given a Deputy Collector’s place and went on until the trick was discovered too late for amends.

Once the Maharaja of P.—went to the Governor of his Province and saw the Governor coming out of the bath room after having a shave. Then the Maharajah said to him “Your Excellency seems to be bloody today.”

Artificial Manufacture of Diamonds

A meteorite is a veritable mine of wealth not merely the wealth of knowledge but the wealth of valuable property. The discovery on examination of meteorite, right in its centre of a diamond has led to the cult of artificial diamonds and at the hands of Henry Morrison led to the study of their manufacture. The formation of the diamond in the meteorite was due to the high pressure to which the carbon as its centre was subjected as the meteoric fell on earth. Its outer layer was of iron and the sudden cooling gave the pressure. So Henry Morrison melted iron and dropping a piece of carbon into it suddenly cooled the molten iron with carbon in water found no diamond but only graphite. The fact was that the water vapour created by the molten iron poured into it being a bad conductor of heat conserved it and prevented sudden cooling. Next time, the cooling was effected by pouring molten iron with the carbon into molten lead there being a vast disparity in the melting points of the two. This time, the carbon was converted into bits of diamond which could be easily recovered by dissolving the whole mass in Hydrochloric acid and thus separating the Diamond bits. The cost of such a manufacture however was forbidding. The brilliants sold in the market as substitutes of diamonds have however nothing to do with this experiment.

Deflation (or Ten Tons of Pregnancy)

“In Rome an astonished *Carabinieri* officer blinked, gasped and began to count. Never had he seen so many pregnant ‘Romanas’ trudging back from visits to the country side. He remembered Mus-

FEATHERS & STONES

solini and his medals for mother-hood. But Il Duce was gone. Could it be that his works were marching on? The suspicious *Carabinieri* decided to investigate, uncovered a wide spread fraud. In fitted containers under their clothes the "pregnant" women were delivering olive oil to Rome's Black Market buyers. A few days of pre-natal check ups yielded 10 tons of oil. —(Time).

Mathematical Robot

"The world's greatest mathematical calculating machine was shown to Newmen in August 1944 when there was unveiled a bewildering 50 foot panel of knob, wires, counters, gears and switches, with 500 roles of wire, 3 million electric connections. It will make any mathematical calculation suggested on earth as well as a number posed by the celestial universe. This colossal gadget was invented by Harvard's Associate Professor (Now Commander) Howard H. Ailken with the assistance of engineers of international business machine corps which built the machine. The calculator adds or subtracts in $1/3$ of a second, multiplies in 6 seconds, calculates the sine of x in 88 seconds. It has solved in 19 hours a problem that took four operators, 3 weeks on ordinary office calculators, given guinea pig and mortality rates, it is capable of computing how many living progeny a pair of Guinea pig would have by St. Patrick's Day of 1968. It solves simultaneous linear algebraic equations, analyses, statistics, stores up the answers to difficult computations for future use in similar problems and gets answers accurate to 23 places. When the Machine errs, it automatically stops. It has already exposed 11 miscalculations in a certain formula that has been standard for years. After the war, Mr. Ailken, the inventor, predicts the machine will solve problems in star movements which have never been tackled because the computation was too laborious.

Ailken took 8 years to plan and build the machine. The operator feeds a problem into the machine by punching holes in a tape in a coded sequence. The tape then rolls over a drum which picks up the message by mechanical feelers and closes electric circuits that start the calculation process.

On Temples

India is the land of sacred temples all over. Every one is familiar with the classical structures of the south—the Padmanabhaswami temple of Trivandrum with its Kulashekara Mandap of a double row of statuary sculptures, the famous Vaikom temple, the colossal temple of Madura Meenakshi, the jewel of a temple of Tanjore and Trichinopoly, the city temple of Shrirangam, the magnificent Shaivite temple of Chidambaram and Kalahasti, the historic temples of Shiva and Vishnu at Canjeevaram, the majestic structures of Parthasarathi temple in Triplicane and the Shaiva (Kapaleshwara)

temple of Mylapore (both in Madras), the artistic treasures of Belur and Halibedi in Mysore State, with their exquisitely chiselled statuary, the glories of Lepakshi and Penugonda (Anantapur District), in Andhra, the ancient temples of Jagannath at Puri and of Bhuvaneshwar in Orissa as also the ruins of its Konrak temple of the Sun, the golden temple of Amritsar, the Radha Krishna temple of Bindaban, the Parasnath temple of Calcutta, the modern pantheistic temple in Delhi built by Jugal Kishore Birla, the unostentatious but sacred and historic temple of Kashi Vishvanath, the stupendous structures of Rameshwar, the South Indian Model temple at Mathura, the rock-cut Kailas temple at Ellora and the rock-cut structures at Mahabailpur and Hampi and the great Ajanta Caves.

But there are little funny temples as the names may suggest, temples of Kala Ram, and Gora Ram in Nasik, of Kala Rani in Ayodhya, the Sasur-Damad temples at Ayodhya again and the Sas-Bahu temples in the Fort of Gwalior. There are still the magnificent Jain temples of Mount Abu and of Girnar and Palitana, the inspiring structures of Gaya and Buddha Gaya, the numerous temples of Ayodhya—all monuments redolent of ancient epic and everlasting tradition in Hindusthan.

Guru and Shishya

There was a certain governor of a province named Ibrahim. He gave up his position and became a Fakir and he made a nice observation on the relationship between preceptor and his pupil. There was once a Guru with whom a *Shishya* studied for years and learnt nothing but another who lived with him for five days and learnt everything. The fact was that the former lived his own life and merely studied under the preceptor. The latter surrendered himself to the preceptor and became one with him. From the flowing water of the Gangetic learning, the former did take a few buckets but the latter was absorbed in the current and assimilated therein. And for example he gave the case of Rose flowers and Rose leaves. Do the petals smell? Yes, Do the leaves smell? No. Then he bundled them together and asked that the leaves should be smelt. They too had the fragrance of the rose. Likewise the *Shishya* would absorb the full fragrance of the culture of the guru when the two have really coalesced into one. Gandhi, it is said, cares more for a worker who had spent a fortnight in his *ashram* than for all the intellectuals who are believed to have absorbed his culture. Verily he only illustrates Ibrahim's experience.

The Loundi and the Soft Bed

Ibrahim, being a Governor or a Subah (in Bactria) was naturally given to comfort to the point of luxury. He had a soft bed perhaps

FEATHERS & STONES

of Eider down and his female servant (Loundi) had one day the curiosity to lie down on that, superfine bed of his. Hardly had she stretched herself for a bare quarter of an hour when she was detected and sentenced to 25 strokes of whipping. She received the whip strokes (*thaziane*) not only with non-chalance but smiling, and when questioned why she did so, said in reply, "Your Excellency, if for fifteen minutes of occupying this bed, I am sentenced to 25 lashes by the whip, I am wondering what should be your punishment in the next world considering the fact that you have occupied it all these nights the whole of your life. Ibrahim understood the admonition and expressed his penitence. (Thoba-o-Isthisfar).

The Missing Camel in the Palace

Still another story of this great saint is told which relates to a camel-keeper going to his palace of four storeys in search of his missing camel and when reprimanded as to how he should be so foolish as to seek out his camel in the Governor's palace, replied unperturbed "Oh if you can't find my camel in your fourth storey, how can you hope to find Heaven therein!"

Ibrahim flourished in the 2nd century Hijra and was a celebrated 'sufi'.

Hindi Bhagavadgita

Next to the Bible, the Gita has perhaps been translated into the largest number of languages. Yet no translation of it is known in all the Indian provincial languages. People would not simply drink of the waters of a channel when the fountain is nearby. Recently however, it was rendered into fine Marathi by Vinoba Bhawe. It is said by a German that it was first rendered into Hindi in the 10th Century A.D.

Our Music Academy and Vishnu Digambar (15—12—'44)

It is highly gratifying that on the conclusion of the celebrations by the Prayag Samiti in connection with its convocation week, the Vishnu Digambar University of Music should have been inaugurated at Allahabad on November 28th last. Side by side with this, is another Music University in the making, which is also attached to the Benares Hindu University. Art is bound to push itself to the fore in the progress of a nation's culture—especially during a period of Renaissance. The mention of Pandit V. Digambar's name in this connection recalls a notable incident that occurred at the opening of the Cocanada Session of the Indian National Congress (1923 Dec.). For some years previously and later the Pandit and his troupe were rendering the Vande Mataram and other national songs on the opening day of the Session and when as usual, the Pandit and party were throwing the thousands assembled into raptures, Maulana Md. Ali (May peace be

to his soul) stopped the party and the performance and said Music was forbidden to Muslim culture. This created a crisis for the Reception Committee which stood helpless and dumbfounded, between their August President and their revered guest. But the Pandit gave no time for despair or despondency. Rising to the height of his character and self-respect, he demolished the Maulana's argument by quoting tradition and precedent and declaring that the gathering was a National and not a religious one. Verily the Maharatta and the Muslim were there like two gladiators in the Roman arena, but the Maulana—the perfect gentleman that he was, withdrew his objection silently and the music went on unhindered.

"Nunni"

The Shiyas and the Sunnis have differences between themselves even more acute than between any two rival sub-sects, such as the Catholics and the Protestants in Christianity or the Vadaghalis and Thangalais amongst the Tamil Vaishnavites, and these Muslim differences came into notoriety in the *Tabarra* and *Middle Saheba* cries and consequent riots in Behar a few years ago. Nadir Shah was much upset by these differences in the soldiers of his army and one day having filed them in different arrays on opposite sides, he called up one from one side and asked who he was and when he answered that he was a Sunni the King cut his head with his sword. The opposite party's turn came and when in confidence the man summoned proclaimed himself to be a Shia, he too was beheaded. When four or five on either side were so disposed of, one clever fellow answered the routine question by declaring himself neither a Shia nor a Sunni but a 'Nunni' and he was spared and all sectarian difference ceased at once.

"Metachdoche"

This story reminds me of a figure of speech which we had coined while young. It was no easy task to distinguish between metonymy and synecdoche and so we coined a common substitute for both in the word Metachdoche.

The Blind Beggar

When Nadir Shah visited a mosque, he came across a blind beggar who when asked by him how long he had been there, said that he had been there for about 10 years. Nadir Shah suspected him to be a malingerer and said that if he did not find his way home at once alone, he would be beheaded. And the blind man opened his eyes and saw. What Christ achieved by Faith, Nadir Shah achieved by Fear.

A Stellar Entertainment (17—11—'44)

Today is Pushya Shud Dwitiya. The Mohuram begins today. We have seen in the evening at 6-30 p.m. a big, radiant, bluish star fall—

FEATHERS & STONES

ing and having fallen some distance became obscure for a moment and immediately presented a flaming mass of cloud-covered dimness which continued for more than 5 minutes—declining of course in its luminosity. Apparently the heavenly body burst into pieces and some having reached the atmosphere from the stratosphere became solidified and again broke up into gases which retained the luminosity for a while and provided a much needed variety entertainment in the blue canopy of the Heavens under which we were sitting.

Comet Clyde

Great men are truly born, not made. The chiselling and the polishing may be artificial, but the grit is there already, natural born. We have all heard of the planet Pluto but who discovered it we know not. Clyde Tombaugh of Burdett, Kansas, is a farmer's son. But the father and the uncle had themselves studied the skies and star maps for years in Illinois and bought a cheap lens and made a telescope with an oil cloth tube. The son inherited the aptitude and was ridiculed by his class-mates and even by his brother and sister. He was nick-named, Comet Clyde. The boy could not go beyond his High School studies. But studies apart, the stars and the sky engaged his time and attention. He laboured upon a farm yard and spent 36 dollars in constructing a telescope that would cost 1000 dollars. He ground his own lens for a reflecting telescope. He dug out an underground chamber 24 x 12 x 7 feet without being disturbed by variable temperature outside, with corbarundum. Before he began in a Lowell observatory, his great quest in 1929, he discovered with his own instrument the geometric net-work of the martian canal and wrote about it to the Lowell Observatory where he got a job and in 1930 he caught the flicker of something new in the constellation of Gemini (♊) and the story was released on cables and wires on March 13. It was Pluto, the new comet. Indeed Percival Lowell had predicted the existence of two new comets but died before discovering them. Clyde got a scholarship which helped him to complete his University studies which he could not otherwise afford, so graduating and obtaining his M. A. degree. Thus it was that the penniless farm boy has become a great astronomer like Herchell, the Bavarian singer who, a Dutchman, in order to escape conscription in his native land, fled to England and was having a peep into telescopes and became Astronomer Royal.

The Half Sheet of Matter

During the days of the Hunter Commission appointed in 1919 to investigate into the Jallianwalla Baug firing and allied disorders, Asaf Ali prepared a detailed memorandum of the happenings at Delhi at the desire of Gandhi and presented it to the latter who, however, further desired it to be abridged to a half sheet of paper. In doing so,

he quoted the instance of Morley asking Gokhale to reduce the latter's long and detailed Memorandum to a half sheet as he (Morley) had no time to go through the whole bundle. So did Gandhi feel that the Hunter Commission would not care to read a long memorandum, —one longer than a half sheet, and this Asaf Ali prepared. And Gandhi was pleased.

The Cook (20—12—'44)

In the Montford Reforms, we had our Ministers under dyarchy with control over P.W.D. without irrigation, over Forests without industries, and over departments without the Services. So we have here provisions without a cook and a doctor without medicines or instruments. Today is the 20th December 1944, and we have put in 28 months 11 days without a cook except for a Marwadi for 7 days and a butler for 1½ days. The difficulty is that the cook is to be treated as a sepoy (warder) and is required to observe his disciplines. He could go home in the afternoon and not in the nights. No one would accept such prison conditions. When the Inspector-General came here on the 7th instant, the rule of Government was strongly criticized and its unreasonableness exposed. The I. G. had no alternative but to change the rule and we have a cook after 2-1/3 years!

Who are these 'jees'?

In Bengal, they have three castes,—Brahmans, Vaidyas and Kayasthas. The Mukherjees are really Mukhopadhyayas while the Banerjees are Bandopadhyayas and the Chatterjees are Chattopadhyayas. The Gangulis are Gangopadhyayas. These four belonging to the Brahman class are known by their profession as Upadhyayas (or preceptors), the first part of the title—namely Mukha, Banda and Chatta and Ganga being the names of the villages they once belonged to. Then how did the 'r' creep into the first three names? Bandopadhyaya is the Upadhyaya of Banda but 'd' and 'r' are interchangeable as in Bada Bazaar being called Burra Buzaar. In fact the latter is pronounced as a mixture of 'r' and 'd'. Therefore, Bandh has become Banr-jee. In the Bengal villages, however, they are called Barjá or Barje, Chatja or Chatje, Mukhja or Mukhje and Gangja or Ganje.

The Nine Planets—Babylonian Tradition

India has known nine *Grahas* (including the Sun and the Moon and the two mythical planets Rahu and Ketu). The Babylonians characterized two of these, Venus (Zohra) and Mercury as two prostitutes who were so beautiful that angels descended from the Heaven to woo them and they fascinated the angels so much that they themselves ascended the Heaven leaving the two angels in a well hanging in the mid-air where, according to the Babylonian tradition, they are

FEATHERS & STONES

subjected to the stings of wasps and reptiles so that every time man kills a wasp, it is believed 20 wasps are killed in the well and the two poor angels get so much relief.

Castes in Sind

Brahmins exist in Sind but they belong to the depressed classes and are admitted to concessions in Educational Institutions. The Baniyas are called Bhais and wear dhotis while the Khattris are called Diwans and wear pyjamas. On one occasion a Bania Bhai went to see a Khatri—Jeevatram and asked to see Dewan Jeevatram who appeared before him in a dhoti and asked what his mission was. "Ah, I want to see Diwan Jeevatram" he repeated, because the Diwan happened to be dressed in a dhoti at the time and therefore took the friend opposite for some one else.

Love

Love and marriage are interrelated. Many claim to have loved before they married. Old people who have led a humdrum life free from the raptures of Romance, tell you they have married and loved. Love is not the spark, momentary, scintillating, like lightning between two clouds charged with electricity or even between the massive earth and the vast expanse of the blue Heavens. Love is the incandescence that is sustained and illuminating, generated by high power voltage sustained over a whole life-time. Love is not the fore-waters that protect a new babe but the after-birth that has sustained it all along. It is not the fleeting fancy of the moment but the lasting bond of time between kindred souls—not souls that are alike but souls that are allied, drawn together by diverse affinities. Love is not a simple or quadratic equation in mathematics, not a Binomial Theorem but a blend of Permutations and Combinations. Love is not equality between two competitors but mutual subordination between two co-operators.

On Mushrooms

How often have we not read in the Press that whole families were accidentally poisoned to death by eating preparations of mushrooms. There are edible as well as poisonous varieties of these, which it is not easy to distinguish. There is no fool-proof guide as in some cases, they look alike in colour and form. Peeling is no test for poisonous ones which peel as readily as the edible ones; nor is the use of silver spoons any aid for while edible ones tarnish the spoon, it remains clean with the poisonous ones. The mushrooms are fungi which reproduce by spores and have no seeds. They feed on rotting wood and decaying leaves. Cool nights of late summer encourage their growth.

(*Life*, 28-8-'44),

The Woes of Pafis

Paris, the city of Light and Liberty has a long history of violence. In 1572, she witnessed the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre in which 2,000 Hugueonots died. On St. Bartholomew's day in 1944 Parisians are killing Germans.

- 1789, July 14, The Bastille, symbol of French Monarchy fell.
- 1792, August, 16. Crowds charged the palace and stormed Tuilliers, so beginning the real French Revolution. Between June 1793 and August 1794, the great Reign of Terror prevailed.
- 1794. Reign of Terror ended with Execution of Rovespierr.
- 1795. Napoleon Bonaparte became famous in a street battle and put down a counter-revolutionary uprising.
- 1830. Paris revolted against Charles X who was installed by the Congress of Vienna. Crowds set up barricades and charged cathedral of Notre Dame and Hotel D'Ville.
- 1848. Louis Philippe, successor to Charles X was ousted. Revolution put an end to Monarchy and began the 2nd Republic.
- 1851. 2nd Republic fell and 2nd Empire of Napoleon III began.
- 1870. Prussian Siege and beginnings of Paris Commune. Gambett escaped during siege, went to Tours and reorganized a new Army.
- 1871. French defeated at Sedan. After surrender Revolutionary Government of Commune was set up. Hostages were executed by communards when National Government killed prisoners. Parisians wrecked monuments, destroyed Vendome column, commemorating Napoleon's Conquest. After Commune lost Paris, 17,000 people were slaughtered.
- 1930. Last days of 3rd Republic. 15,000 Neo-fascists rise on Champs Elysees in July.
- 1936. Marches of Royalists, sit down strikes, sales strikes, girls stay all night in stores.
- 1936. Leon Blum was almost beaten to death by Royalists.
- 1938. Senate voted against policies of Blum's popular Front.
Government crowds attacked Gardes mobiles. Next day Blum resigned.
- 14-6-1940. Germans enter Paris. Two weeks later Hitler walks before Eiffel Tower.
- 1944, August 4th, French Republic proclamation by De Gaulle.

Michael Angelo

The war has given birth to many stories disparaging to German intelligence. One is that it was proposed by men in authority that

FEATHERS & STONES

a certain high placed German be given the degree of Doctorate of Laws and Literature (Hon. Causa). The Vice-Chancellor of the University concerned following an immemorial custom, put him a question just to test his general knowledge and asked "Who is Michael Angelo?". The would-be recipient scratched his head, fumbled and looked vacant and at last said "He must be er . . ., I can't say off-hand." The matter was duly communicated to the authorities that had made the proposal and it gave rise to a searching of hearts and brains. They themselves did not know who this Michael Angelo was and they circularized a number of eminent scholars and statesmen, scientists and divines. They got various answers and at last thought they should refer the subject to Goebbels who thought he must be some bloke in the concentration camp!!!

Hazrat-i-Tikri

There is a general feeling that all Muslims are one in their allegiance to the Quran, in their faith in Mohammad as the last Prophet, and in their worship in Spirit and Truth of the *Allah*. But the Ata Turk, Kemal Pasha, did not recognize the *Allah* of the Arabic language i.e., he avoided the expression and in place of Allah, always spoke of Hazrat-i-Tikri. The Persians have likewise eliminated the word Allah and no longer employ the sacred phrase Bismilla-al-Rahim, at the beginning of a book or a sacred document. They use the word Khudah in place of Allah and have adopted a new formula in place of Bismillah. New nationalism resents the tyranny of languages and names of foreign origin. So did the Irish and so does India tend to do in renaming its streets and chowks and bazaars.

On Every New Comer (23—12—'44)

One Nathubhai Jatae, it is said, reported to the authorities of the Kotah State in Central India that he had a son because the latter notified that the arrival of every new comer to the State who was a politician, should be notified duly. Nathubhai believed that his new born son would become a politician indeed, was already born one, hence the report of his birth to the State!

Believe It or Not

A curious WILL has been described under this heading: "A stock broker's will is quoted below: "To my wife, I leave her lover and the knowledge that I was not a fool she thought I was. To my son I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For 25 years he thought the pleasure was mine. He was mistaken. To my daughter I leave 1,00,000 dollars; she will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her. To my valet I leave the clothes he has been stealing from me regularly for ten years and also the fur coat he wore last winter, while I was in Palm Beach. To my chauffeur, I leave my

cars. He almost ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job. To my partner I leave the suggestion that he take some other clever man in with him at once if he expects to do any business!"

29—12—'44

To night we have witnessed a phenomenon the like of which I have not seen during the last six and half decades. It was not an eclipse of the moon,—that is a fairly common event, but the passing of the moon into the penumbra of the earth, not its shadow. Objectively we saw between 7 and 11 p.m. a portion of the moon (full moon) darkened as if by smoke and when she passed the penumbra, we had once again the full orb of the moon in all her mellow radiance and her soothing coolness.

Figures

In India each figure is associated with something sacred or significant. Thus—

ONE stands for the one God without a second.

TWO for Jeevatma and Paramatma;
also the two ayanas—Uttara and Dakshina.

THREE GUNAS—Satva, Rajas and Tamas.

three murtis—Brahma, Vishnu, Maheshwara;

three karma—Manas, Vacha, Kaya;

three avasthas—Jagrat, Swapna, Sushupta;

three kriyas—Mani, Mantra, Aushadha;

three nayikas—Sweeya, Parakeeya, Samanya;

three ritis—Vaidarbhi, Gaudi, Panchali;

three pakas—Draksha, Narikela, Kadali;

three aksbis—Kanchi Kamakshi, Madura Mēenakshi, Kashi Vishalakshi;

three ambas—Mukamba, Gnanamba, Bhramaramba.

three kalas—Bhuta, Vartamana, Bhavishya;

three shaktis—Prabhu, Utsaha, Mantra;

the dhanagatis—Dana, Bhoga, Nasha;

FOUR ANGAS—Ratha, Gaja, Turaga, Padati;

four Stree Jatis—Padmini, Hastini, Chitrini, Shankhini;

four Purusha Jatis—Bhadra, Datta, Kushimara, Panchala;

four Antahkaranas—Manas, Buddhi, Chittam, Ahamkaram;

four Ashramas—Brahmacharya, Grahastha, Vanaprastha and Sanyasa;

four Kavya vrittis—Kaishiki, Arabhani, Satwati, Bharati;

four Upayas—Sama, Dama, Bheda, Danda;

FEATHERS & STONES

four Purusharathas—Dharma, Artha, Karma, Moksha;

four Vedas—Rigveda, Yajurveda, Samaveda, Atharva Veda;

FOUR Yugas—Krita, (17,18,000 years), Treta (12,96,000), Dwapara (8,64,000), Kali (4,32,000).

Two thousand of these cycles of four yugas are one day for Brahma!

FIVE—is the Panch Tantras—Sandhi, Vighraha, Mitra Bheda and Mitra Labha—and Asamprekshyakaritwa.

Five mothers—King's wife, elder brother's wife, Guru's wife, wife's mother, own mother.

five fathers—Own father; He who has performed upanayanam, Teacher; He who feeds in calamity; He who protects in danger.

SIX SHASTRAS—Tarka, Vyakarana, Dharma, Mimamsa, Nyaya, and Jyotisha;

SEVEN RISHIS—Kashyapa, Atri, Bharadwaja, Vishvamitra, Gautama, Jamadagni and Vashishta. (There is another version too).

ASTHA KARMAS—Dasya, daridrya, widowerhood, swayam krishi, begging, saying 'no' to beggar, indebtedness, walking along a path.

NINE GEMS—Vajra, Vaidurya, Gomedhika, Pushyaraga, Marakata, Manikya, Neela, Pravala and Mutya.

Nine Gems of Vikramaditya's Court—Kalidasa, Amarasingha, Varahamihira, Ghata, Karpura, Vararuchi, Kshapanaka, Sanku, Vetabhatta.

TEN Manmatha Avasthas—Seeing, Imagining, Picturing, Sleeplessness, declining in weight, lassitude, shamelessness, delusion, fainting, attempting suicide.

Ten Danas—Godana, Bhudana, Tiladana, Hiranyadan, Mritadan, Vastradan, Dhanyadan, Gudadan, Raupyadan and Lavanadan. (some would add 'nasyadan' snuff (which is regarded as a mahadan!) and make them 11).

ELEVEN RUDRAS—Ugra, Soma, Sara, Mrugavyadha, Ratinja, Bhikshaka, Yahirbhudna, Pinaki, Padukeswara, Kapalikeya, Bhauma, Bhishak.

DWADASA Adityas—Aryama, Mitra, Varuna, Arka, Bhaga, Indra, Vivaswan, Pusha, Varjanya, Twashtra, Vishnu, Aja-ghanya.

FOURTEEN Manus—Swayambhuva, Swarochista, Uttama, Tamasa, Raivata, Chakshusha, Vaivasvata, Surya Savar-

nika, Daksha Savarnika, Brahma Savarnika, Rudra Savarnika, Dharma Savarnika, Rauchya Savarnika, Bhauchya Savarnika.

SIXTEEN Maharajas—Gaya, Ambarisha, Sasabindu, Anga, Pruthu, Maruti, Suhotra, Parasurama, Shree Rama, Bharata, Dileepa, Nruga, Rantideva, Yayati, Mandhata, Bhagiratha.

EIGHTEEN Puranas—Brahma, Padma, Vaishnava, Saiva, Bhagavata, Bhavishyotara, Naradeeya, Markandeya, Agneya, Brahma, Kaivarta, Lainga, Varana, Skanda, Garuda, Vamana, Matsya, Kurma, Brahmanda.

The Nobel Prizes

The announcement that Dr. Fleming will be the recipient of the Nobel Prize this year, for medicine directs attention to that great institution which has thrown out a prize of £6,500 to scholars and servants who work for the advance of human good and have no conception of a money prize for their labours. The Nobel Prizes have been withheld since the War began in 1939 and that Dr. Fleming and his colleague Dr. Florey should have been mentioned for the prize which has greatly augmented in value owing to the 5 years' accumulation, speaks volumes of the eminence of the doctors' services. We may appropriately recall some of the outstanding names of recipients in this connection.

"Refugees from German tyranny—Dr. Otto Stern and Dr. George Hevesy—are among the latest Nobel Prize winners. Both get the delayed 1943 awards for Physics and Chemistry respectively. Dr. Stern, one time associate of Albert Einstein, received the prize for his contribution to the development of the molecular ray method of detecting the magnetic momentum of protons. When the Nazis came into power, he resigned from the Hamburg University and came to the United States and continued his research. His studies have enabled him to calculate the mysteries of atomic structure. Dr. Hevesy, a Hungarian scientist, is now a refugee in Sweden. The Nobel Prize for literature has been awarded to Jensen for his six volume-epic history of the Cambrians or Teutonic people. It is believed that because Jensen is a Dane, the Nazis will forbid him to receive the prize money of 29,000 dollars."

Peace Prize

Norman Angell wrote his book on *The Great Illusion* in 1910 to prove the wastefulness of war to the victor. He got the Nobel Peace Prize in 1933 and was knighted. But Sir Norman Angell has published two books in this war "For what do we fight" and "America's Dilemma". He is one of the reactionaries in respect of India!

FEATHERS & STONES

Lovienz was a Dutch man who got the Nobel Prize for his new geometry of three dimensions known as Lovinzian Geometry which was greatly helpful to Einstein in elaborating his theory of Relativity.

The Japanese Savant Nagochi received the Nobel Prize for discovering the spirochaeta of syphilis in the Cerebro-spinal fluid.

Zeemann got his Nobel Prize for a study in the sun's spectra in a Magnetic Field.

Other recipients are Michaelson and Morley for Physics on Light. Erlich received the Nobel Prize for studying the morphology of Blood.

After making these random jottings, I have come across a fine article in the Weekly issue (December 10, 1944) of the *Bombay Chronicle* which deals with Alfred Nobel, the man and his work. He was the founder of these prizes—five in number annually awardable for Physics, Chemistry, Physiology and Medicine, Literature and Promotion of Peace, each of the value of £10,000 (pre-war). Alfred was one of three brothers—sons of Immannual Nobel—an inventor of 'Mines', was born in 1833 and died in his 63rd year having made, a year before, the endowment to which the prizes owe their origin. He made his pile through inventions of explosive substances such as blasting, gelatine and smokeless gun powder since called by the British "Cordite". Alfred filed a suit against the British Government for infringement of patent rights and lost the suit after spending £28,000. He was greatly depressed by what he felt, was failure of Justice. He patented other things such as artificial silk, leather varnish and so on. When he was 60, he fell ill with heart attacks for which he had to take that very explosive nitroglycerine by which he had made his fortune (liquor trinitrini is the medicine referred to). Altogether there have been distributed 174 Nobel Prizes amongst 210 persons of whom 9 are women. Germans top the list with 40½ Nobel prizes and 46 winners. Great Britain follows with 24½ prizes and 31 winners, and U.S.A. 3rd, with 21½ prizes and 30 winners and France 4th with 21½ prizes and 29 winners. Two Indians—Sir C. V. Raman and Dr. Rabindranath Tagore are amongst the winners.

Alfred Nobel—"Never do a Good Turn!"

"We are not the first, who with the best of intentions have come to the worst" said Shakespeare long ago and so say we today. "Why is it X is abusing you?" asked a friend and the reply is "I wonder why, for I have never done him any good." This seems to be as true of India as of Britain—but strangely enough we get a confirmation of it from the life of Alfred Nobel—the founder of the Nobel Prizes. He was a bachelor and he wrote to his sister-in-law "I drift about without a rudder or compass, a wreck on the sea of life. I have no memories to cheer, no pleasant illusions of the future to comfort me or

about myself to satisfy my vanity. I have no family to furnish, the only kind of survival that concerns us—no friends for the wholesome development of my affairs.” His life was embittered by ungrateful people who attacked him although they had received help from him. Those whom he helped a little asked for more and he wrote: “If there is one piece of advice that I would give to my friends, it is never to do a good turn. Every time that I have yielded to this lamentable propensity I have made another enemy. This has happened with clocklike regularity.” Alfred Nobel was not a Satyagrahi. His remedy was not to do any good to any one but obviously to do more good in return for evil.

Nobel Prizes 43-44

In this year's Nobel Prize for Medical research the first awarded since 1939, penicillin did not figure. Drs. Henric Dam and Edward Albert Dois share the 1943 medical prize (29,500.07 dollars) for discovery and synthesis respectively of V. K. the blood coagulation vitamin. This is the fifth time vitamin research has won a Nobel Prize. Synthetic V. K. is called Menadione. Extra V. K. is needed to stop haemorrhages by producing sufficient prothombin, when disease cuts off flow and impairs intestinal absorption—also given to women a few days before child birth and to new born babies.

Nobel Prize

It is seldom that a mother and daughter have won the Nobel prize. Yet Madame Curie has that honour for she and her daughter have both won the Nobel prizes in Science. Madame got it twice, once in Physics for researches in Radio activity and Buquerrel rays and a second time in Chemistry for separation of Radium while her daughter got it jointly with her husband for researches in Physics.

Six winners of the Nobel science prizes who could not go to Stockholm in wartime to receive them from King Gustaf had the prizes presented to them in New York by the Swedish Minister to the United States, Wollmarf Bostroem. The presentation was made following a luncheon under the auspices of the American Scandinavian Foundation.

Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, the Foundation's president, presided and introduced Minister Bostroem as having helped to draw up the America-Swedish reciprocal trade agreement, first concluded by the United States under former Secretary of State Cordell Hull's trade programme. Leach observed: “The problem of this global war is to restore the works of Alfred Nobel into the hands of those who will use them for human welfare.”

“A cable from King Gustaf V of Sweden, a message from Crown Prince Olaf in Stockholm and a letter from President Roosevelt were

FEATHERS & STONES

read by Dr. Leach. King Gustaf congratulated the recipients and expressed his hope that the "scientists of my country and those in the great republic on the other side of the Atlantic will, in the near future be able to resume to the fullest extent their fruitful co-operation for the benefit of mankind."

Roosevelt's message said: "Here in America we have always believed that science should be the servant of the people. I am confident that after this war scientists of all nations will again contribute their talents to the world body of knowledge, useful alike to all people. The Nobel prizes for the past 43 years have fostered this concept that science and art are builders of peace."

Crown Prince Olaf expressed his "gratification that this year we are able to resume distribution of the awards, though it is impossible to perform the usual ceremony in my country."

The six prize winners, five Americans and one Dane, appeared in black academic gowns with multi-coloured hoods to receive the scrolls from the Swedish Minister.

First was Dr. Otto Stern, German-born refugee who for ten years has been professor of Physics at the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He was honoured for his contribution to the development of the atomic ray.

Austrian-born Dr. Isidor Rabi received his prize for his work at Columbia University on the resonance method of recording the magnetic properties of atomic nuclei.

Prizes For Medicine

Prizes in physiology and medicine for 1943-44 were shared by two scientists. The 1944 award went to Dr. Joseph Erlanger, professor of physiology at Washington University, St. Louis Missouri and Dr. Herbert S. Gasser, director of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research for joint work over a long period on the functions of nerve fibres. Dr. Edward A. Doherty, professor of biochemistry at St. Louis University School of Medicine and Dr. Henrik Dam, Danish scientist now working at the Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, shared the 1943 prize for their work on Vitamin K, which arrests bleeding.

President Harold W. Dodds of Princeton University, who also spoke at the ceremony, pointed out that "there are 33 Nobel Prize winners now resident in the United States" and said that it was a "great encouragement to science and the liberal arts in America that our scholarship merits so generously the approval of the deliberate judgment of Scandinavia."—(U.S.O.W.I.).

Nobel Prizes

1. Emil Fischer (Polypeptides).
2. Emil Fischer (Sugars & Uric acid and synthesis of Haematin)

3. Weyland and Windams (Bile acids).
4. Warburg (Differentiating between 'living and non-living substances).
5. Butenandt (Hormones).
6. Richard Kuhn of Heidleworth (Researches on Vitamins).

Oswald and Vant Hoff, a Dutchman, are regarded as Fathers of Modern Physical Chemistry. Both received the Nobel Prize for Chemistry. A curious thing happened about the Nobel Peace Prize in relation to Germany. One year (1936) it (the Peace Prize for 1935) was offered to the German Pacifist, Karl Von Ossietzky who was under detention without trial. Hence the German Government ordered that no German should receive the Nobel Prize thereafter and instituted 3 prizes of their own. Richard Kuhn and Butenandt have thus refused the prizes offered to the latter for his work on six hormones and to the former for his synthesis of Vitamin A.

Nobel Prizes in Physics and Chemistry worth 29,000 dollars each went in November, 1944 to 3 men for their study of atoms. These prizes were for 2 years.

1943 .. Physics .. Otto Stern (aged 56).

1944 .. Physics .. Issidor Issac Rabi (aged 46).

These two were for studies of Atoms nucleus—the core of protons and 1943 Chemistry—George Von Hevesy, aged 59. Eight of the last 10 Nobel Physics awards have gone for atomic researches.

Literature

The Nobel Prize for Literature for 1944 has been awarded by the Swedish Academy to the Danish author Johannes V. Jensen. Although the Nobel awards are strictly non-political, this decision, it is said, is generally acclaimed as an important encouragement to the Danish people in their courageous fight for freedom and independence against brutal oppression. Jensen is regarded as the foremost, literary representative of the spirit of resistance filling all true Danish hearts. When in 1864, Denmark was defeated by Prussia, his *Goethe resistance of 40 years ago* stimulated revolt against the spirit of defeatism. His recent book *The Long Journey* is likewise an expression of the energy and will to resistance against oppression that are the dominating ingredients in all human progress.

(*Manchester Guardian Weekly*, Nov. 24, 1944)

Pavlov (1849-1936) the great Russian Scientist got his Nobel Prize for researches in Physiology. Sir William Ramsay got his for his researches on the gases of the atmosphere. Of these *organ* was round

FEATHERS & STONES

independently by him and by Lord Raleigh by different methods, while Helium was discovered independently. Three other gases, Neon and Xenon and Krypton were discovered by Ramsay and Travers. Wasserman got his prize for his Wasserman Reaction—the test for syphilis, while Von Behring, for Serum Therapy and anti-diphtheritic serum.

Robert Koch (1843-1910) was the German Bacteriologist who got the Nobel Prize for isolating the Tubercle Bacillus.

Turn Over

पान सडे	Betel leaves rot,
घोडा अडे	Horse will stop,
विद्या विसर जाय	Learning will be forgotten,
तवा ऊपर रोटी जले	and the cake on the pan will char.
इसका क्या उपाय	How to prevent these things
	Unless turned over they are all spoiled.
पुष्पेषु जाजी	Of flowers Jasmine is the best.
पुरुषेषु विष्णु	Of men Vishnu is the best.
नारीषु रंभा	Of women Rambha is the best.
नदीषु गंगा	Of rivers Ganga is the best.
नृपेषु राम	Of Kings Rama is the best.
अध्वरेषु स्तोम	Of yagas Stoma is the best.
काव्येषु माघ	Of the Kavyas 'Magha' is the best.
कविषु कालिदास	Of poets Kalidasa is the best.

Eight Arts

The following eight are arts which once learnt are never forgotten:

राग पाग	Music, turban,
अने पारख	and examination of jewels,
नाडी नेवली	pulse,
न्याय तर्कु	justice, swimming,
तनतर्कु	munter junter,
तसकर्वु	stealing,
ये आटे	these eight are arts never forgotten.
आप कलाये	

Some War Abbreviations

H.O.L.C.	.. Home Owners' Local Corporation.
U.S.O.W.I. (America)	.. United States Office of War Information.
S.E.A.C.	.. South East Asia Command.
U.N.R.R.A.	.. United Nations Relief and Reconstruction Association.
U.K.C.C.	.. United Kingdom's Commercial Corporation.
U.S.S.R.	.. United Soviet Socialist Republic.
R.A.F.	.. Royal Air Force.
W.A.A.F.	.. Women's Auxiliary Air Force.
R.O.C.	.. Royal Observers Centre.
R.I.N.	.. Royal Indian Navy.
P.W.B.	.. Psychological Warfare Branch.
O.W.E.	.. Overseas Warfare Executive.
I.C.A.R.	.. Imperial Council of Agricultural Research.
S.H.A.E.F.	.. The Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Force.
E.N.S.A.	.. Eastern Naval Service Association.
I.L.O.	.. International Labour Office.
Luftwaff	.. Air Weapon (aeroplane)
Wehrmacht	.. Army (might of the arm)
Labensraum	.. Living Room.
Blitz Krieg	.. Lightning War.
Wilhetmstran	.. William Street, like Downing Street or Wall Street.
N.A.R.E.B.	.. National Association of Real Estate Board (America).
F.E.P.C.	.. Fair Employment Practice Company.
O. R.	.. Other ranks.
A.B.S.I.E.	.. American Broadcasting Station In Europe.
Weltan Stchanung	.. Attitude towards the universe or outlook on life. (Philosophy).
Herrenvolk	.. Bhadrlok, Gentlemen.
Verinchtungslager	.. Extermination camp (Hitler's).

Patches Outside and inside

"Why do you wear shirts and dhoties with patches " a friend asked and the answer was clear and forthright:—"Because I wear Khaddar and Khaddar cannot be trifled with. A dhoti becomes two uttareeyams, an uttareeyam becomes two towels, a towel becomes two pillow cases, a pillow case becomes two napkins and a napkin becomes two kerchiefs." "But then why the patching?" asked the friend. "Ah, you see the patches outside on the habiliments but think of those on the viscera inside, the patch of Bismuth and creta on the bowels, of sulphaguianidine in the colon, of Insulin on pancreas, Z.A.B. (Zinc, Alum, Boric) Drops on the Conjunctiva, Opium and glycerin on the ear drum, Mandl's pigment on the pharynx, Silver nitrate solution under the eyelids, Adrenalin in oil in the muscular tissue of the alveoli vesicularis of the lungs, sodii salicylas in the synovial membrane of the joints, oleate of mercury on their surface, Icthyol and Salisylic on skin patches, spectacles on the eyes, artificial teeth in the jaws, trusses, bandages, crepes, wrist bands and mercurochrome or Tincture Iodine on cuts—what a lot to enumerate and yet how many omissions. Esuf gol for constipation, Quinine for malaria, Atebrine tabloids Phennacetin for neuralgia, wafers, Halibut Liver oil capsules, and so on. It is thus that we paint the inside too and why object to a little patching outside? I wonder."

Universities in United Kingdom

I. WALES

1. Aberigstwyth
2. Bamgor
3. Cardiff
4. Swanzes

II. SCOTLAND

1. Aberdeen
2. Glasgow
3. Edinburgh
4. St. Andrews

III. ENGLAND

- (a) Old
 - (i) London
 - (ii) Oxford
 - (iii) Cambridge

- (b) New
 - (i) Sheffield
 - (ii) Manchester
 - (iii) Bristol
 - (iv) Birmingham
 - (v) Liverpool
 - (vi) Leeds
 - (vii) Nottingham ..
 - (viii) Reading

The first Welsh name appears long, but here is another which beats it. There is a place (village) in Wales bearing the name "Llanfairpwchgwyngwlchallanderiwrandribellandysiliogogogoch."

Llanfairpwch;

gwyngwl;

challanderiwrandribel;

Llandisyllo;

gogogoch;

Which means:

A church by the way side near the steeple.

(Note: Welsh use W and Y as vowels u, i or e.)

The nanti-dulu (wait-a-minute) thorn has the shape of a fish hook, which snags you as you pass. It even reaches out after you. Nature is sometimes kinder than that. There is a water-vine, a blessing to man and animal alike for its stems—the thickness of a man's arm, give out clear, cold, pure water when cut and as much as a pint can be had from a piece less than 2 feet long.

"The Uncanny Old Negro"

A Negro guide could examine the earth for a few signs and scent or sense game with the sureness of a blood hound when the object in his hand was nothing more than a piece of mud. He turned it over and over with his half blind eyes making funny noises and could tell the movements of the animal that passed that way, and the time that it did. The condition of a few blades of slightly bruised grass held tremendous import for him for he knew by the angle at which a single spear was bent, just how long a time had passed since the heavy foot of an elephant had trod it down. When trodden flat, the blade of grass requires something like three hours to pull itself erect again and the different angles in between have an almost precise, hourly, half-hourly and even quarter-hourly significance. A bent branch told this uncanny old man of the passage of a herd to within 5 feet—also the kind of herd and the probable direction it had taken. From the way the tender buds of a tree had been cleanly nipped, he could by a glance say that a giraffee was here or there, near or far away.

(From *I Married Adventure*)

Seven new names for the "days of a week" was the subject set for July 1st (competition), —*Time and Tide* (22-7-44).

ANSWERS:

(1) Solon of Athens
Thales of Miletus
Pittacus of Mitelene
Bias of Prine

Chile of Sparta
Cleobulus of Leudus &
Periander of Corinth
Named after the seven wise
men of Greece.

FEATHERS & STONES

- (2) A shorter and sweeter selection.

Freeday	V Day
Greyday	(Prophetical Inspiration)
D Day	Payday
Heyday	Gayday

- (3) Lollday
Workaday
Borroday
Begday

Popday
Payday
Spenday

- (4) The bitter variety.

Shunday	
Dunday	Charsday
Quesday	Buyday
Steusday	Scatterday

- (5) A universal and patriotic effort.

Winsday	
Monteday	Theosday
Joesday	Kaiday
Eisenday	Alexday

- (6) A list of all embracing loyalties and duties.

Hallowing
King's Day
Statesmen's Day
Scholars' Day
Poets' Day
Healing Day
Commons Day

- (7) Names which won the 1st prize of 2 guineas.

Goodmansday	1 Goodman with his family.
Laundriday	2 Wash
Customday	3 Expecting custom.
Intrimday	4 all trim also halfpayday.
Coverday	5 cover our financial and other flutters.
Finalday	6 Good Friday.
Memorday	7 Weekend.

- (8) Book Prize (10s. 6d.)

P. Plane passed by
Too good to last
More very fast
One (unclassed)
Frightful blast
All unglassed
Is this the last.

The English Village

Some questions were put to some German prisoners and their answers were published by the *New Statesman* in September 1944.

(See p. 359)

The following replies were to questions asked in a neighbouring village. "It is feared," says a writer, that "in this country (England) we have a mental vacuum culturally, ethically and politically and there is every pre-requisite in the next generation of the ideology we claim to oppose, except the ideology itself." The writer adds "I have found amongst these groups a complete lack of interest in anything except purely personal topics such as 'what makes a girl attractive?' or marriage, subjects like Russia, 'what kind of London do we want?' or 'Social Insurance' were far too highbrow for them."

(See p. 360)

Numbers

The value of numbers has changed. We have passed from integers to millions. You may still regard the number of Angels that can be made to stand on the point of a needle, as only seven but the number of streptococci under the same condition is some millions. Bernard Shaw has some interesting remarks on the subject. "Somehow" he says, "sevens and angels are out of fashion and billions and streptococci are all the rage." The authority of leaders of thought seemed conclusive to one generation but blasphemous to another. We believe today what we can and disbelieve what we must.

Fashions in belief

Under this caption, Bernard Shaw says that "The middle age took a fancy to some familiar number like seven and because it was an odd number and the world was made in seven days and there are seven stars in Charles's Wain and for a dozen other reasons, they were ready to believe anything that had a seven or seven times seven in it. Seven deadly sins, seven swords of sorrow in the heart of the virgin, seven champions of Christendom seemed obviously reasonable things. To us the number seven is the stamp of superstition. We will believe in nothing less than millions. A doctor of medicine believed that his patients' vitals were being devoured by seven worms. The modern doctor tells his patient that his blood is swarming with a million microbes and the patient believes him abjectly and instantly. Had a Bishop told William, the Conqueror, that the sun was 77 miles distant from the earth, William would have believed him. The Kaiser would send that Bishop to an asylum. Yet he unhesitatingly accepts the estimate of ninety-two and nine tenths millions of miles or whatever the latest figure may be."

INTERROGATION OF GERMAN PRISONERS AT THE RUSSIAN CAMP

Age	Occupation	Who was Gœthe	Who was the last German Emperor	Who was Beethoven	What happened in 1789	Who is the greatest German writer
18	Storm Trooper	Don't Know	Franz Joseph	Never heard	Capture of Paris	Kolbenheyer
21	Photographer	Don't Know	William, the Great	Famous Pianist	Don't Know	Hitler
18	Storm Trooper	German Leader	Ludwig	German Pioneer	Germany dismembered by French	Hitler
19	Cellular Worker	Statesman	Frederik, the Great	Radio Conductor	Great War	Hoffar
18	Party Official	Playwright	Don't Know	Radio Composer	Nothing important	Resenberg
37	Gardener	Friend of Schiller	Wilhelm II	Famous Composer	European uprising	Schiller
26	Borough Clerk	Nazi Politician	Wilhelm I	Don't Know	Don't Know	Hitler
19	Clerk	Editor	Hindenburg	Prussian Musician	Don't Know	Hitler & Gœbbels
24	Engineer	Ball-bearing Manufacturer	Sane Wilhelm	Don't Know	Don't Know	Hess
21	Clerk	Gauleiter	Don't Know	Philosopher	End of Middle Ages	Hitler

Approximate Age	Status	Who was Shakespeare	Who was the last English King	Greatest English Writer	What happened in 1789	Who was Beethoven
50	Stores Foreman	Poet	Edward VII	Shaw	Don't Know	Don't Know
60	Irish labourer	Don't Know	Little man with a small bread	Don't Know	Don't Know	Don't Know
50	Publican	Great writer	Edward?	Don't Know	Don't Know	Great Singer
50	Wife of a publican	Don't Know	George V	Shakespeare	Don't Know	Don't Know
25	Mechanic	Poet	Edward VI	Shakespeare	Don't Know	Don't Know
12½	Grammar School	Poet and Composer of plays	George V	Shakespeare	Don't Know	Musician

A Landmark (30-12-'44)

After 125 weeks, we have passed in these premises a new landmark. Shree Bala Saheb Kher and Bhulabhai Desai have come into the enclosure to interview the Sardar on a legal affair in which the latter is a trustee. Government have given the necessary permission and the Bombay High Court the necessary adjournment. The interview being on a legal affair, there was not obviously much of internal matters to communicate or anything of external matters to receive. Yet the very sight of two old colleagues must have been highly refreshing to the Sardar, even as the fact of their having come in, did break the monotony of life inside to all of us. Time flies and despite the lapse of two years, four months and three weeks, it looks as though it was yesterday that we had steamed in here on the 9th of August, 1942. The thought of how long the sojourn will continue is obviously of greater concern to Government and the people outside than to the eleven who are still bound within, for release without a political programme would be acceptance of defeat while confinement would be a perpetuation of the struggle and throw the onus of release on Government.

31st December, 1944

So the year 1944 closes—a year of unfulfilled hopes to the allied nations in the war, of continuing struggle to the Congress in India. Friends outside bemoan their helplessness, their suffering, the privations of food and raiment, of travel and housing, of inflated prices and black markets without a word of resentment or an act of protest. For the rest we remain happy in the company of our sparrows and swallows, of our parrots and mainas, of our cuckoos and coppersmiths, of intruding cats and fugitive monkeys, or our clever rats and crafty lizards, of our irrepressible flies by day and ubiquitous mosquitoes by night, of our ants in the light and bugs in the dark, of our well supplied library and reading room, our unending books on Russia and China, of the praise of the allied nations and propaganda against the enemy countries. We shall ring out the old and ring in the new at 12 midnight, but to us the new is indistinguishable from the old,—though we have the same Colonel and the same Jailor, the same Dining Hall and the same Badminton Court, the same studies and the same writing, the same garden and the same gardeners—all the same, except the thought that the year 1944 has gone and 1945 is to begin.

"The New Year"—(1-1-'45)

There has been much sound and some fury over the claim that the 1st of January today marks a new year for India. But India has her own new year's day—lunar and solar. Besides the Parsis have their New Year and so have the Marwadis and the Gujaratis.

Incidentally it may be noted that on the 1st day of '44 the *Bombay Chronicle* has taken a holiday while the *Times of India* has not. But today is a New Year's Day only for the Western nations, for a section of the Indian Christians and the anglicised (or westernised) Indians who observe it. They ring out the old and ring in the new by keeping awake till midnight beguiling their time—some of them with song and play, drink and dance. They send New Year day presents to their friends and relations and even wear new clothing. But how few of us know why January 1st is reckoned as the New Year day and from what point of time it has been so? To many, it will be a surprise to know that "at an early period New Year Day was celebrated on the day which is now March 25 and in Anglo-Saxon England on December 25. This was changed subsequently to the 1st of January in Scotland in 1600 and in England in 1752."—as pointed out by Sjt. Y. K. Mulgadkar in the *Times of India*, December 31, 1944.

Origin of Months

This leads us to ask what is the origin of January and what calendar are we (under the British Government) pursuing. January is the name after the double faces Januus—the Roman God—one face looking to the past and the other to the Future. All of us must indeed in that sense be double faced. At one time, the calendar was so arranged that the year began with our present March so that September as the name indicates was the seventh month. October the 8th, November the 9th and December the 10th. But later this was changed. The calendar we pursue is the Georgian Calendar which was a variation from the Julian Calendar in point of reckoning the 365 days of the year.

The European Calendar is based upon the solar year, that is, the time that the earth takes in making a complete circuit of the sun—365 days, 5 hours, 48-3/4 minutes.

Julius Caesar adopted a year of 365 days and to keep it in line with the solar year, added an extra day to every fourth year.

The amount added was too great by over 11 minutes a year and in the course of centuries the calendar year got more and more ahead of the solar year.

In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII started a new calendar, cutting out 11 days in October so that 1583 should begin (and began) correctly by the sun.

The New or Gregorian Calendar was not used in Britain in 1752, when the 11 days between September 2 and 14 of that year were left out. This caused some trouble, as some people thought that they had been robbed of part of their lives.

FEATHERS & STONES

The artist Hogarth engraved a print showing an election mob with a banner inscribed: "Give us back our eleven days."

Rationing

Today is the 1st of January, 1945. It is a Monday. Being the first of the month it is a day of distributing rations for the next fortnight. But being a Monday it is a holiday with the Rationing Department. So we go without rations till tomorrow. And what is worse rationing takes place once in a fortnight, it is said. But a fortnight here is not fourteen nights but fifteen. Be it so, but how can it be made to mean sixteen days when they distribute rations for 15 days only in the second fortnight of January, March, July, August, October and December? And in addition when the first of January '45 is a Monday, people go without rations for 17 days (16 days of the previous fortnight and one day of the current). Again when December and January are both months of 31 days each as July and August are, people have to adjust 15 days rations for 16 days in two successive months. How irrational is the administration of rationing?

Tit-Willow

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was amused to the tune of Tit Willow from Gillbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*. Shreemati Khurshed Naoroji sang him a song just published in the *Times of India*.

A Mahatma sat singing on top of a fence
Quit India, Quit India, Quit India.
And I said "Oh, Mahatma, I fear I am dense,
But your song doesn't seem
to make very much sense."
His reply was to chant in a tone more intense
Quit India, Quit India, Quit India.
So, I said, Oh Mahatma
pray, why do you chant
Quit India, Quit India, Quit India?
For with things as they are,
it's quite clear that we shalln't
Quit India, Quit India, Quit India.
And he answered indulging
"Brother, I grant
That at present perhaps
it is true that you can't,
But it's just the idea that I
wish to implant
Quit India, Quit India, Quit India.

Khurshed Naoroji

Khurshed Naoroji who heads Gandhi's foreign secretariat, is a slim Bombay Parsi with a sense of humour and a pleasant-informing manner. Her grandfather was Dadabhai Naoroji, thrice President of the Indian National Congress, and the first Indian member of the British Parliament. She was released from prison in 1944. First jailed for her (political views) in Bihar, she was moved under escort of 8 armed policemen and one warderess to the Poona Jail. On the train the sleepy policemen handed her their revolvers to guard. She asked "How can you dare do this?" Answer: "Oh, we know you are non-violent."

Jamshed and Hoshiang

Certain names of ancient Persian Kings and heroes have passed into tradition. Nao Sherwan is noted for his justice, Hatim Tai for his generosity, Rustum for his strength. Jamshed was the King with whose name the cup of wine is associated and Hoshiang was the King during whose time Fire was discovered. There used to be an annual celebration of this event at which Jamshed, it is said, filled whole tanks with wine and threw them open to the public.

On words

Jamshed means *Jam* (Yam=Jindagi, life) just the opposite of what Yama means, namely death; and *shed* means 'chamak'—the light of life. It is strange that certain other words too carry opposite meanings in different languages e.g., Dev=Bhut, and God. Kavi is a poet in Sanskrit while in Persian it means *Jadugar* or Necromancer.

The same word sometimes bears different meanings in different provinces in India,—Tarkari in the Punjab means meat, while elsewhere it only means vegetables. Shak (sag) in Gujarati means vegetables while Bengal and U. P. it means leafy vegetables, Baji is leafy vegetable in Gujarati but in U.P. means the same as Tarkari.

Economies (5-1-'45)

In these days of wars and famines and general want arising as much from diminished production as from disturbed transport, one need not apologise for exercising rigid economies notably in respect of those two essential needs of civilised man—paper and cloth. If a personal reference be excused, I may say I have observed this rule not alone in war time but during the days of peace and plenty as well. Friends have taunted me often and to my great amusement, upon such economies. So far I have used up more than 7,500 wrappers of newspapers while every bit of cloth is carefully used up by a little readjustment. I say to my amusement Because I find others following suit in regard to cloth. I should not like them to follow suit in regard to paper for that would cut

FEATHERS & STONES

down my supply. *Yachako Yachakasya Shatruh* says the Sanskrit proverb,—“One beggar is the enemy of another.” But it is not merely a habit of mind that favours these economies. Sometimes one's professional training fosters such a habit, you do not despair over an enlarged spleen or a cirrhosis liver, a dilated heart or a contracted lung, a softened brain or a hardened artery, a torn muscle or a sprained ligament a broken bone or a dislocated joint, a kidney with a calculus or a gall bladder with a stone, a stomach with an ulcer or an appendix with an inflammation, a spastic colon or an occluded gut, neuritis or neuralgia, tumours or haemorrhoids; you treat them by medicament or operate on them under anaesthesia, you set bones and reduce dislocations, you extract stones or dilate passages, you collapse lungs and inflate tubes, you stitch nerves and remove growths, you knead and massage, you foment and open boils, you dress and close wounds. How is your clothing less vital or less valuable than these organs, that you should, in your aristocracy reject a fabric because of a faded colour or a torn edge. Darning a cloth is no less a need than dressing, only the one deals with the wounds of the cloth while the other with those of the body.

Haj and Women (6-1-'45)

So little do we know of the social customs of our Muslim brethren that I have had a doubt whether the Muslim Women go on a pilgrimage to Mecca (Moazzam). They do it seems, and that,—in large numbers annually. And even as the men that return from the Haj are called Hajis, the women are called Hajjins. There is an interesting point about women pilgrims. When once they enter a particular point in the passage in the Masjid at Mecca, they are no longer allowed to have the veil. Indian Muslim women had recourse to a device, and discarding the *burkha* of cloth, they put on their faces a veil of twigs nicely strung together with recesses for the eyes. The Ulema at the Masjid condemned the device and compelled the cessation. The fact is that the moment the aforesaid place is reached, they have to change their clothing and put on the white clothing made available to them at the Masjid. Men and women alike have to buy it. The men get two clothes, while the women are given an extra cloth or two for a better covering of their body. In no case, however, are they allowed to have a *ghunghat*. Well, this custom is by no means a strange one. Even the Hindus that observe the purdah take off their veil during marriage processions and religious festivities, particularly in temples. Apparently, the idea is that no one shall hide her face before God, the Almighty and All-seeing.

John Bull vs. Uncle Sam

An interesting study in contrast between the two is given in the Diary (24-7-44) of *Time and Tide*.

The British for instance do not lean against the walls and consequently they have a low view of their own compatriots who do—spineless, low grade people all of them. But please note Americans do lean up against walls without any connotations of this kind. The Americans find us patronising. We often find them boastful but it is all, because, says Miss Mead, we have a different approach (in her book,—*The American Troops and the British Community*). An American speaker has cultivated over-impressiveness to be sure of a hearing, an English one is used to respectful treatment and therefore can understate,—hence mannerisms which exasperate people unaccustomed to them and ill-aware of their anthropological *raison d'être*.

Another Extension (12-1-'45)

As expected, the terms of detention of all the members here except one have been extended under Ordinance III of '44. It shall have effect for another six months. The ordinance is merely a make-believe,—a kind of dope to the public and to the gullible folks among the detenus themselves. But no sensible and discerning detenu could for a moment delude himself into the fond belief that his extension is only for six months. Indefinite detention is apt to scandalize public feeling and therefore a 'statutory' make-shift has been devised which breaks up an indefinite term into definite units. It is well within the knowledge of those who have experience of Local Board Administration, how when a road has to be urgently constructed at a cost of Rs. 50,000 and how whether to save time or dispense patronage, it is necessary or advantageous to split the big contract into five smaller contracts for Rs. 10,000 each, so that the contractors would be readily nominated and the delays and dangers of inviting tenders publicly, might be obviated. So it is with Government. This ordinance has done the trick. It is a psychological ruse to divert men's minds from a shockingly long term of imprisonment and raise hopes alike in the public and the detenus of periodical releases.

The Exception (15-1-'45)

The exception referred to in the preceding section is that of Dr. Prafulla Chandra Ghosh. His release has since been ordered to take place after mid-night of the 14th when the 6 months' term as the result of the extension orders in July expired. Accordingly he has been released this evening. Dr. Ghosh's illness commenced on the 21st of May last and is now 8 months old. During this period, he has had six attacks of pain, diarrhoea, bleeding in motions, acute burning sensation at the anus all day long, a lumpy feel and tenderness aggravating into pain to the left and later round about the navel, attacks of giddiness and nausea. The last attack

occurred strangely enough after the release order has come, so that it has become necessary to send the Jailor along with him on release as far as Bombay. His original weight was 104 lbs. and it went down so low at 89½ and a week ago it was 93. But this last attack has pulled him down quite. His X-ray examination was only of the larger bowels—there being no apparatus in this town to make a prolonged examination of the whole alimentary system with the aid of a Barium Meal. He seems to have been recommended for a transfer to a large hospital. It is hoped that nothing serious is the matter with him and he will recover ere long.

(Note: Since our release it was learnt that the papers relating to Dr. Ghosh were placed before Dr. B. C. Roy and the result was his release).

Vasant Panchami

Once again, the Spring has dawned upon a winter-weary world but Vasant has come to us earlier than usual. The winter has not been buried yet. It is still popping its head now and again. The cuckoo has never left us here in the Ahmednagar Fort as already pointed out. The Mango flowers have not blossomed yet, nor yet has the neem shed its Autumn leaves which in their ripe age and their rich yellow colour, give an auburn tint to these majestic trees to our right and our left and our front. This Panchami of Magh Shukla according to some and Pushya Bahula according to others is observed in the North as a day of Saraswati puja.

The Radio-Communication Service

New York: "After the war, housewives may be able to pick up a microphone in the kitchen and give a shopping order to the local stores—by radio. Success of the "walkie-talkie" (portable wireless telephone) on the war's battlefields has led to a proposal for establishing a "Citizen's Radio Communication Service." Small portable radios would be used to summon a doctor to the user's home; to establish communication between trucks and tractors operating in large plants and on farms and ranches; between river craft; and between isolated mountain areas. Travelling will be made safer and speedier by the development of radio uses. Already several progressive railway companies have demonstrated that very-high-frequency radio—the mainstay of army and commercial plane-to-go ground-communication—is practical for maintaining contact between trains and stations. To meet such demands and the enlargement of many exciting types of radio uses, the Federal Communications Commission is recommending the allocation of frequencies up to 30,000,000 kilocycles and a great expansion of the existing radio "spectrum." The proposals will be put forward at the spring Hemisphere Conference at Rio de Janeiro and, after the war, at the International Radio Conference."—*The Globe*.

"Plant Men",

A Chinese proverb says "If you are planting for one year, plant grain. If for ten years, plant trees. But if you are planting for 100 years, plant men."—quoted by Dr. John Sargent, Educational adviser to Government of India on January 24, 1944.

Prasthan, Anukul or Nirghyam

Innumerable are the instances of common customs and manners, common prejudices and superstitions, common laws and institutions, prevalent in the country between Dwarka, Badrinath, Sylhet and Rameshwar which prove the identity of national life permeating the land over its vast continental dimensions. Everywhere, the Hindu and the Muslim notes the auspicious hour, and minute, the *shubhalagna* or *vakht-ai-Mubarak* for undertaking a journey or inaugurating a ceremony or beginning a construction or opening a new house and so on. In regard to travel if a Hindu wishes to go urgently and the hour and minute of starting are not auspicious, then he is asked to do what is called Prasthan in Maharashtra and U.P., *Anukul* in Orissa and *Nirghyam* in Andhra i.e., place at the really auspicious moment a dhoti or a bundle out of the luggage in a house on the way and pick it up as he starts.

Common Diet

Equally clinching is the common menu the country observes whether it is wheat growing or rice cultivating. Barring the fact that most people eat the grain that they grow round about, the menu is otherwise common—consisting of dal, ghee (where it can be afforded) and kadhi.

900th Day (25-1-'45)

We are so much used to counting periods of time in terms of weeks, months and years that we don't know their measure in terms of days. We were arrested on the 9th of August 1942 and today is the 900th day. Perhaps the measuring of time by a unit of 100 days is as good as the cumbrous system of calculating it by a standard unit or unit consisting of 365 days. It is lucky at least that the days are in integers, instead of our adding as we must to each year a few more hours to indicate precisely the passing of the sun through the 12 houses of the zodiac or of the moon twelve times twelve.

Independence Day—26th January, 1945

How soon the cycle of time revolves and today we celebrate in utter solemnity and silence, the 3rd Independence Day in the Ahmednagar Fort—no longer an 'unknown' fortress. If the British thought of breaking the spirit of the Indian by prolonged detention, they would be mistaken for he knows that the longer the Indian stays in, the nearer is coming his day of Deliverance.

Anti-war

Perhaps one way of preventing wars in future would be for the young to capture power and when wars are sought after by vested interests, to reverse the order of recruitment and begin with the age of 50 and above—married men first and then bachelors,—working down to the age of eighteen as the last resort.

Plague! Plague! (26—1—'45)

"Plague, doctor, plague in Ahmednagar! six cases, all dead!" was the alarm raised one morning. "Imported" apparently was my cool answer to this excited informant, the Colonel, "Oh you must have inoculation, when will you have it?" "When are you all having it?" "Today, now, here and when will be yours?" "Let us wait" I said and before I concluded my sentence, the Colonel said impatiently and inauspiciously "Wait, Wait, till when? Till you get the disease?" This was strange for the Colonel was never known for his harsh language. But I was cool and firm and said "Till we know in a day or two whether these cases are indigenous or imported." The next day, the Colonel came and exhibited no undue sense of haste or even the previous day's nervousness. "How many cases, Colonel?" "One and that is dead." "Very likely tomorrow there will be none."

The next day it was ascertained that there were no more cases of plague. By that time all the sepoys (warders), the Colonel and the jailor got their injections on two successive days,—the Colonel having taken 1 c.c. to be repeated in a week and the jailor 2 c.c. *ek dam*. All those inoculated played their usual Volley ball and none of the apprehended reactions occurred. The ten detenus quietly saw the panic pass off.

That Easy Chair

Dr. Syed Mahmood was released on 6th October 1944. Dr. Ghosh was released on the 15th January 1945 and we have a sick man's easy chair—capacious and long with an annexe for legs. The difficulty is how to get in, past the annexe—but once in, there is a profound sense of comfort until the time comes for rising from the chair—a process not less complicated than the first. This chair was obtained for Dr. Syed Mahmood from the military stores and he was released. It was next occupied by Dr. Ghosh who was released. Now it is being occupied by Pandit Govind Vallabha Pant who is not too well. So he may have to be transferred at least and if that is done that will be the 3rd case of exit. (Note: He too was released on March 31st 1945).

Another Interview (12—2—'45)

Today, Hon'ble Mr. Mangaldas Pakwasa, of the Bombay Council, has visited the place, to have a professional interview with Sardar

Vallabhbhai J. Patel. As the interview is purely professional, no political news was expected. And the Press has been none too economical in its forecast about the Desai-Wavell talks. From its columns—see *Beerbul* of a week ago (Syndicated Press) and from the Challenge it contained in it to produce Gandhi's letter of the 27th January, it looks as though the talks were not to the taste of Gandhiji and that he has forbidden his name being associated with them. Earlier, however, came the news that he would not oppose them though he did not expect a solution to emerge from out of them. And judging again from the Press, the public seem to have given a cold reception to the talks. But things will clear up in a week on the Viceroy's return from Travancore. (Note: The Liaquat-Desai pact has at last been published in the dailies in August 1945 and it seems to have had qualified support from Gandhiji).

Meat Eating

Even flesh eating communities and countries make a difference between the flesh of one animal and of another. That in China, they eat dogs, may look astounding. More so the fact that in Burma they eat cats and snakes. The French eat Frogs and so do Chinese while the Germans greatly fancy horse flesh. Normally horse flesh is said to be sweet but very tough. Rabbits are eaten by the Americans while rats are eaten by a few nations. In Arabia, they eat the camel which has died a natural death or met with accident. They do not kill it. They consider the flesh sacred too. In Germany, they abominate certain kinds of flesh as much as the Muslim abominate Pork. In the Andamans, Burmese prisoners hardly allow a kitten to live for its flesh is considered dainty. In the Vellore Central Jail, a commotion was caused when once a pet cat suddenly disappeared. A certain prisoner of the criminal tribe class was at last found to have caught it and roasted it and eaten it away. In India there is a class of people that eat rats known as the nat-caste.

The Potato

The Potato gets little attention in Literature. Only Byron made it rhyme with Plato. William Cobbett abused it. In politics it has done more to divide England and Ireland than Cromwell. In its Mountain abode in Chile and Peru, it is a small tubercle of the size of a hazel nut. Man has grown it to double the size of his fist. Science reveals strange things. The earth is not a solid. It is chiefly gas. The air is not thin, it is massed with food. The buried potato puts out stalks above and roots below and from the end of roots come new potatoes sucking gases from the earth by the roots and food from the air by the stalks.

Affirmation

Night is not just day denied
For when the earth goes round
The Sun shines on its nearer side
The farther's darkness bound.

* * *
Error is not Truth denied
'Tis but the lower rung
We stepped upon before we spied
Truth's banner higher flung.

* * *
The bad is not the good denied
For nought can be so bad.
But in its husk there will abide
A seed of good unclad.

* * *
Death is not true life denied
Cessation of life's pulse.
A new world's gate it opens
When life's sensation dulls.

(S.R.D.—*Bombay Chronicle Weekly*, Aug. 22, 1943)

Non-Official Visitors (21—2—'45)

For the first time today, a Khan Saheb Muslim gentleman has visited us as a non-official visitor. He is the pink of courtesy—characteristically Muslim in style and depth, bent himself double before the Maulana and touched his feet much to his embarrassment as it came from a stranger who was not perhaps clearly introduced to him. He called every one of us a Sajjan and thought this (his visit) a mere *Bahana* or pretext to see the 'great men'. He disarmed all our hostility to such non-official intruders on our peace and quiet. He asked for blessings from all but he was directed to the Khuda!

26—2—'45

Another Sunday—and it brings another non-official visitor—a Parsi gentleman, ripe in 'honours' as in years, short and thickset rounded in form, smiling in countenance, dignified in pose, intelligent and with a sense of humour. His features reminded me and strangely enough, the Sardar too, of Hon'ble Mr. Dadabhoi, the President of the Council of State (Central). I asked him why the Parsis who came down to India over 1000 years ago accepting the Gujarati language for themselves and the Kumkum caste mark for their women, why they chose Khan Bahadur and Khan Saheb for titles from Government. He said, in Persia, they had such titles. "That

is the land you abandoned?" I asked. He had none of any comic, histrionic or hysterical movements about him. He must be easily 75 and his family has been a resident of this place from the time of Wellington (1812) nearly century and a half.

Ten per cent

In 1919 February-March, there was a revolt in Egypt against British Authority. Lord Wavell in his "*Allenby in Egypt Vol. III*" gives a fine description of it and concludes by ending in a lighter note the account of the Egyptian troubles—in the following dialogue between Allenby and one of his Generals at a Conference in April (1919).

Allenby—"I hear you are fining the villages in your area somewhat heavily, General X."

General X—"Well, Sir, when a village misbehaves itself I fine it ten per cent of its ghaffer tax."

Allenby—"That's not what I've heard X. I am told you fine them ten times their ghaffer tax."

General X—"Yes, that's right, Sir, ten per cent."

Allenby—"But that's not ten per cent; that's a thousand per cent."

General X—"Oh, is it Sir?" (Pause) "Well, anyway, it's what I call ten per cent and when I say ten per cent, they know what they have got to pay, and they pay it all right, Sir."

Drowning

What a strange civilisation is this in which a tragedy like drowning should be chosen for and coupled with a number of comic jokes. We all know the famous joke against the Irishman who is alleged to have said "*I will be drowned and nobody shall help me*" and his poor knowledge of English and inability to distinguish between *shall* and *will*, we are left to infer, must have led to his death. Leave that old stuff alone. A later concoction is the story of one Englishman being drowned and another regretting his inability to save him because he was not introduced to him! A third comes from U.S.A. In New York, the house accommodation was at one time tight. Just at that time, a resident happened to find himself being drowned and cried for help. The person whose help was sought first inquired of the drowning man what his address was and when he knew it to be 23, 145th avenue or so, he, instead of saving the man, hastened to the spot, called on the manager and asked for accommodation in the particular place as he happened to know that the occupant was drowned just then. "My dear man," said the manager, "the room is already occupied by the man who pushed him into the waters!"

"Prince Sudarshan"

When I was in the Lunatic Asylum, as a medical student, I saw many cases of mania and melancholia, catalepsy and Paranoia and Monomania. The last is of three kinds,—monomania of suspicion and fear, of greatness and unseen agency. In the first the patient suspects his food is poisoned and won't go near it. In the second, he imagines himself the son of Queen Victoria and would not do mental work. In the third he fights spectres and ghosts and hobgoblins. There was an old man Mr. Browne who was 85 years old and had celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his stay in the Asylum. He imagined himself the heir to Queen Victoria's throne which, he asserted, was usurped by Edward VII. and the net result was he would not sweep his room. The King of England, he would say, could not be asked to do so. A delusion may take any form. It is a false belief as opposed to a hallucination which is a false perception of the senses. Imagine a person setting himself up as the lineal descendant of the Pandavas and therefore claiming the throne of India. Imagine too a compromise effected between him and the Viceroy by a grant of a *Jagir* in Cutch. Imagine further the fear by the British of danger to their rule from this man. Imagine too that he has been deported from India to Balmoral and Buckingham Palace, where, so the delusion runs, he believes he grew in the company of Edward VII playing with him, studying with him and sporting in the company of boys and girls who were his companions. Imagine again his falling in love with one of the girls in the Palace and the complex situation so created ending in his being consigned to a Mental Hospital (modern style) wherefrom, however, he manages to escape not only into free England but also to India. Imagine finally his pressing forward his claims to the throne of India—and the *Jagir* in Cutch as an interim measure—through petitions and memorials, law suits and diplomatic agencies. That was Prince Sudarshan, so called, who approached a lawyer in Delhi some time in 1916 to draw up a petition to the Government of India and produced in proof of his claims, a number of letters acknowledging his memorials from the King down to the District Collector. On being asked, for the originals, he said he was robbed of the originals at the instigation of King Edward. When the memorial reached the Government of India, the lawyer who happened to go to the Secretariat was asked why he was busy with this lunatic so that the lawyer finally realised that his labour of love (for he received no fee for it) was but love's labour lost.

Quit Ahmednagar Fort (19-3-'45)

The first intimation to us to this effect came on the 28th ultimo through the proceedings of the Central Assembly. A self-appointed friend, Shree Satya Narayana Sinha of Bihar asked the Home

Member why the Working Committee Members could not be repatriated to their respective provinces along with Pandit G. B. Pant, who was being sent to U.P. for an operation. From this date forward, too many references were made of Pantjee's illness and the Working Committee's transfer. An operation is sufficiently fear-causing news to the family and friends of a detenu. An operation for Hernia is apt to be taken seriously but a daily repetition in the Press that it would be done, here, there or elsewhere, by the Civil Surgeon of Lucknow or Nainital or by Pantjee's private doctor, emphasised the matter to an undesirable degree. It gave no peace to Pantjee's friends and family on the one hand and perhaps himself on the other. Leave this alone. Look at the stuff published from day to day these three weeks. At first the U.P. friends were to be taken to the Bareilly jail but Jawaharlal to Dehra Dun. Later it was said they were going to the Naini Jail—to the place properly known as the *Kutta Ghar* (Dog's Kennel) because of the structure of the place where the politicals used to be stationed. Then it was said Pantjee was going to Lucknow to the Balrampur Hospital. On alternate days it was added that he would be released by the Provincial Government after transfer to the Province, or after the operation, and that the matter was to be left to the Provincial Government by the Government of India who had no objection to the release. Suddenly on the 13th March, a message *Amrita Bazar Patrika* appeared dated 11th in the Press including the *Times of India* that the Working Committee declined to move out of the Ahmednagar Fort and made a representation to this effect, that in any case they would not take interviews in the new places and that two friends did not fall in with this view (opposing transfer) but nevertheless agreed. This was followed up by a contradiction dated 15th which said the Working Committee had packed their things and were ready and would be transported in an aeroplane in a day or two. Today is the 19th. Four days have passed. There is no aeroplane in view except the one that usually flies overhead and paused over us on the 16th. On the 15th evening I casually told the Colonel here that we would be going by aeroplane. Strangely enough that very morning the A.P.I. correspondent had telegraphed the same. Another piece of news *Amrita Bazar Patrika* (Allahabad Edition) published in its issue of the 16th March (we saw it on 18th evening) was that the repatriation of the Working Committee was given up. That was the heading but the contents revealed that the Government of India was 'reconsidering the idea in view of the Working Committee's representation. But we know that as no representation was sent, no reconsideration was taking place. Today is Sunday—the 3rd Sunday. It was stated earlier that the transfers would take place in the 3rd week. The 3rd week, it seems, means the week beginning with 3rd Sunday so the repatriation may take

place this week. The latest news states that Jawaharlal would be transferred to Bareilly or Dehra Dun, not Naini. How much of speculation is involved in all this? Do newspaper readers like all this or want half of it?

Hybrid-Highbred

The following incident occurred on the Madras Beach sometime in 1905 when I was a medical student. There are a number of catamarans always on the beach opposite Triplicane and one common amusement for visitors is to play seesaw on them. To one of the catamarans on one side of which were, sittings two Eurasian girls repaired two college students (Hindus) whose pranks at the other end did not please the earlier comers and the latter burst out saying "You lowbreds" to which the retort was made "You highbreds" (hybrids)!

R and N

In South India, the Nambudri Brahman of Malabar and the Nattukoti Chetti of Madura Districts are butts of some general jokes. The former never travels by train, of course this is an old orthodox tradition. But when he does, he stands on his balcony and cries aloud to the running train to stop at his house to pick him up and when she does not, says, 'O fool, why don't you stop?' Both the Nambudri and the Nattukoti Chetti possess a high sense of self-respect. They are unwilling to use the *plural* form of a word in addressing or referring to their servants or employers. The Nambudri when you speak of a *Barrister* says "No, call him *Bar-rista*, that is enough" because the 'r' at the end is a mark of respect. Likewise the Nattukoti Chetti calls his car driver "rivan" 'n' being singular, and 'r' plural and the 'porter'—"portan."

Monkey Man (8-3-'45)

From Dallygunj (Bengal) comes the news that a child was born with the upper half having the features of a monkey and the lower half of a man. This is perhaps the rarest of the oddities of nature and must be proof conclusive to the sceptics, if any, of the origin of man. If the child survives more may be learnt of the principles of human evolution.

27—3—'45

At last the transfers have begun. From the 25th of October to the 27th of March for a period of five months there have been doubts and denials, delays and dilatoriness. Strict secrecy has been maintained about the orders and the first to leave us is Shree J. B. Kripalani where,—no one knows. But the fact that he has been detached from the U.P. batch and that an A.P. message has stated that J. B. Kripalani has already been transferred to Karachi, gives

the indication that his destination is Karachi. It is only by a stretch of imagination that Sind can be considered J. B. Kripalani's native place for he had left the Province of his birth and nativity 20 years ago and adopted U.P. (Meerut) as the scene of his activities, political and constructive.

28—3—'45

Today has left the U.P. batch,—Nehru, Pantjee and Narendra Dev, the last has just fallen ill and barely recovered from a mild attack of Flu and the Colonel has been rather anxious that he should not be forced to split the escort for his (Dev's) sake. Luckily he is better and all the three have left.

29—3—'45

Next to leave is H. Mehtab to whom really notice was given earliest. But the escort seems to have come here as if for a Bridal ceremony. Arrangements have taken time and Mehtab goes to Orissa—Sambalpur. He boarded the train at Aramgaon a wayside station.

Exit Three More (28—3—'45)

This party is the U.P. one but the escort was in two sections. That means that one of them (Pantjee) is going to Naini Allaha-bad) and the rest (Shree Jawaharlal and Narendra Dev) to Bareilly. They were taken to the next station (Vilad) on the Manmad side and put into a special bogie fitted with cooking department. Nevertheless people travelled in the train from Ahmednagar Fort to Vilad and paid their homage to the departing leaders. But as the train was starting, it came out that all the three were for Bareilly. The papers, however, have since stated (31-3-45) that all the three have gone to Naini and that Pantjee was to be released the moment he entered U.P. This is later contradicted by the statement that all went to Bareilly. But Pantjee was released as anticipated.

30—3—'45

It is strange enough that the Maulana and Janab Asaf Ali are not yet taken into the picture. No intimation or indication is forthcoming. Press reports have 'consigned' Maulana to Calcutta, Delhi, Lahore and Dehra Dun while Asaf Ali is connected with Lahore. The Sardar and Shankerrao Deo are of the Province. Their transfer involves no serious problem of escort or transport or transshipment. For aught one knows they may go to Yeravda (Poona) though the Sardar's name is connected in Press Reports with Sabarmati, Nasik and Yeravda. If it is to the last, it will be a pleasant trip in the car, one fine breezy evening or one cool morning covering some 2½ to 3 hours at the outside. These two as natives of the Bombay Province have been regarded by us as our hosts and must in the nature of things be the last to leave. I alone remain and it looks

as though I shall go somewhere in the 1st week of April to where, 'God knows, the witan knows.'

1-4-'45

Delhi has responded. Asaf is to go a day earlier than myself. I had told him that I would see him off. But it was only yesterday that he pointed out how my prophecy proved false when nothing was proved in fact. Today, I can quote the facts in my favour—as if I have ordered things about! But what happened to the Bengal Government? Or is there no Government in Bengal? True the ministry has fallen and Section 93A is ruling the roost. At least the Secretaries must be working through this political tangle and turmoil. Nothing is known about Maulana. Madras woke up no doubt betimes but is sending its escort for me late. I shall be moving sometime this week. Remember a week in English language begins as already pointed out with the Sunday and today is Sunday.

P.S.—The Colonel kept Asaf's destination a secret. It turned out late that he was to go to Gurudaspora.

El Amain and El Alamien (2-4-'45)

When El Alamien became famous in the North African War and Germany was finally driven out from North Africa, the spelling of the name of the place gave rise to some difficulty. It was thought by some at any rate that El Amien was sufficient and I was superfluous. But on a closer study, it appears El Amien and El Alamien are two different words. El Amien means the Trustworthy and was the title conferred upon the Prophet when he was a boy while El Alamien means the two worlds. *Alamien* being the plural of *Alam*—World.

Reverting to the story of the prophet's title, we learn that when he was still young, there arose a dispute amongst the different tribes of Mecca when they had reconstructed the *Kaba* as to who should lift the sacred black stone and restore it to its position. Finally it was agreed that they should abide by the verdict of arbitration of the first entrant to the area through a certain gate. The person so chosen proved to be a lad who nevertheless was entrusted with the task. He happened to be wearing at the time a chaddar which he spread on the ground and with the stone thereon he asked that the four corners of the garment should be lifted and with them the stone and the tribes accepted the verdict and conferred upon him the title of El Amien—the Trustworthy.

My Last Adventure (6-4-'45)

When I left the Fortress on the 5th April, I thought I could close these 'study windows' of mine. But it was not to be. A last adventure was in store for me which I must place on record. The

train was drawn up so as to enable me to board my carriage at the level crossing—almost at the end of the Ahmednagar platform. There were a number of Congress friends including dear old Sri Parodia, M.L.A., who had been supplying us fruit these 12 months and over. We reached Dhond correct to the second, and there appeared a friend whom I discovered later to be a Deputy Superintendent of Police who had travelled all the way from Bombay to Dhond in a reserved compartment and who guided first our luggage and then our party to it. All went well, a number of women workers adding to the sprightliness of the crowds. The Madras Express steamed forth from the Dhond platform with all her dignity and speed and next morning when the Sub Inspector enquired how far Guntakal was, the guard gently but firmly replied that we were on the Hyderabad line,—not on the Madras line and it was then discovered much to my amusement but greatly to the horror of the Police Party that from Wadi, instead of moving in the direction of Madras we took the Hyderabad line. In fact, while at Ahmednagar Fort a few days previously, I was having a day dream as to what would happen if such a mistake occurred. And occur it did. The fact was that the Bombay Express as well as the mail have a through carriage from Bombay to Hyderabad and the shrewd Bombay Government, I do not know whether it was the Police Commissioner, Bombay, or some other dignitary—who had arranged the reservation, got it fixed up—for no fault of his perhaps in this through carriage; and I being in the hands of the Police escort which was in the hands of the Police officer that had travelled from Bombay, implicitly got into the compartment indicated by him. Next morning we discovered the mistake and on checking the Reservation Card found it to be marked "Reserved Police Escort Party Dd. to Sec." (Dhond to Secunderabad) which meant from Dhond to Secunderabad. On the other side it was written "from Dd. to Sur." which means from Dhond to Sholapur. We decided to travel to Secunderabad, stay there the whole day and return by the night train which would help us to catch the next Bombay Madras Express. But accommodation was the problem. The C.T.S.—a son of Sir Akbar Hydari helped the Deputy Superintendent and wired to Wadi, Poona, Sholapur and Guntakal to help us. We managed to find our way with the active help of the A.S.M. Wadi and the S.I. a compartment which was in the Bombay Guntakal section so that travelling by it, we had again to tranship at Guntakal for the rest of the day and reached Arkonam at 5 p.m. on 7th instead of on the 6th. From there I had a pleasant drive to Vellore in a car (45 miles).

"Hanuz dur ast Delhi!"

We have often heard this expression. It means "Delhi is still far off." That is the expression with which the Montagu-Chelmsford

FEATHERS & STONES

report closed. People were intrigued to know its significance. It was significant and how it was can be understood by the following story of its origin.

When Ghazi-ud-din Taghlak was the Viceroy of Bengal, his son Muhammad wanted to raise a rebellion against him. He was in Delhi and the father learnt about it and suspecting that Sultan-i-Avalya a great Pir (saint) of Delhi was in league with his son and must be egging on the rebellion, sent word to him that he himself was the Sultan of the worldly kingdom while the latter was of the spiritual and as he would be going to Delhi where two Sultans could not remain at the same time, the latter should clear out of the place. Then it was that the saintly Pir sent word to Ghazi-ud-din: "Hanuz Dur ast Delhi"—"Delhi is still far off." What happened later proved the correctness of the reply. When Ghazi-ud-din set out for Delhi and arrived at a place within 12 miles of the city, who should welcome him other than his own son Muhammad! The father was gratified to receive the welcome from the rebel son and the arrangement was that when he on his elephant should enter the tent and *shamiana* erected for him, the whole structure should collapse on his head. The plan succeeded and Delhi was still far off—"Hanuz Dur asth Delhi."

20th Century Ourang Outang

The ex-students (old boys) of the Law College, Trivandrum celebrated the Old Boys day with great, *eclat*. The programme includes original items—an exhibition of the leaning tower of Paisa composed of copper coins known there as paisa (pies). Another interesting item was a small closed room with a Board: "The 20th Century Ourang Outang." This item excited the greatest interest. The Principal, an Englishman saw it and enjoyed it, bringing his own family members and getting them entry one after another. But there was an old Malayali Pandit, crooked in shape, deformed, with loose teeth projecting. He went in and returned wild. He did not enjoy the spectacle. The fact is they put inside a life size mirror!

Cow vs. Sheep

A great many U.S. citizens, without knowing it, are wearing clothes made from skimmed milk. The name of this cow-derived textile is *Aralac*, the product of long term research in the laboratories of several nations. Aralac completes the family of synthetic textiles. Rayon, a plant fibre is the vegetable member of the Family. Glass textiles are mineral; Aralac is the first animal member of the Textile Family. Like sheep's wool, it is elastic, soft and warm. In commercial production only since 1940, Aralac has helped stretch the supply of wartime wool and other animal hair in the production of Hats and has been used as a blending fibre in making coats,

suits and dresses. There is plenty of skimmed milk to spare, 50 billion pounds a year in U.S.A. Only a small portion of this is used for food, paints, glues and plastic. They come from casein, one of the solids that settle to the bottom in a bottle of sour milk. Casein is extracted chemically from fresh skimmed milk, is further chemically treated and then extruded as a fibre.

Loopholes in Law

The Wynad is a portion of Malabar situated on a height of 5,000 feet on the Western side of the Nilgiris. Being a hill taluq, it holds court for two months in the year in summer. The lawyers from Calicut attend the court. They often put up together, eat together, talk together, discuss their cases on the way to the court where they sit on opposite sides. An excellent opportunity is thus afforded to settle cases out of court, and many have been settled. There was one case, however, which could not be, for it involved claims of rent of which, however, the other side pleaded payment supported by vouchers from the village Munsiff. The other side argued that the receipts were forged because the munsiff whose signature the receipts bore had died by that time. On a point of such glaring divergence the lawyers could not agree, much less compromise. The party that was alleged to have forged was too confident to give in. The Death Certificate was a certified copy and the Court held against him on the strength of the certified copy and ordered prosecution. The party was convicted (7 years). The matter went before the District Judge, Mr. Stoddart, I.C.S. in appeal who looked into the papers and having been an Executive Officer, was somewhat suspicious of the genuineness of the village—Birth and Death Register, the certified copy of an entry from which was the ground for the prosecution. He sent for the original. The conviction was confirmed. A second appeal was filed and much to the surprise of the lawyer for the convicted party who was himself—detenu in 1945, the High Court acquitted—not on the ground of 'no forged receipt' but on the ground that the District Judge in appeal proceedings had no right to send for fresh evidence (the original of the Death and Birth Register). It didn't matter if the register confirmed the charge but to send for it was wrong.

$$8+4=12$$

In the hospitals it is customary to prepare mixtures for outpatients' use. In Jails also, the Hospital assistant in his visit is accompanied by an orderly—a convict who carries on his shoulders a tray containing the stock mixtures and medicines. On one occasion, the convict orderly was instructed to administer mixture No. 12 and finding that the bottle was empty, and not to be balked of his purpose, he added equal parts of mixtures 8 plus 4 and administered it promptly.

The Elephant

The elephant is considered a most loving and equally revengeful animal. It is highly intelligent and when set to Timber work, does its task correctly and efficiently. It knows how to carry huge timber logs and place them one over the other. Having done so roughly, it recedes a distance, inspects its own work and rearranges the beams so as to place them correctly one above the other and insert the maximum volume in the minimum space. It is well fed and repays its master. Besides grass and green palmyra leaves, it is given huge balls of ghee and jaggery and horse dung well mixed (in Hyderabad, Deccan). It fetches its owner a net income of Rs. 3 or 4 per diem for 8 months in the year. When revengeful, it tosses its body to one side and the other in quick jerky movements in order to make the mahout riding him fall, and then tear him to pieces. In Malabar, the land of elephants, they are spoken to in Malayalam while in the rest of India, the language is Hindustanee. When caned severely by the mahout it screams like a child.

Elephants fight little among themselves; they are intelligent parents and have an instinct for tribal loyalty. They have their own leaders and follow and wait upon their decisions.

Sun or Moon

Two people, somewhat drunk and therefore beside themselves, were having an altercation as to whether the heavenly orb shining resplendant in the blue skies was the sun or the moon. They were unable to agree upon the issue and therefore decided to refer the matter to the arbitration of a passer-by. The referee was a clever fellow who gauged the situation and smelt the danger in store for him whichever side he favoured through his verdict. So he quietly said, "I do not belong to this place" and quickly departed!

Krylov's Lid

The Russian Fable known after Krylov's name, tells of a box which several people failed to unlock. Each one tries the feat his own way. Each is eager to forestall the other. One turns a key to the right and the other to the left and knock it on the top and another thumps it at the bottom. One shakes it from right to left, and another from left to right. It turned out however, that the box was not locked at all and one had only to raise the lid!

Vulgarity

One great caution to observe in life must be such as to appear inborn, rather than cultivated. It has been well said that vulgarity of manners is not less reprehensible than wickedness of morals. The latter mostly affect the particular person against whom it is directed. The former disaffect a whole company, and as it is more

a habit of life than a failing in character, is apt to be always with you. It obtrudes itself in society and seeks to arrest attention towards oneself, one's habiliments and belongings, one's family and retentions, one's estates and assets, one's earnings and acquisitions, one's talents, beauty, capacity and so on. It constantly revolves round the 'centre I' in a circumference which is 'mine'. The person affected always talks of himself and his near circle of relations. He disgusts you by talking on his own wit and wisdom, his clever parries and capable thrusts in feats of intellect, his own artifice and duplicity, how he has overpowered his enemy, obtained or retained possession of his properties, cheated or avoided cheating. Then he is fond of praising his wife; her beauty, thrift, attentiveness, efficiency, virtues and weaknesses, her wit and wisdom, her dress and diamonds, her robes and apparel, next his children form the theme of conversations—how they are intelligent in the class-room and the athletic field, how they hold to the golden mean in expenditure avoiding alike the foolish waste of extravagance and the "mean profits" of parsimony. Finally he speaks of his property and its annual yield, his comparative riches at the present time and the time of his childhood, his hopes of adding to his Estates, his views of wealth and well-being. Many talk of their diet and the *raison d'être* of its fixation, their own personal susceptibilities to variation therein, the effect of certain articles on their digestion and even their bowels, their sleep and their work. It is not suggested that you should avoid all reference to yourself,—but it must be done with judgment, having regard to company and the occasion. When however, you have to speak of yours or yourself, speak always with apology, with modesty and with reluctance preferring the avoidance of the subject if it can be done without offence or displeasure. Nor may be shown inquisitiveness in trying to ferret out like information from others unless it be in select company of personal friends who inspire you with the sense of confidence necessary for the occasion.

Boarding a flying plane

It is now possible for aircraft in flight to pick passengers on the ground while flying at 130 miles per hour. Indeed the human cargo gets less of a jolt than if he jumped with stiff legs from a chair.

The method announced by the U.S. army corps is based on a pick-up first used by a Rural Mail Service in West Virginia. Ground equipment for the pick-up consists of a harness fastened to a loop suspended above the ground between two poles. In the aeroplane, the mechanism includes a reel inside the cabin carrying 185 ft. of half inch mylon rope with a hook at the free end held by a release device. A 10 ft. hole hanging below the aircraft guides the hook into the pick up loop. Delayed action brakes and an electric motor for the reel complete the apparatus.

(From *Bharat Jyoti*, May, 13, '45).

FEATHERS & STONES

Kitten as the witness (18-5-'45)

In jails when common prisoners are given to the politicals as attendants, a variety of petty thefts takes place, notably of beedies and eatables. One of the persons attending was very fond of a kitten. And when the politicals returned from their lunch after half an hour absence, they heard the mewing of a kitten from nowhere. At last the sound was traced to an almyrah under lock and key. When the door was opened, out emerged the kitten wagging its tail and still mewing—as if to give evidence against the black attendant who obviously had opened the almyrah during the lunch time and stolen the beedies kept therein, and in his hurry locked in the kitten which was always with him and momentarily found its way into the lowest shelf of the almyrah!

Letters by Post

Travel by Rail

(21-5-'45)

Charles L. Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carol the creator of Alice, it is said, had a number of boy friends to whom he, a bachelor, was writing delightful letters. In one of them addressed, to Mary MacDonald, daughter of George MacDonald the Novelist, he explains how they sent letters in olden days. There were no gates. So the gate posts were not obliged to stay in one place, consequence of which, they went wandering all over the country, consequence of which, if you wanted to send a letter anywhere, all you had to do was to fasten it to a gate post that was going in the proper direction. (Only they some times changed their minds which was awkward). This was called sending a letter by post.

II

And the way they travelled was,—there were railings all along the side of the Road and they used to get up and walk along the top, as steadily as they could till they tumbled off—which they mostly did very soon. This was called travelling by Rail.

III

They did things very simply in those days. If you had a lot of money, you just dug a hole under the hedge and popped it in. Then you said you had “pup in the bank” and you felt quite comfortable about it.

(From *Famous Letters and Speeches*—Rushbrook Williams).

Bahmini Kings

These Kings protected their people and governed them justly and well. Amongst the Deccan Hindus all elements of Social Union and Local Government were preserved and strengthened by the

Mussalmans who without interfering with or remodelling Local Institutions and hereditary offices, turned them to their own use.

*

No forcible conversions seem to have taken place. A constant stream of foreigners poured in from Persia, Arabia, Tartari, Afghanistan and Abyssynia. They served as soldiers, married Hindus and created a new Mohammadan population of the Deccan.

Ranade writes: The first Ahmadnagar King was the son of a converted Brahman Kulkarni of Patri in Berar whose family had entered the services of the Vijayanagar Kings. The Brahman, surname, Bhairava became Bahari, the distinguished title of these Kings and they so faithfully remembered their origin that they conquered Patri and gave it in Inam to the Brahmin Kulkarnis after a long struggle with Muslim rulers of Berar. The first founder of the Imadshahi Dynasty in Berar was also the son of a Brahmin in the service of Vijayanagar who was taken captive and become a convert. In a similar way, the 1st Bedar King of the Barid Dynasty was so loved by his Maratha soldiery that 400 Marathas became Mohammadans and were his most trusted soldiers.

Guttural English (8-6-'45)

When Litvinoff (a Jew) was asked by Douglas Reid (see his *Insanity Fair*, p. 202) "What about Communist Propaganda (somewhere in 1936); "Ah," he said in his guttural English, "Communist brobaganda is a vord that beoble use when they vant bad relations with Soviet Russia."

The Tardy Tailor (8—6—'45)

"The Tardy Tailor" is an interesting tale of the tailor who was late with the Austrian King's new coat for his ensuing birthday which he celebrated on each successive occasion by a new dress altogether. If it was not prepared in time, he was to be beheaded. Days passed, weeks flew and months were running by, and the tailor still said the dress was getting ready and would not show it to anybody. At last when the day arrived he "hit on the idea of pretending the dress was ready but was made of a marvellous new cloth which only the completely loyal could see, so that the King presently appeared naked and all the courtiers were loud in their admiration of the new dress. But when the simple peasant girl exclaimed, "Why, the King's naked" there was universal horror and her trial with self-righteous judges and sanctimonious state attorneys and police spies, stool pigeons, lickspittles and other hired men all giving evidence against her in the jargon of the self-abasement was so much like the Reichstag Fire Trial that it left me (Douglas Reid) gasping."

Tongue or Village?

You go to a new place and ask whether it is a good town. The passer-by answers—if your tongue is good, the place is good, too. It only means that if you behave decently and have a little mother wit—and how badly sometimes strangers behave,—you can get on well. “Wit and understanding will,” says D. Reid, “procure you more happiness than the money. If you have only money, you will quickly be parted from it and immediately forgotten.”

Burge-gare (Guerilla Warfare)

“It was due to the thorough military training given to the Maharattas by Malik Ambar that a new Martial spirit was infused into the race which made the Moghuls despair of the conquest of Deccan” says a research scholar of the Oosmania University in *Life of Malik Ambar*. Guerilla warfare was known as Burge-gare and the writer quoted from *Iqbal-Nama-e-Jehangiri* to show how Malik Ambar taught the Art to Maharattas. The same statement occurs in *Ma-Asir-Ul-Umra*.

(From Sir Akbar Hydari's Presidential address at the Moslem Educational Conference, Poona, 1934).

“I married adventure”

That is the title of a book in which Osa Johnson records the adventures of Martin Johnson, her husband and herself. It is full of blood curdling accounts. A python 27½ ft. long captured an enormous wild pig and was devouring it. The pig with which it bulged was estimated to weigh 200 lbs. It was said the snake would lie asleep for 6 months digesting it!

Noah's ark and the Ass

A railway carriage was crowded when a young man opened the door and asked in a sarcastic voice: “Is this Noah's Ark full?” “Yes” was the reply from a grumpy (ill-tempered) man in the corner, “we are all here except the ass, come in.”

Buckingham Palace—

How Iron Railings were removed

Using an oxy-acetylene burner, George Hicks, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works, cut on the 3rd October through the first of a set of iron railings the removal of which from Buckingham Palace to foundries and factories for conversion into munitions has been approved by the King Emperor (reports *The Times*). It was hoped that twenty tons of metal would be removed by the end of the day.

It will be kept together as a lot and may be used to provide a “Buckingham Palace” tank.

A vigorous drive to bring in from all over the country iron gates and railings which are not essential has been opened by the Ministry of Works which expects to gain 500,000 tons of metal for the manufacture of munitions. Local authorities have been asked to schedule all unnecessary gates, railings, posts, chains, bollards, stiles and the like.

Already hundreds of tons of railings have been removed from Government buildings. Some 1,200 tons have come from royal parks and 1,300 tons from L.C.C. parks.

Churches and cemeteries are expected to contribute a large amount. Only three reasons will prevent railings from being taken: public safety, unusual historic or artistic merit and the confining of cattle.

Instinctive virtues

There are certain arts which are learnt instinctively and once learnt are never forgotten, even as there are certain virtues which must be inherited and cannot be acquired. To this latter category belongs—generosity, fortitude, sweet speech and sense of propriety. To the former category belong Music, Poetry, prowess and generosity. These are not acquired but inborn. In other words, the aptitude for music, the habit of wearing a turban, the tendency to examine precious stones and jewellery, the feeling of pulse, the spirit of justice, the knack of swimming, repeating mantrams and stealing,—these 'once there, never leave'.

The Three Arts

"Agar Kalam, Karchi our Barchi
bar-a-bar, duniyame samsar chale."

It means that "if your pen, your ladle and your spear are handled aright, you can get on well in life. The art of writing, cooking and fighting are the real mainstays of life.

Ornaments of students

The proverb says:

"Kaka cheshta, baka dhyana,
shwana nidra, alpaharam, brahmacharyam, iti
Vidyarthi panchabhushanam."

The habits of the crow in running away from danger by its watchfulness, the penance of the crane always on the look out for its prey, the sleep of the dog, ready to wake up on the slightest disturbance and moderation of diet and celibacy—these are the five ornaments of the student.

Kapur Talab

On his way from Fatehpur Sikri towards Bher Akbar ordered the construction of a tank called at first Anup Talab (matchless tank) 34 x 34 yards x $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards deep. He ordered it to be filled with coin. Another version of the dimensions was that they were 20 x 20 yards and 2 men's (height) deep. The tank was built of red stone. After a few days Raja Todar Mull informed him that he had filled it with 17 crores. Mulla Saheb, the historian, writes that they were all pice. But it was not true. Akbar ordered the first Amir to take 1 asharfi (mohur), 1 rupee and 1 pice. Likewise others. Then all and sundry were let loose on the tank. Akbar sat on the bank and saw girls come with their water pots and carry the coin. Jehangir's memoirs give the dimensions as 34 x 34 x $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards and the number of coins as 34,48,46,000 (Rs. 14,79,400).

Don't call a spade a spade

Avoid bitter talk.

Here is a fine Gujarati proverb:—

“Andhaku^o Andha Kahey, kadvan lage vena

Dheerey dheerey poochiye, bhai shane khoyan nena.”

If you call a blind man, “Oh blind,” it will fill him with bitter talk. But approach him and enquire gently how he lost his eye.

A worthy mother

And another proverb is:—

“Jananee jana to bhakta jan, kan daata kan shoor
nahi to, raheje vanjhani, mat gumavish noor.”

If you be a mother, beget a devotee or a giver of gifts or a warrior. Else be barren and don't lose your light.

Chand Barot was the famous poet of Prithvi Raj. When the Persian King arrested Prithvi Raj, the poet sang the praises of Prithviraj's archery. The King wanted to test him and placed a burning lamp with a wick on the top of a tree and challenged him to dislodge the wick in one stroke with eyes blindfolded. The whole town gathered together to witness the performance and the King himself took an elevated seat. Prithviraj was brought blindfolded and the poet gave him the measurement of distance and height but in doing so gave those of the Badshah's seat.

“Char baans, chowbees gaj, angul ashta praman
Itnepar Sultan hai, mat chookey Chowhan.”

People interpreted it as saying that the King was watching at such a distance. And the moment the arrow flew, the Badshah fell.

Age and Food

After sixty, lessen your food by 10 per cent and take more and more milk and lessen other stuff, after 70 still less. Hippocrates' dictum was that if you would be free of the dangers and distempers of old age, you must after 50, descend into, as you ascend from, the puerile diet.

The Southern Woman in America

"When God made the Southern woman, He wrought with the Gold and gleam of the Stars, with the changing colours of the rainbow's hues and the pallid silver of the moon. He wrought with the crimson that swooned in the rose's ruby heart and the snow that gleams on the lily's petals. Then glancing down into His own bosom, He took off the love that gleamed there like the pearls beneath the sun, kissed the waves of the sea and thrilling this love into the form, he had fashioned all Heaven veiled its face for lo! He had wrought the Southern girl.
(*Time*, May 31, '43).

Science pure and applied

It is a pleasant pastime, perhaps even a proud privilege of the elderly and wise men of the age to call science a superstition to say that applied science came first and then pure science, tree first and then seed.

Neither Pool nor Whirlpool

Progress is neither the pool of stagnation nor the whirlpool of revolution. It is the pure and limpid running waters of the river which comes now in freshes and supplies the stores of its enlivening waters throughout the year irrespective of seasons. It stores its supplies like the camel in the rainy season that it may make them available during the dry.

Theism and Atheism

The theory of Divinity is a convenient and comfort-giving plan of explaining the phenomena of the world and its vicissitudes. The King therefore is the embodied God and God is the disembodied King. It gives an opportunity to each boy and girl for examining the idea of the godhead and giving thus a shape and strength to his or her inner emotion until after middle life they settle down as Theists or Atheists.

FEATHERS & STONES

Four wives and why

Bairam Khan had strange ideas of marriage.

"Farmaya Karte the Ke

Amir ke liye char bibiyan chahiye."

He used to say Amirs must have four wives.

(i) "Museebat aur baton cheetonke liye Irani"

For companionship and conversation an Irani (Persian) wife;

(ii) "Khana samaneke liye Khorasani"

For food preparations, a wife from Khorasan;

(iii) "Sej ke liye Hindustani"

As a bed-fellow Hindustani;

(iv) "Chowthee Turkani"

The fourth is a Turk. "Usey har vakht marte dante rahen." She is beaten on every occasion. "Ki aur beebiyan dartee rahen" so that other wives may live in fear.

Guard your tongue

Khan Azam was a favourite Sardar at Akbar's court and later in Jehangir's. He was careless of his talk but had many other virtues, intelligence, generosity, bravery and administrative capacity. Once his son Khurram was asked by Jehangir whether he would stand security for his father.

Q. Zamin Pidar me shawi?

A. Dar Har Amar magar Zaban. (On every matter except his tongue.)

Bhaskaracharya

As all food without ghee is useless however delicious, as all Kingdoms without a King, as all meetings with a speaker, so an astronomer not experienced in mathematics is useless.

2. If the Earth had been flat like a mirror, then why can't people see the sun as the Devatas at all time? The earth is not flat but appears flat, why? Just as 1/100th part of a circle appears like a straight line, so we only see a small portion.

3. Gravitation.

The earth has power of attraction and by that it attracts heavy bodies on the sky towards it and those bodies appear to fall. And the heavenly bodies remain in their position by mutual attraction and therefore don't fall.

Two problems

(1) Mahadeva in his ten hands has,

1 hand	rope
1	goad
1	snake
1	drum
1	kapala (skull)
1	trishula
1	khattanga (cot)
1	shakti (sword)
1	arrow
1	bow

If one is transferred from one hand to the other, how many variations will there be? Hari has in four hands Shankh, Chakra, Gada, Padma, and if they change hands how many variations will there be?

Answers (1) 36,28,800 for Mahadev

(2) 24 for Hari

Aryabhatta on Decimal Rotation

At that time, Lanka was considered centre of earth. Just as a man sitting in a boat going to the East sees the trees moving towards the West, though they are stationary, so, in Lanka in *Niraksha Desh* (centre of earth) the non-moving stars appear to go to the West (as the Earth is moving from the West to East).

How did they cross?

Three Missionaries and three Savages wanted to cross a broad river at the same time somewhere in Africa. The only means of crossing was a little boat and not only that but the following three conditions had to be complied with:—

(i) The boat could only hold 2 at a time

(ii) It was found that at any one time only one missionary and one savage could go

(iii) The number of savages on any bank could not exceed that of the missionaries lest the former should in that case overpower and kill the latter.

(Note: Only one missionary and one savage can row the boat.)

Answer

S stands for savage and M stands for missionary.

S(R) stands for savage (rower) and M(R) stands for missionary rower.

FEATHERS & STONES

S(R) and S cross leaving S

S(R) returns and S(R) and S cross, leaving S

S(R) returns, M(R) and M cross

M(R) and S return

M(R) and S(R) cross M(R) and S return

S(R) and S cross, leaving S

S(R) returns and S(R) and S cross

An alternative solution to that is:

MR, M_1 & M_2 and SR S_1 & S_2 .

MR + S_1 cross: leaving S_1 on the other bank. MR returns and

MR + S_2 cross: leaving S_2 , MR returns and crosses with M_1 - leaves M_1 but brings back S_1

MR leaves with M_2 and leaves M_2

MR returns then takes S_2 , leaves S_2

MR returns and MR and SR cross.

Conclusion

As Kant wrote at the end of his *Critique of Practical Reason*—
“Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration of awe, the oftener and the more steadily we reflect on them, the starry heavens above and the moral law within.

“I have not to search for them and conjecture them as though they were veiled in darkness or were in the transcendent region beyond my horizon. I see them before me and connect them directly with the consciousness of my existence. The former begins from the place I occupy in the external world of sense and enlarges my connections therein to an unbounded extent with worlds upon worlds and systems of systems, and moreover into limitless times of their periodic motion, its beginning and continuance. The second begins from my invisible self, my personality and exhibits me in a world which has true infinity, but which is traceable only by the understanding. It infinitely elevates my work as an intelligence by my personality in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent of animality and even on the whole sensible world.”

Thus have we spent nearly a thousand days counting the hours of the day, the days of the week, the weeks of the month, and the months of the year. Yet it now looks as the closing time of this diary comes, as if time has flown. Thousands of pages have been written and tens of thousands of pages have been read with varied interest and varying degrees of memory. Little did we—a small compact body of 15 members (here 12 only) who had been meeting from month to month for years,—expect to spend together in a building eating at a

common table, chatting, playing, joking and very rarely quarrelling. Acquainted as we have been for years, we had known little of each other, less of one other's families and least of their socio-economic position,—assets and liabilities. We are no wiser now having spent the time like two English travellers who discuss the weather and end the conversation with it as they began with it. Yet we have all lived together—only to respect one another better. Here were men of different provinces—old, middle aged and young men whose ages ranged from 42 to 68, bachelors and married men, men with no children and men with several—a few also who lost their wives and remained widowers. Not once did it occur to us that X is a Muslim and Y is a Hindu that A is a Brahman, B a Kayastha and C a Khatri. Maulana by position is the foremost citizen of this abode. Vallabhbhai the most wise, Jawaharlal the most active, Dr. Syed Mahmood the most sedate, Asaf Ali the most contemplative, Pandit Pant the most astute, Dr. Ghosh the most scientific, Shankarrao Deo—the most serviceable, Kirpalani the most professional, Narendra Deo the most scholarly, and Mehtab the most artistic.

Maulana is a brilliant conversationist with a splendid memory, deep knowledge of History, Philosophy and Theology and a profound culture. He tells of countries and people from Bengal to Kashmir, from Afghanistan to Samarkand, from Iran to Iraq, from Palestine and Syria to Turkey and Egypt, from Greece to Italy and from Morocco to Paris. Arabic and Persian, English and Urdu are at his fingers' tips. At the dining table and in the evening clubs, he had his Dewan-i-am. His post-prandial talks are his Dewan-i-Khas. He is deeply versed in religious lore without being a bigot. He is a Maulana without being a Mulla. He is a real Alama without the title. His selection as the Kamala lecturer by the Calcutta University is a compliment to the Congress.

Vallabhbhai if he can be described in one word is a man of common sense as all *patidars* must be. He is a man of few words but they are words of wisdom. He exercises the privilege of the old and is mischievous to a degree. He has the tectiturnity of a statesman. His is the superior levity of age and he has none of the inferior gravity of the snob. His malady which occasioned his medical release from Yerawada in 1941 has been his companion and his curse but his good cheer enables him to face death with a joke on his lips.

Jawaharlal—it is too ponderous to call him Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, is easily the most versatile in talents and tastes. Before you rise, he is in the garden—sowing, digging and planting and pruning, watering and weeding. In the hot sun with his hat on and in the pouring rain with his rain coat, he is here, there and elsewhere. He is the one man that is the pink of health, the first to attend on every

FEATHERS & STONES

patient, fix up his diet and enforce it, beguile his time with talks light or serious, give him succour and comfort. Before the bell rings for *chotta hazri*, lunch, tea and dinner, he is in the pantry, making tea and coffee, seeing to toast, dry or buttered, arranging the table and looking after the wants of friends. His vast travels and vaster studies have equipped him with a fund of knowledge of men and matters which he turns to account in the best manner possible in telling anecdotes and narrating stories, be they of a doctor in Vienna or a Magistrate in U.P. From Spain to China, from the white cliffed Albion to the storm-tossed Ceylon, from Lady Astor to Madame Chiang-Kai-Shek, from the Cliveden group to the Communist culture, from the stone age to the age of steel and platinum, from the hostels of Harrow and Cambridge to the Swaraj Bhawan and the Kamala Hospital, what an unfathomable depth of experience, and width of range he has and seldom did he talk politics. Man is made not merely to talk shop. Art, Poetry, Music, History, Philosophy, Science; Travel; Adventure; Sports—are to him the real companions and comforts of unsuspected humour and in narration of incidents, he has a dramatic form and style. Immensely fond of reading, he is eager to know life.

Dr. Syed Mahmood who was not in the best of health has a fund all about everything and has the thirst of a scholar in quest of knowledge. Always asking questions and always digesting answers, he entertains you in conversation which has the element of the unexpected. He has been a member of the A.I.C.C. since 1915 and has had his Congress affinities and affiliations since his college days.

Mr. Asaf Ali is light as a bird, swift as a swallow, has strong convictions and expresses them equally strongly. It would be affectation to say that he was not affected by the happenings at home. The Government 'communiqué' in September 1942 that he was very much alive and kicking was meant to contradict a wild rumour about his health and long live they on whom evil report had descended—such is the Hindu belief—though evil has been thus warded off. Asaf is a man of fine literary tastes both in English and Urdu and has a working knowledge of Persian. His assortment of books is varied even as his love of them is intense. He is the pith of neatness being fond of original art in the arrangement of his room. He is sweet in conversation, even when he is fierce in argument. Altogether he is a companionable personality.

Shankerrao Dev is a Maharashtrian—who had given up his law studies in the Rowlatt Satyagraha days and has been serving the Congress these 24 years. Being an orphan in his childhood, he educated himself and has attained to his present position. He has published a series of books 27 in number in his mother tongue and was editing

a daily *Lokshakti*, which has come under the ire of Government like so many other papers. He has a very good knowledge of Hindi and a fair measure of Hindustani. He knows the Bhagavad Gita and several Upanishads by heart and every day, the halls were ringing with this *Veda ghosh*. He has taken charge of the kitchen and made life worth living because he made the food worth eating. He has a deep religious bias but he is not a bigot nor even orthodox. He has a knowledge of languages including Sanskrit but is not a pedant. He is vehement in discussions but has adequate self-control. He is well built in body and is an excellent Badminton or Shuttle cock player equalled in play by his room-mate Dr. Ghosh. He was growing a small beard but it had to be subjected to the barber's crop every month and to avoid this he has decided to shave it off. He is a bachelor like Dr. Ghosh and both keep up lively discussion on war generally on opposite sides.

Dr. Prafulla C. Ghosh was a Chemist and after a short professorial career became Deputy Assay Master on Rs. 500 P.M. in the Calcutta Mint in 1920. He has latterly specialized the study of Diet and Vitamins at Gandhi's instance. He is precise to a degree and has all the attributes of a scientist of eminence. In the research laboratory he would have perhaps discovered the Prafulla rays and elaborated the Ghosh effect. He has made a special study of the War and was the centre of attraction in the daily discussions of our Lub-i-Lubab club essence in the Fort for discussion of war news. He has a correct and detailed knowledge of the history of World War No. 1, and is ready with his points which baffle the opponent that tries to bamboozle him. He remembers exactly what Churchill said about the American army, "their trained, half trained, and untrained boys and men." He knows all about the strategy adopted by Von Hindenburg and can explain what happened in the naval battle of Jutland. He knows German well but that does not determine his sympathies in this war. He hardly conceals his opinions and views of the British character in peace and war and honestly believes that so long as a single Britisher is in power in India, Indian Swaraj will be a myth and a shadow. His knowledge of international politics is deep and detailed and he can hold his own against anyone on the subject. Dr. Ghosh plays shuttlecock splendidly and is a fine spinner whose output every day is 1,000 to 1,500 yards of 35 to 45 count.

Shri Govinda Vallabha Pant's towering personality is quite familiar to the Indian public. His is a statuesque figure in intellect as in stature. His studious habits belie any reports of ill health. His intellect is as keen as his memory is retentive. As things are in the world, flashy intelligence and shallow minds generally go together in life while the quality of thoroughness is generally associated with dullness of understanding and slowness of cerebration. Pandti Pant

FEATHERS & STONES

is a complete exception to this rule. He is quick of perception, sharp in debate and thorough in understanding. His presentation of resolutions at the Congress sessions have always been remarkable alike for their lucidity and eloquence while his balanced mind and self-confident temperament give him an advantage rarely possessed by Congress speakers. It is the habit of the legal profession which serves the politician in good stead to be able to think while on legs, and therefore more easily while seated, to develop a theme in all its vividness and carry conviction to the judges and the audience. Pantjee's interests are varied as his talents are versatile. He can hold a conversation on the latest developments in medicine and science, while he can enliven a talk on Socrates or Voltaire. The gift of wide reading is possessed by many but many shuffle it off like the horse and few that chew the cud like the cow. *Dharana* and *Manana* are the two great assets of a successful scholar according to Indian psychology and these Pantjee possesses in abundance. He is fastidious in his tastes, has a meticulous sense of cleanliness as well as neatness, is assertive in temperament and sustained in debate. No wonder that he had been selected to lead the ministry in U.P.

Vallabhbhai is the oldest of the group approaching 70 in age, He is called Sardar in spite of the Congress disavowing all titles, but that does not exclude those titles of popular origin signifying the people's appreciation of a leader. Gandhi himself calls him always "the Sardar". Sardar has definite views. He makes up his mind instantly and adheres to decision generally though he is open to conviction and change. He is extremely alert and equally extremely anxious to inform himself. He has a genius for detail. No detail is too insignificant for him whether it be in understanding the war situation or interpreting the latest speech of Amery or the Viceroy. He is most affable and has no aristocratic bearing or reserve. He has a wit all his own. In conversation he chokes you with laughter by a play of his sharp and incisive wit, by the display of his wisdom and by the apt citation of hundreds of proverbs in Gujarati. His loyalty to Gandhi is proverbial. Of him it can be truly said:

"His is not to reason why,
His is but to do and die."

J. B. Kirpalani had joined Gandhi in 1917 and went to Jail in Champaran. At that time, he had been a professor of the Benares University. He is a scholar with academic inclination and professional equipment, but his sound commonsense and keen business habits have saved him from the disabilities of all professors in general, namely, being unworldly, theoretical and self-appointed. He is smart in debate, severely logical to which he adds a spice of causticity. He is exacting in work, stern and severe to a degree. He has a flair for philosophy, a longing to study religion. He belongs to a

family of seven brothers and a sister and claims to be the most sedate of the group. A least suspected virtue in him is his genius in the culinary art which has helped to relieve the monotony of life in the dining hall and create fresh appetite to his friends by his labours in the pantry. In spinning, he is indefatigable—not yielding in any way to Shankerarao or Ghosh and has run his Ashram and the Meerut Khaddar Organisation with pronounced success. He has been the secretary of the Congress longest (1934 October to 1945).

Narendra Deo is a lawyer, turned Principal of the Vidya Peeth. The forensic abilities have almost given way before the Professorial. He is a profound speaker as eloquent in Hindustanee as in Hindi and holds his audiences spell bound. His bodily ailment has latterly deteriorated his capacity for speaking. But his studies do not suffer on that account. Sanskrit and French are his forte, and Pali and Buddhism are his favourite subjects of study. He has translated into Hindi and English from French a book *Abhidharma Kosh* running into 5 volumes on Buddhism. He excused himself from a minister's responsibilities and duties in U.P.

Shree Narendra Dev had offered Sanskrit and Pali and Epigraphy for his M.A. and forthwith he was offered a Professorship in Ajmere college. He was well qualified for an archaeologist's place but just then there was no post vacant. It was in 1913. He had however to refuse the professorship for his father, a lawyer had his hereditary calling in store for him. Three years' study of law deprived the nation of a chance and a very good chance too of some fine original research and exploration. What was a loss to history proved a gain to politics which is only history in the making.

Hare Krishna Mehtab hails from Oriya. Subash Babu picked him up and put him into the Working Committee. He had been in Gandhi's movement since 1920 and had been a member of the Behar Legislative Council for 2 terms in the Montford Era. He leads a simple life and is a Khatri whose forefathers had emigrated from the Punjab to Utkal. He is a playwright and is the author of several dramas and novels. He runs an Ashram on Gandhi lines and is the only friend here who can stretch his voice into music and play upon a flute. He is also the youngest of the lot being but 44 and has had a remarkable career for his age.

May I in the end say a word about myself? I have been silent though not sombre at dinner all along. There are many reasons for it. For one thing, I disliked masticating and talking. Nor at once could I suspend the first and primary process for which we met because I am a rice eater,—rice first, rice last and rice in the middle and rice requires to be eaten hot, though, latterly I have taken to bread. So I took to silence over my meal and too, the Hindu custom

prescribes such silence while eating. It is hygienic. There are other reasons too. I know what Voltaire once said: "Woe to Philosophers who cannot laugh away their wrinkles. I look upon solemnity as a disease." I fully agree though I am not a Philosopher nor have any wrinkles at my three score and five which I complete on 30th November, '45 without any ado. I do further realize that in Jails at any rate, we can make *Rire et faire rire* "to laugh and make laugh"—a worthy motto. As also *Deilce Est disepere in loco*. "It is sweet to be foolish on occasions." I did observe both and spend the time in the Fort not only without any depression or doubt but in perfect good cheer.

It may be objected that in these pages only the virtues of the group have been described and not their weaknesses. The latter always rise to the surface and are visible to all. The former sink to the bottom and have to be searched out like the pearls in the depths of the sea, like the diamonds in the depths of the earth. And too it behoves those who live together to learn to:

Be to my virtues a little kind
And to my faults a little blind.

Evil is always personal and spectacular,
But goodness needs the evidence of all our lives,
And, even to exist it must be shared as truth,
As freedom or as happiness (For what is happiness
If not to witness joy upon the features of another?)

* * * * *

Men are not innocent as beasts and never can be,
Man can improve himself
but never will be perfect

Only the free have the disposition to be truthful,
Only the truthful have the interest to be just,
Only the just possess the will power to be free.

—Auden.

सर्वेऽपि सुखिनः सन्तु
सर्वे सन्तु निरामयाः ।
सर्वे भद्राणि पश्यन्तु
मा कश्चित् दुःखमाप्नुयात् ॥

May all be happy
May all be free from disease
May all see aright
May none be distressed.

नत्वं कामये राज्यं
न स्वर्गं ना पुनर्भवम्
कामये दुःखतप्तानाम्
प्राणिनामार्तिनाशनम् ॥

I do not desire kingdom
Nor heaven nor rebirth
I desire the destruction
Of the sorrows of those who are struck by grief.

स्वर्हि । प्रजाभ्यः परिगृह्यताम्
न्यायेन मार्गेण मर्डी महाशाः ।
गोब्राह्मणेभ्यः शुभमस्तु नित्यम्
लोकाः समस्ताः सुखिनो भवन्तु ॥

Blessed be the king that rules the earth for the people in
just ways
May prosperity ever attend the Cows and the Brahmins
(agriculture and cultural learning)
May all the worlds be happy!



नत्वं कामये राज्यं
न स्वीं ना पुनर्भवम्
कामये दुःखततानाम्
प्राणिनामार्तिनाशनम् ॥

I do not desire kingdom
Nor heaven nor rebirth
I desire the destruction
Of the sorrows of those who are struck by grief.

स्वस्ति । प्रजाभ्यः परिगृह्यताम्
न्यायेन मार्गेण महीं महोशाः ।
गोब्राह्मणेभ्यः शुभमस्तु नित्यम्
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